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THE PERSONAL FACTOR IN THE LABOR
PROBLEM

BY HAYES ROBBINS

DURING 1906 the city of Boston was three times threatened with strikes of a nature which, in the judgment of prominent business men, would have brought about situations as serious as that which paralyzed local trade and industry four years before. Two of these grew out of longshoremen's grievances; the other involved the general truck teamsters. In one case the issue was the apportionment of a wage increase; in another it was the discharge of a few men under irritating circumstances; in the third it was a general schedule of wages, hours, and working regulations for the ensuing year. The peculiarity of strikes in either of these groups is their extreme liability to spread, through sympathetic action, until the whole body of longshoremen, teamsters, and freight-handlers is affected.

All three of these menacing disputes were adjusted after much negotiation and with very little publicity. The settlements, with all they implied, must be credited to these factors: (a) the willingness of the officers of the several employing interests to meet and discuss matters with committees speaking for the other side; (b) the confidence of the labor bodies in the leaders who represented them in conference; and (c) the hard sense and reasonable spirit of these leaders — three men especially — in exhausting every means of coming to an agreement on a basis that would be just to the employers and that would be accepted in turn by the rank and file of the workmen.

Personal factors, every one of them.

The matters at issue, while by no means simple, proved less important in the end than the methods of handling them. Sense, fairness, and broad judgment counted for more than the "economic necessity" which theoretically controls such matters.

Here is suggested — not fully answered, but suggested — a very searching question, with a vital bearing upon the tendencies of modern industrial life. Is it true that the personal or human element in the relations between employers and wage-earners has virtually disappeared with the rise of corporations?

Belief that such is the case has become an axiom of the street, backed by certain ever-present and very obvious facts, and as plausible as it is essentially superficial. The old relation of master and man, the artisan working at the bench with his journeyman, is largely of the past, to be sure. Therefore it is somewhat cynically taken for granted that good-will, conscience, the wish to do justice or to show mercy, have no more power to affect the new economic relations in any important degree than the Golden Rule is supposed to have in politics. Labor is bought and sold as a commodity, bargained for by rigid organizations of workmen on the one hand, in which the individual figures not at all, and on the other by impersonal, machinelike aggregations of capital, having no bodies to kick or souls to damn.

Assumptions like these have often served as a respectable justification for treating the labor problem on a purely

commercial basis, and ignoring the human considerations involved. They have made it possible for employing officials to declare, as many of them do upon occasion, "Why, my dear sir, don't you know that I personally have no control over such a phase of the matter as that? It is the policy of the company. If there are hardships in the way things work it is the fault of the system; we cannot help it; we are only the flies on the balance wheel. Personally I should very much like to do so-and-so; but I do not make economic laws."

Whether well-founded or not, it is worth noting that hardly any attitude could be imagined better calculated to dry-rot the fibre of personal, moral responsibility in industrial relations. If that is true of the employer, its effect upon the workingman is quite as unfortunate. If the personal element has gone out of modern industry, if there is no hope for the man who toils except by pitting his impersonal economic power against the equally impersonal rock of capital, the logical attitude of labor to employing interests must be fundamentally hostile. If an inexorable abstraction, labeled "our industrial system," is responsible for whatever happens in the economic world, the somewhat natural question for the workingmen becomes: "Why not seize the system itself, and run it for our own benefit?" In other words, this loss of confidence in the saving grace of the personal equation undoubtedly underlies a very considerable part of current socialist and quasi-socialist sentiment.

There is no denying that much has happened in the last generation to support the idea that the personal element no longer counts. Many things have indeed passed beyond any individual's power of control. Most of us go out together on the ebb-tide of hard times, and most of us come back on the prosperity flood, and little have we to say about it. We are all so interdependent, fortunately, that no man can live and act in utter disregard of his fellow men.

But has this abolished the personal equation? Or, have we still left a very considerable range of economic activities which personal factors can and do affect, sometimes most powerfully? And does not this same half-neglected personal factor actually remain, in its possibilities, and more and more in its practical operation, the most tremendously potent of all available influences for reducing industrial friction, and so ordering our relation to such of the currents of modern economic life as cannot be wholly controlled that they may yield at least social harmony, rather than overwhelm us in a flood of needless conflict, bitterness, material waste, and barren experiments of radicalism?

Take the case of this supposed assassin of the personal relation — the corporation. What is a corporation? Factories? Real estate? Franchises? Immense productive power?

These things are no more the corporation than a man who owns a horse is the horse. A corporation is a group of human beings, organized to carry on some business enterprise. Its policies are made and carried out by *men*, and a man cannot divest himself of himself. If he tries to become an economic abstraction, he succeeds in becoming another and usually much poorer type of man, but still a man for a' that. In spite of himself, he is still subject to the same primary human instincts, whatever the particular form they may take, that belong to the very constitution of the human race. Assuming an official position does not repeal any law of human nature, however it may change the point of emphasis; it does not nullify any moral law applying to the general conduct of the man's life.

If a corporation adopts a wise, honest, and humane policy, it is because *men* have decided upon and enforced that policy; no economic abstraction did it. If another corporation, finding that it cannot, under stress of competition, do even so well as the average in its relations with labor and remain in business, takes

the employees freely into its confidence, shows them the facts, manifests a disposition to do the best it can, and invites their coöperation in making better conditions possible, this is again the act of *men*. Or, if this same corporation, in hard straits, takes the opposite course, ignores the workers as men, posts notices that the conditions will be thus and so, — “Take it or quit,” — the personal element has not been evaded. All this was decided upon and enforced by men, in the one case as in the other, no matter how either of the two policies works out. In both these last two cases the same conditions were faced; but men, and not the conditions, were responsible for the way *one and the same situation* was met and handled.

We are often reminded that the relations between employer and employee to-day are not directly between the head of the corporation and every individual workman; and that in the main is true. But this seems to be regarded as fatal to the whole idea of personal relations; and that, emphatically, is not true. A personal relation of some sort necessarily exists between every workman and *some* official next above him, at whatever point in the service; it may be the dirt shoveler and the gang boss; it may be the shoe worker and the shop foreman; it may be the local manager and the general manager. Personal contact has not been abolished, it cannot be; but the point of contact has been changed. Where it was formerly directly between master and man, now it is usually between the workman and his foreman. This means that the foreman question is to-day one of the most vital points in our whole scheme of industrial relation.

But the foreman, too often, has been drilled in the idea that all that is expected of him is to extract from his machinery and operatives the maximum output at minimum cost; that is the test of his efficiency. The system of cross-checking, setting off one workroom or division of the business against another, has intensi-

fied this pursuit of one special kind of results. Not many officers of large corporations, it is safe to say, often think of the superintendent or foreman as the man who has taken the place of the old-system employer in his direct contact with the wage-earner. Still fewer realize the significance of the fact. If it could be understood, and become the regular corporation practice, that it is as much a part of what is expected of the foreman that he get along on a just and friendly basis with the men under him, and that a good record in this respect will count to the credit of his department as well as his tally sheet of immediate profits, we might see a very impressive difference in the general state of feeling between the employing and the labor groups in this country.

This is by no means simply a question of sentiment. Permanently good relations with the labor force are in the long run more economical — better policy from a strictly business standpoint — than an extraordinary spurt of profits in some department for a few successive periods, followed by a growing indifference and studied “soldiering” on the part of the men, or perhaps a disastrous strike, wiping out all that has been gained, or more. The foreman is the key to this situation, but the employer selects the foreman and shapes the general policy.

In other words, the duty of the executive head to-day, where he cannot meet the whole force individually and continuously, must be to impress his own wise and broadminded policy — assuming it to be such — upon those in positions of delegated authority, who have now come to occupy the immediate relation to the mass of the workers.

The president of a large concern manufacturing a certain kind of metal fixtures told me, at the close of a recent conference with a labor committee, that in one of his western factories he had employed at one time a foreman whose invariable greeting to the men, as he went about overseeing the work, was a string of abusive profanity. Whenever he came in sight, the

operatives worked at top speed; as soon as he was gone they systematically and cheerfully loafed. Later, a new foreman was put in,—a quiet, practical man, of decision and firmness, but by nature a leader rather than driver of men. Since his advent a product has been coming from that factory ranging from a quarter to even a half larger than it was possible to squeeze out under his blather-skite predecessor. The gain represented the economic value of a different personality. Specific instances of similar experience might be multiplied.

The notion is quite too prevalent that the workingman is primarily an "economic problem;" that he ought to realize this and conduct himself with mechanical regularity and impersonal uniformity as a fractional unit of labor power. We shall never make any headway under that doctrine. The workingman is first of all a human being. The purchase of his labor is only in a limited sense to be compared to the purchase of a commodity, and cannot be treated in the same way. As Dr. Abbott has suggested, in the sale of sugar or flour the personal relation of mutual confidence need enter only once, at the time of the exchange; but where you are buying labor the laborer goes with the labor, and the personal relation of confidence and responsibility must be there all the time, from day to day and week to week, or somebody is cheated. Therefore, whatever method of getting along together is adopted, it must count with personal qualities as an essential part of the relation.

When it first became a part of my duty to come in constant and direct contact with employers and trade-union men, it was with little comprehension of the intensely human elements that persist, however the industrial environment changes. For example, it was a cause of much surprise to hear a very active business agent,—"walking delegate" if you like,—in telling the story of a labor trouble he had been handling and upon which a good deal depended, remark that he could n't

follow it up, on a certain day, because it was his last chance to buy Christmas presents for the babies. Previously looked upon as a sort of impersonal economic automaton, he suddenly became understandable in the light of what he really is,—simply an honest, somewhat narrow, tender-hearted, pugnacious, jolly good fellow.

I have seen a prominent officer of one of the most ironclad labor organizations in the country walk the floor, during one of many conversations, and outline with an eloquence of the heart, depth of conviction, and earnestness approaching tears, his alarm over—what? The irresistible domination of soulless capital? Not at all. The deadly menace of the socialist propaganda to the cause of *religion*, as he saw it operating in his own craft.

The undercurrent of instincts and aspirations of which these are but chance illustrations, needing not to be multiplied because so common, runs deep and strong through the lives of us all, whatever our status in the industrial scale; and it suggests this further fact: The things that divide us are seen, but are temporal; the things that unite us may often be unseen, but are eternal.

One interesting illustration with which I happen to be somewhat familiar, of the personal factor in practical operation, is the labor policy of the Boston and Maine Railroad. It presents no sensational or artificial features, and rarely comes into public notice,—a fact which of itself is more convincing to the seeker after employment methods of solid and universal value than the spectacular advertising sometimes given to a certain type of paternalistic "social betterment" experiments, successful perhaps under peculiar conditions, but of limited significance with reference to the industrial problem as a whole.

The secret of the long-standing good relations with labor on the railroad referred to is the influence, conscious or unconscious, of personality, beginning at

the top, and working itself out in policies which distinctly reckon with the personal factor all along the line. Lucius Tuttle is of the type of industrial manager, happily becoming more numerous, whose characteristic attitude is that of frank and cordial recognition of the contribution made by the employees to the prosperity of the enterprise. Asking and expecting the confidence of the rank and file, the established policy is to show confidence in return, whether in the routine of management or in the discussion of working conditions with committees representing the men. Results justify the belief that, whether employers or wage-earners, men wish to be trusted, and in the great majority of cases will respond loyally under a relationship based on that principle.

The responsibility of superintendents and foremen for good relations with the employees is emphasized and reinforced by a well-understood right of appeal, under reasonable specified conditions. Injured employees, on numerous occasions, have been granted ample leaves of absence, with pay, and given suitable employment when able to work again, instead of being ignored until legal steps were taken, compelling some kind of settlement.

The feeling is very general among the twenty-five thousand employees that every man has a "friend at the top." And the moral effect of this feeling is not confined to the railroad world. It is a common remark among leading labor men in many other trades, "If all employers were like that, there would be mighty little trouble."

This opinion on their part does not spring from any notion that the corporation in question invariably grants whatever demands are made. Not at all. It is the result of well-verified conviction, based on year-in and year-out experience, that the disposition is to treat all fairly, to do the best that business conditions will reasonably permit, to give free and unprejudiced hearing to requests and grievances, and to discuss these mat-

ters, whether presented directly by the men concerned or by their chosen representatives, in a businesslike way, respecting the rights and feelings of the other party.

This is not an isolated illustration; but it is a very good practical example of the pervasive power of the personal factor, as a radiating force, vitalizing and humanizing the employment relations with a great army of workingmen, *under the very conditions*, be it noted, which we are asked to believe render the possibility of anything of the kind mythical and visionary.

It should be remembered that the personal factor can be made as powerful for harm as for good. Cases have come to my knowledge where labor leaders who have fought down strike resolutions in their unions, in favor of first seeking conferences with the employer, have gone into such conferences when arranged, and returned the strongest advocates of the strike they originally opposed; this because of the humiliation they had been compelled to undergo in the manner of their reception by the employer concerned. The factors of pride or self-respect, in the one case, of boorish intolerance in the other,—purely personal elements,—played a larger part in the result than the industrial issues involved.

On the other hand, similar testimony could be borne with respect to certain employers,—and I have no reason to suppose them isolated examples,—men of the broadest sympathies, distinctly just-minded and humane, who have grown into a well-nigh settled distrust and dislike of trade unions, not by reason of preconceived prejudice or theoretical objection to organization of workingmen, or to the principles of economic and social improvement for which the labor movement stands, but chiefly through the cumulative effect of a succession of exasperating experiences with arbitrary policies, sometimes brutal methods, and offensively domineering individuals appearing in behalf of labor in various controversies coming up for adjustment.

Could there be any greater indication of the importance of looking out for the right kind of personal qualities, whether in the selection of leaders by the unions, or in the choice of industrial managers on the part of capital? Could the need be clearer of considering in either case the ability to meet and deal tactfully, intelligently, and reasonably with men, *as men*, and not as abstract representatives of blind forces?

That the tendency in this respect is improving there can be no doubt, and one of the signs of it, on the labor side, is the growing determination of union officials to compel obedience to their contracts with employers. This was confirmed by the printing pressmen when the strike of the typographical union began, in January, 1906; and John Mitchell's refusal to let the soft-coal miners join the great strike of 1902, because their agreements with the operators had not expired, is not yet ancient history. The action of the locomotive engineers and street railway employees, in repudiating their local unions in New York for violation of contracts, in the subway strike of 1905, was followed only last summer by that of the trainmen's organization in ordering its striking "local" of switchmen in New Haven to return to work, on penalty of having their places filled by the Brotherhood itself. In the shoe trade, if a local union breaks its contract, it is the policy of the national body to fill the places of the strikers.

But here, again, is the point. Contracts amount to nothing without *men*, of the necessary courage and honor to enforce them. Whatever of business stability and prosperity may be at stake in the case hangs upon the extent to which these personal qualities stand behind the bond.

There is an unfortunate policy into which some employers have been led, at times, partly as an unconscious result of the notion that personal relations are a thing of the past, partly for more purely practical reasons. A grievance arises in a factory where it would not be feasible

for the entire force to appear at headquarters in person, and therefore one of the number, or perhaps a committee, waits on the foreman or proprietor. A little later these committeemen find themselves discharged; their services have suddenly become unsatisfactory. In other cases, perhaps, when the employee or his representative seeks an interview, he is either refused outright or told that the matter is in the hands of Mr. So-and-So, who has full charge of his department, and cannot be interfered with lest good discipline be undermined. Mr. So-and-So, in turn, announces that he is carrying out the general policy of the company and has no power to make special exceptions.

These practices are not so common to-day as a few years ago, but they have helped breed among many workmen the notion that a corporation is a kind of economic shell-game, the trick being to find the man higher up or farther down, — now you see him and now you don't! Such methods, however, are not an essential part of the corporate form of organization in any sense; they indicate either lack of good executive management, in fixing real responsibility; or, in some cases perhaps, an express intention of using the machinery of the corporation to shift that responsibility.

But this possibility of discharge, as a result of presenting a complaint, is one of the chief reasons why labor unions have made so much of the right to send in their business agents, — somebody not in the employer's power, — to make appeal in their behalf. It is their device for opening up a new channel of personal contact when the old is virtually closed.

As a matter of fact, most of the severest labor difficulties throughout the country to-day are settled, when settled at all, through the efforts of men on the labor side who are not employees of the firms or companies affected. The district or national leaders of the labor bodies involved are usually men of larger calibre and experience than those directly

concerned in the contest, and have too much at stake to assume unnecessary risks. They are often the best able to handle a troublesome situation intelligently and reasonably, yet their efforts would be useless if all employers took the position of refusing to meet or discuss the matters at issue with any except strictly their own employees.

For example, the threatened teamsters' strike in Boston in 1906, which had passed entirely beyond the control of the teamsters' own representatives, was finally prevented by the efforts of a cigar maker and a horseshoer. The longshoremen's strike, later in the year, was settled by a freight handler, a horseshoer, and a furniture mover, one longshoreman serving with them, but taking little or no active part. Had the employers refused to see these men, who happened to be entrusted with authority to negotiate for the workmen concerned, possessed their confidence, and were especially well qualified by temperament and experience for the difficult and delicate task in hand, situations would have developed, without the least doubt, full of the most serious consequences to the commercial interests of the city.

In fact, if an attitude of non-communication with any except employees were logically carried out and adhered to by employers as a whole, it would nullify and render useless any and all efforts, public or private, of conciliation boards, citizens' committees, business acquaintances or associates, or of any outside interests whatever, to assist in preventing or settling industrial contests, no matter how seriously the public convenience or welfare might be affected, and no matter how much to the advantage of the employer himself such efforts might prove to be.

Unless the privilege of stating complaints and discussing the possibilities of improvement is accorded to workmen, directly or by representatives of their own choosing, no recourse is left them for making an impression upon

employing interests but the strike, boycott, or similar arbitrary measures. *This right of conference is the safety valve whereby the labor steam inside the capitalist boiler finds its necessary vent without blowing up the boiler.*

Very likely this may suggest the criticism: "But here is no final solution; you may have all the personal conferences and discussion you please, but how are you going to abolish the points at issue themselves?"

I would disclaim any intention of leading up to a "grand panacea." The universal cure-all idea has been very much overworked. It may be that to abolish all possible grounds of disagreement between people would mean the end of all progress. Up to a certain point, differences are our salvation from deadly monotony and stagnation. They have been known to occur even in the sacred precincts of the family, in the church, in social life, and in our civic relations; yet all these institutions most unreasonably survive and jog along. There will always be crabs in the sea; but the sea rolls on. The business world is not in a hopelessly doomed class by itself, by reason of being subject to jars, and having its own peculiar conflicts of interests and desires. It is but one part of the common experience of life. Because progress still involves too much friction, and perfection is remote, it is no sign that everything is going to smash. As Graham Taylor pithily states it, if the industrial classes cannot get along together, neither can they get along apart. The high church of Economic Law allows no such divorce.

Strikes and lockouts will hardly disappear this year or this generation. As methods of doing business change, as the general wealth production of the community varies from decade to decade, there must come times of readjustment of the portions of that product which go to the various factors that create it. As men's ideas of living change, the terms and conditions upon which they will work for wages or employ others for

wages must inevitably change also. These things are all a part of the advance of civilization, and the differences they imply are such as change and betterment always compel, in whatever department of life. But if we can more and more bring the personal equation to bear,—the influences of good will, fairmindedness, and willingness to discuss frankly the facts and reasons for positions taken, on either side,—we shall have gone very far to reduce, perhaps almost remove, the really serious friction of this process.

That it is vitally important to bring just these influences to bear, let no serious thinker on present-day social economic conditions doubt. There is, in fact, a larger aspect of this whole matter than simply the settling of labor troubles peaceably. Many observers have been much disturbed in recent years by the frequent signs of a spirit of bitterness, distrust, and resentment among workingmen. It is regarded as the foreboding of stormy weather in our industrial and political affairs, and, whether the alarm has adequate cause in all respects or not, it would be folly to ignore the grave possibilities. Most often these tendencies are charged to underlying envy among the millions of the poor, intense resentment over the idiotic waste of wealth by some of the idle rich, and the too frequent exhibitions of greed and dishonor in high places.

All these things have their influence, and it is likely to be an increasing influence so long as these evils persist; but there is something else. A tremendous part is played by certain factors, much less spectacular, but also much closer to the daily lives of the great wage-earning group. It may be surprising at first, but not so after working close to the facts for a time, how much the question of what consideration workingmen receive *as men*, under the general policy of those employing them, has to do with their general state of mind, the opinions they hold, their general outlook upon life. For it is

this that fills up the major part of a workingman's life. It is a narrow life at best; and the immediate conditions and environments of toil, and general relations with his own employer, convey to the average wage-earner's mind a concrete impression of the justice or injustice of the industrial order under which he lives. The nature of these relations, as a rule, counts more with him than the question whether his employer is a wealthy officer of a corporation, a small shopkeeper, or a petty contractor with a dozen hands.

A more intelligent and far-sighted appreciation of these facts, *in practice*, is perhaps the most effective safeguard against a series of radical socialistic experiments, which, if they do come, will spring quite as much from a rankling personal sense of injustice and desire for retaliation as from any reasoned-out conviction of the economic merits of the various nostrums proposed. Workingmen are not greatly impressed by lectures, tracts, editorials, and elaborate statistics showing the folly of this or that radical scheme. If they favor the radical scheme, it is very often as a club to compel attention to their demand for things nearer home, that they really want and intimately know about. They are interested in a general way, some *pro* and some *con*, in the discussion of radical propositions, as citizens; but they are directly and intensely interested in the labor and wages phase of their situation, in a specific way, as employees.

Let it be practically demonstrated that the door to reasonable progress, and just, businesslike personal relations between employers and employees, or those representing them at the various points of contact, is not closed under our modern system, and one of the most embittering motives of agitation for social and industrial disruption is very greatly lessened. In other words, our need is not so much to discover brand-new patented "systems," or guaranteed panaceas, as it is to *rediscover each other*,

THE COLONEL IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

How the Colonel got the appointment to the Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary would be too long a story to tell. Indeed, it was a little peculiar that there was any Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary. It constituted, as the young man who wrote it up for the newspapers remarked, "one of the most unique features of the institution."

There was no mystery about the chair, however. A wealthy gentleman had left funds for its endowment, and the Trustees had not been inclined to look a gift horse in the mouth. They accepted with the idea that they might, perhaps, secure a clergyman who had been a chaplain in the militia, and who, after a few lectures on the manual of arms, might quietly change the subject to something more definitely related to the work of the ministry. It was only by accident that they got a retired army officer.

I confess that I was prejudiced against the new chair, for I am naturally opposed to fads of every description; I am also opposed to war, except as a last resort. I disliked to see the wave of militarism sweeping over the Theological Seminary. It seemed that young men should here be trained in the arts of peace. I feared that there might be a recrudescence of controversy or militant sectarianism. Instead of disinterested search for truth, there might be only a planning for visible success. I even feared the methods of the Salvation Army. The thought of a squad of students marching to the sound of drum and fife to a lecture on apologetics offended my sense of the fitness of things.

But when I met the Colonel my fears vanished. He had the fine simplicity of mind that is characteristic of the best men of his profession. He had the mild-

ness of countenance which comes when "grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front." Moreover, he was evidently a spiritually-minded and free-minded man. If he would sacrifice everything for success, he had an exceedingly high ideal of those things wherein true success consists. He was a believer in arbitration so far as the controversies between nations are concerned. The cruelty and waste of the physical strife had been impressed upon him, and he thought that the time was fast approaching when a more excellent way of settling differences would come. For a time he felt that his occupation was gone. But he was at heart a soldier. The ideal aspect of his profession had fascinated him. Morally he delighted in the soldierly virtues of courage, loyalty, patience, and obedience to rightful authority, — the virtues that belong to the ordered life of armies. Intellectually the problems which fascinated him were those of generalship. Here the mind was dealing not merely with the uniform movements of nature, but with the incalculable powers of another and active mind. Here quickness of perception, steadiness of will, and comprehensiveness of judgment were tested at every step. Military genius seemed to him the most wonderful exhibition of pure intellect.

He wondered sometimes what would become of the militant qualities he so loved and admired, —

When the war drum throbbed no longer
And the battle-flags were furled.

It was then that the idea of the world as a spiritual battlefield came to him. Here was a conflict of forces, a good fight to be fought. He looked about for some organization fitted to make a strong stand against the evils of the world. He realized

the significance of the term *The Church Militant*. That was enough for the Colonel. All the ardor of youth was rekindled. He saw at once the irrepressible conflict between those who were banded together in behalf of a spiritual ideal, and the forces of sensuality and selfishness. "Here is something," he said, "that can't be arbitrated. It must be fought out. *The Church Militant* has, I believe, the right of it, but the question is, is it strong enough to win out? Has it mobilized all its forces, and is it prepared to assume the strategical offensive?"

When he was called to the Chair of Military Science in the Theological Seminary, the Colonel accepted with alacrity. It was just what he was looking for. He took it for granted that in a training school of officers in the church militant, the chief concern would be the solution of the problems connected with attack and defense. These gallant men were to overcome the world; they must learn the scientific way of doing it.

I have often regretted my own complete ignorance of military science, for in my capacity of visitor at the Theological Seminary I attended many of his lectures. Some of his technical terms I only imperfectly understood, and many of his allusions were to affairs with which I was unfamiliar. Sometimes, too, his earlier enthusiasms got the better of his later purposes, and he would spend a morning over the campaigns of Marlborough, illustrating every move with topographical charts, but leaving no time to point out the bearing of all this upon the work of the ministry. But I believe there always was an association of ideas in the Colonel's mind.

Perhaps from my imperfect notes I may give some idea of his main contentions. Here is a portion of his introductory lecture.

"Young gentlemen, you may have been troubled, as I have been, by questions as to the limitations proper to the study of military science in this institution. It

appears on the face of it to include everything necessary to the successful conduct of your profession. But a glance at the curriculum shows that many other branches are taught here. In fact, your profession may be approached from several directions. The most familiar approach is through the ancient and honorable science of husbandry. A knowledge of agriculture and of the care of flocks has always been insisted upon.

"Bishop Hugh Latimer, in his admirable sermon on 'The Plough' insisted on careful training in this matter.

"The preacher and the ploughman may be likened together first of their labour of all seasons of the year, for there is no time of the year in which the ploughman has not some special work to do; as in my county of Leicestershire the ploughman has a time to set forth and essay the plough, and at other times for other necessary work. The ploughman first setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land and breaketh it in furrows, and sometimes ridgeth it up again, at another time harroweth it and clotteth it and dungeth it, and hedgeth it and diggeth it and weedeth it. So the preacher hath a busy work with the people, now casting them down with the law, now ridging them up with the gospel, now weeding them by telling them their faults, now clotting them by breaking their stony hearts.'

"Latimer made a plea for the labor that produced the necessities of the spiritual life, rather than the fancy horticulture that went in for luxuries. 'The preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat. The Scripture calleth it meat, not strawberries.'

"My colleague who instructs you in Pastoral Care has doubtless made you familiar with the history and methods of the cultural work of your profession.

"But I sometimes fear that the agricultural aspects of your work, important as they undoubtedly are, may have been emphasized at the expense of that which is equally vital. A too pacific and yielding

temper of mind is the result of a training that ignores the elements of conflict.

"The lack of attention to military science manifests itself in a number of ways. For example, I have often noticed the way in which the members of your profession interpret the call of duty to what they speak of as 'a larger field of usefulness.' I have no reason to doubt their disinterestedness, but I have been often amazed at what they called a larger field. Frequently they will evacuate a strategic point, leaving an important part of the field open to the enemy, and retire to a position of no importance for offensive operations. I could not understand the movement till it was explained to me that they are accustomed to use the word field in an agricultural rather than in a military sense. They are not thinking of it as a field of battle, where a lonely hill-top may be the key to the situation; they are thinking of a field fenced in and under pastoral care.

"Not long ago I was invited, of a Monday morning, to a ministers' meeting which discussed the present condition of religion. Knowing that the situation is critical, I went with keen expectancy. The company was divided, not in regard to the expediency of any particular movements, but only by temperamental differences. Some felt that everything would come out right if let alone; these were called optimists. Others, who were somewhat reproachfully called pessimists, agreed very contentedly that everything is going to the dogs. Neither side suggested that they could do much about it one way or the other.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I understood that this was to be a council of war. Instead of a plan of campaign you seem to have brought out a clinical thermometer in order to take each other's temperature. On the eve of an engagement the question is not how you feel, but what you intend to do. Nobody is interested in your symptoms. The only temper which befits men who are called to leadership is that which Wordsworth de-

scribes in his character of the Happy Warrior:—

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
— It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought

Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to
learn;

Abides by this resolve and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

You will observe that the Happy Warrior has a twofold task. He must have a knowledge of stern necessity, and a knowledge how to turn his stern "necessity to glorious gain."

"In preparing myself for the duties of this professorship, I have been impressed by the fact that the art of spiritual warfare has not kept pace with that which is on the material plane. Antiquated methods and theories, in regard both to equipment and tactics, are still tolerated. In many instances there seems to be little advance over the primitive notion of war as a series of disconnected single combats. The Happy Warrior, accoutred in ancient fashion, will sally forth challenging a foe that is perfectly disciplined and armed with weapons of precision.

"I have noticed this lack of contemporaneousness in most attempts at treating this subject. In the seventeenth century John Bunyan published a military manual entitled *The Holy War*. It was an account of the operations around the fortified town of Man-soul. Many individual acts of valor are narrated, but it is remarkable that throughout the campaign the forces of Immanuel were armed with the traditional weapons, — swords, spears, darts, slings, etc., — while only the Diabolian army seems to have understood the use of gunpowder.

"Here, for example, is an account of one of the many attacks upon Man-soul. The investing army had concentrated

its forces upon Ear-gate, which was in accordance with the usual tactics of the Puritans, they having been inclined to undervalue the strategic importance of Eye-gate and Feel-gate. 'Now they in the town had planted in the tower over Ear-gate two great guns, the one called High-mind and the other Heady; unto these guns they trusted much.'

"What follows is of great interest to the student of our art. 'Now the King's captains brought with them several slings and two or three battering rams, and with them they sought to break Ear-gate open. With much valour they let fly as fast as they could at Ear-gate, for they saw that unless they could break open Ear-gate they would in vain batter the wall. . . . But Man-soul held out lustily through the valour of Old Incredulity the Mayor and Mr. Forgetgood the Recorder, and the charge and expense of the war on the King's side seemed to be quite lost. And when the captains saw how it was, they made a fair retreat and entrenched themselves in their winterquarters.'

"Bunyan, who was more interested in the moral than in the scientific aspect of the war, seems to have seen no connection between the antiquated weapons of the assailants and their ill success. No careful student, however, will be surprised at the failure of an attack upon artillery in an entrenched position, by a detachment provided only with slings and battering rams.

"You, young gentlemen, will be called upon to make many attacks upon Ear-gate. It will not be enough that you are individually more valiant than Old Incredulity or Mr. Forgetgood. You must bring against them such superior force as will compel capitulation.

"A sound military education involves much discipline. At your chapel services this morning you sang 'Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war,' though in a way that suggested that more attention should be paid to company drill. Marching as to war is quite a different matter from strolling down the street. A

perception of this obvious difference might have saved you from several mistakes which I noted.

"Like a mighty army moves the Church of God.' This involves that branch of our science called Logistics, which includes all the details of the movements and supply of armies, and the choice of roads. It involves the ordering of the different divisions, that they may move so as not to interfere with one another, but may give mutual support in case of attack.

"I fear that the training in Logistics has been neglected in the Theological Seminary, as I meet with graduates who scarcely know what to make of the mighty army when they see it in motion. All their arrangements are made on the assumption that the church is meant to be stationary, and that its officers should lead a sedentary life. Their chief concern is in the construction of permanent barracks.

"Logistical considerations are ignored, not only by those who are averse to movements of any kind, but also by those restless spirits who are all the time advocating sudden and unrelated movements which are incapable of execution by any large force, encumbered, as it necessarily must be, by its heavy trains. They give no heed to Napoleon's maxim that 'the secret of war lies in its communications.' They seem to imagine that armies can be moved hither and thither on the impulse of the moment. This is far from being the case. Moving a considerable number of human beings from one place to another is always a transaction of considerable difficulty. The more experience a person has had, the more he realizes the embarrassments inseparable from moving day.

"To take an example from civilian life: a gentleman in moderate circumstances wishes to move his family, for the summer, to the country. In making his plans he has to consider, besides himself, his wife, six children, and two maids, — ten persons in all, — no very considerable

force. But the problem of actually moving them to a specified position on a certain date involves strategic combinations which almost reduce him to despair. He cannot move freely to any breezy hilltop which strikes his vagrant fancy. His choice is severely limited by considerations which he had at first view overlooked. There is the matter of transportation; he cannot move too far from the railroad. He must look carefully at the water supply before he occupies an otherwise advantageous position. In case of a sudden call, he must secure a line of retreat to the city, and make sure of constant communication with the butcher, the grocer, and the post-office. Even for the sake of bracing air and an excellent view, he dare not move too far from a yeastcake. He may have started out with the most adventurous plan of campaign, but after consultation with the domestic Board of Strategy he determines to confine the summer movements well within the range of the commonplace. Even then, when the eventful day arrives his mind is ill at ease. Shall his little army move as one body? He shrinks from the weight of responsibility that is involved. He determines to divide into two detachments advancing by parallel roads, then gradually converging and forming a junction at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is one of the simplest strategic manoeuvres, and yet he knows from past experience how many chances there are against its complete success.

"Now, if the problems of Logistics are so difficult in the case of an honest householder who has not a single known enemy to molest him or make him afraid, what must they be for him who has to make all the arrangements of moving day for a hundred thousand men, in the face of an energetic enemy. It must be remembered that the enemy can be treated as a negligible quantity only by the strategists of the easy chair.

"The critics of the church are accustomed to berate it for not doing at once all the admirable things which they see

ought to be done. Their cry is like that which assailed the successive commanders of the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War: 'On to Richmond!' Even the most unsuccessful of the generals recognized the beauty of the advice, as a counsel of perfection. They were all anxious enough to be in Richmond; what troubled them was how to get there. A very disquieting thought always in the background of a general's consciousness is that, if he makes a mistake, he may not have any army to move.

"It will be your duty to be continually urging your fellow men to new exertions, but you will spoil your temper to no good purpose unless you know how much can reasonably be expected of them. You must carefully consider the obstacles to be overcome, and the provisions to be carried, and what is to be taken as a fair day's march. You must be aware that a great army taking permanent possession of the territory which it has conquered, and establishing itself in such a way that it cannot be dislodged, moves at a different speed from a detachment of cavalry on a raid. Occasionally you may have the exciting experience of being on a raiding party, but as you rise into more responsible positions you must be prepared to deal with the more serious problems which confront an army of occupation.

"The most perplexing situations arise in the course of any widely extended advance movement. An army advancing into the enemy's country is continually losing strength at the front. There are always numerous stragglers, and large numbers of troops have to be left behind to guard the ever lengthening lines of communication. An army in an orderly retreat gathers in its stragglers and its rear guard, so that it is numerically augmented as it falls back. 'Attacking armies,' it has been said, 'melt away like the snow.' Napoleon in 1812 crossed the Russian frontier with 442,000 men, and reached Moscow with only 95,000. In 1810 the French crossed the Pyrenees with 400,000, and after a successful ad-

vance reached the lines of Torres Vedras with only 45,000. Even the Germans in 1870, out of an army of 372,000 which crossed the frontier, after a six weeks' campaign brought only 171,000 men to Paris.

"You will note many illustrations of this law of the diminishing power of the strategic offensive in the conduct of the church militant. The most progressive bodies tend to waste away as they advance, while reactionary movements bring a rapid augmentation in numbers. For this reason many members of your profession seek a larger fellowship by retreating in good order to the position they had left yesterday. They are much pleased to find so many friends tenting on the old camp ground. Their delight in these reunions speaks well for their amiability, but it sometimes interferes with their military efficiency. The lesson which the soldierly mind draws from the rapid diminution of the advance guard is that especial pains must be taken to keep it continually reinforced.

"A distinguished teacher of the art of war remarks, 'We are right in describing the ever-diminishing power of the strategical offensive as an unavoidable drawback, which has to be taken into account and which invariably becomes more pronounced the longer the line becomes over which the attack advances. The existence of this drawback requires that measures should be adopted in the way of organization and strategy continually to reinforce the fighting head of the army with reserves. The main roads in the rear of an advancing army should never be allowed to become empty.'

"I commend this advice to any of you young gentlemen who may have the honor to undertake any forward movement. The most gallant advance will be futile if you have neglected to provide a reserve force which may be brought forward according to the need."

I have heard several members of the Faculty criticise the Colonel for the way

in which he would trespass on the fields of his colleagues. I believe that this was altogether unintentional. Like Sir Philip Sidney, when he heard of a good war he went to it. He was quite unaware that in doing so he disarranged the curriculum. One day I entered his classroom as he was beginning a lecture on the military principles of Homiletics. I was a little disturbed at this, as we had already a professor of Homiletics who was highly esteemed. However, the Colonel approached the subject from a different point of view.

"The first essential of Homiletics," he said, "is that you should shoot straight. You have doubtless already received instruction on this point, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to questions of tactics.

"I went to church yesterday and witnessed a series of operations that filled me with dismay. The minister began by seizing a text as a base of operations. I observed that the base was not secure, but this made less difference, as he was evidently prepared to change his base if the exigencies of the engagement demanded it. His first mistake was one of over-caution. In order to defend himself from an attack from the Higher Critics, he had strengthened his front by barbed wire entanglements in the way of exegesis. This was an error of judgment, as the Higher Critics were not on the field, at least in sufficient force to take the offensive. The entanglements intended to keep a hypothetical foe from getting at him prevented him from getting at once at the real enemy. He thus lost the psychological moment for attack.

"While he was endeavoring to extricate himself from his own defenses I trembled for the issue of the affair. Having finally emerged into the open, he was apparently prepared for vigorous operations. I watched intently for the development of his plan. I was bewildered by the rapidity of his evolutions. With a sudden access of courage he would make a wild charge against an ancient line of

breastworks which had long been evacuated. Then he would sweep across the whole field of thought, under cover of his artillery, which was evidently not furnished with accurate range-finders. The next minute he would be engaged in a frontal attack on the entrenched position of Modern Science. Just as his forces approached the critical point, he halted and retreated to his textual base. Reforming his shattered forces, he would sallie forth in a new direction.

"At first I attributed to him a masterly strategy in so long concealing his true objective. He was, I thought, only reconnoitring in force, before calling up his reserves and delivering a decisive blow at an unexpected point.

"At last the suspicion came that he had no objective, and that he did n't even know that he should have one. He had never pondered the text about the futility of fighting as 'one that beateth the air.'

"As we came away a parishioner remarked, 'That was a fine effort, this morning.'

"An effort at what?" I inquired.

"How many such unfortunate enterprises might be avoided if there were a clear understanding of a few guiding principles which have been deduced from experience on many a well-fought field. Among them are such maxims as these:—

"Always attack where the moral effect will be greatest.

"Strike the enemy's flank in preference to his front; threaten his line of retreat.

"Do not offer battle except on your own ground and at your own time.

"Never attack unless you are in superior force.

"Never knock your head against a strong position."

The Colonel quoted with approval Lord Wolsey's remarks on the best way of teaching military history.

"By far the most useful way of teaching military history is to find out from

your books as far as possible what the situation was at a given time, then shut the books, take the maps, and decide for yourself what you would have done, had you been in the place of one of the commanding generals. Then write your orders. You are thus dealing with a problem that actually occurred; and remember that war presents a constant series of such problems to every officer who may hold an independent command."

The Colonel was accustomed to follow this plan. He particularly admired Chrysostom, whom he called the Napoleon of divines. He had the class make a special study of Chrysostom's sermons "Concerning the Statues." He first made them familiar with the details of the situation in Antioch. There had been a riot in which the statues of the Emperor had been dragged about the city. The Emperor, enraged, threatened vengeance; a panic followed, then an embassy to ask pardon, and long days of terrified waiting. Each day the people flocked to the church for some word of help.

"Put yourself in the place of Chrysostom and plan your sermons according to the changing situation. Meet each crisis as best you can. After you have done this, we may see how Chrysostom did it."

Occasionally he would present a sermon for criticism. Thus, he asked the opinion of the class on a sermon by the fine old Puritan divine, John Howe, on "A Particular Faith in Prayer." Before he had reached Howe's fifteenthly, the unanimous opinion was that it had one fault, it was too long.

"That is a point worthy of consideration," said the Colonel. "The undue extension of the lines is, under most circumstances, a cause of weakness. But you must remember that Howe was not conducting a vesper service; he was preaching before Oliver Cromwell. His object was not to please Cromwell, but to convince him. This took time, for Oliver was prepared to resist stoutly every advance.

We are told that during the discourse Cromwell was observed to 'pay marked attention, but, as was his custom when displeased, knit his brows and manifested other symptoms of uneasiness.'

"It is easy for you, young gentlemen, to criticise the deliberation of Howe's movements, but the question is how you would improve upon it. Let me give you this exercise. You have Oliver Cromwell before you 'paying marked attention.' Your problem is to convince him quite against his will that he has been mistaken. You must make a careful preliminary study of Cromwell, and learn all that you can of the disposition of his moral and spiritual forces. Then make your plans accordingly.

"After you have made two or three unsuccessful attempts to carry Oliver's position by storm, I imagine you may think more favorably of Howe's method. It was that of a regular siege. You will observe that he first makes a wide enveloping movement which ends in a complete investment. Then his forces advance cautiously in two main lines, keeping under cover as much as possible. It is now a case for sapping and mining. To cover the approach fifteen parallels are constructed, — and in my opinion they were not too many."

On one of my last visits to the Colonel's classroom he was discussing the present crisis in the Christian Church. He elucidated his ideas by means of the maps of Grant's battles in the Wilderness.

"The greatness of Grant consisted in his ability to do two things at the same time. He must make a strong fight at the front against Lee's army, and at the same time must change his base from the precarious railroad to the more effective waterways.

"The public were more particularly interested in what was happening at the front, and were delighted at Grant's declaration that he would 'fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' But the student of military affairs is most in-

terested in what took place at the rear.

"The Christian Church is at this moment engaged in this most perilous, but often necessary manœuvre, — a change of base in the face of the enemy, and as a part of a grand forward movement.

"There is a call for courage at the front, but the question is in regard to the communications. The line of communication, with the base in *Infallible Authority*, has been cut; the necessity is to establish free and adequate communication with the ample supplies which are believed to exist in the Religious Nature of Man, and in the Spiritual Realities of the Universe.

"If this can be done in time, the advance against the strongholds of Sin can go on: if not, there is sure to be disaster. It is to arrest this disaster that you are to put forth all your efforts.

"In the presence of the dangers that confront you, I must remind you of the difference which exists between war and all imitations of it. I have dwelt much on strategy and tactics, a knowledge of which I look upon as indispensable, but let me remind you that battles are not won in the armchair. The great thing is to have collected sufficient force and to put it forth to the uttermost.

"In order to arouse the true professional spirit which is necessary for victory, I would recommend a recent book by a British naval officer, entitled *Heresies of Sea Power*. You will observe that the same principles apply to the other branch of the service that we recognize in conflicts on land.

"The gallant writer analyzes the great sea fights of history; in the attempt to find some law governing success he finds there is no trick by which a half-hearted power can overcome one that is alert and persevering and daring.

"The only formula that he arrives at — that he sets forth as a conclusion of the whole matter — is fitness to win.

"Who are those who are fit to win? not those merely who have the command of good material, but those who, having

it, are impelled by an overwhelming desire to use it to the uttermost in carrying on the project in which they are engaged. 'The full possession of that desire,' he says, 'has implied caution where caution was required, rashness where rashness was the better way — but always because of the fullness of the desire.'

"The great cause of failure, he insists, has been feebleness of purpose. 'Whatever its inferiority in heavy guns cost the

Spanish Armada, its inability to use effectively such guns as it had, and to secure sufficient ammunition for them, cost it a great deal more.'

"You, young gentlemen, in preparing for active service should seek the best equipment possible, but remember that 'fitness to win' is indicated not by mere superiority in heavy guns, but by the ability to use effectively such guns as you have."

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XXII

MAJENDIE owned to a pang of shame as he turned from Maggie's door. In justice to Gorst it could not be said that he had betrayed the passionate, perverted creature. And yet there was a sense in which Maggie's betrayal cried to heaven, like the destruction of an innocent. Majendie's finer instinct had surrendered to the charm of her appealing and astounding purity, by which he meant her cleanness from the mercenary taint. He had seen himself contending, grossly, with a fierce little vulgar schemer, who (he had been convinced) would hang on to poor Gorst's honor by fingers of a murderous tenacity. His own experience helped him to the vision. And Maggie had come to him, helpless as an injured child, and feverish from her hurt. He had asked her what she had wanted with Gorst, and it seemed that what Maggie wanted was "to help him."

He said to himself that he would n't be in Gorst's place for a good deal, to have that on his conscience.

As it happened, the prodigal's conscience was by no means easy. He called in Prior Street that evening to learn the

result of his friend's intervention. He submitted humbly to Majendie's judgment of his conduct. He agreed that he had been a brute to Maggie, that he might certainly do worse than marry her, and that his best reason for not marrying her was his knowledge that Maggie was ten times too good for him. He was only disposed to be critical of his friend's diplomacy when he learned that Majendie had not succeeded in persuading Maggie to marry Mr. Mumford. But, in the end, he allowed himself to be convinced of the futility, not to say the indecency, of pressing Mr. Mumford upon the girl at the moment of her fine renunciation. He admitted that he had known all along that Maggie had her own high innocence. And when he realized the extent to which Majendie had "got him out of it," his conscience was shaken by a salutary shock of shame.

But it was to Edith that he presented the perfection of his penitence. From his stillness and abasement she gathered that, this time, her prodigal had fallen far. That night, before his departure, he confirmed her sad suspicion.

"It's awfully good of you," he said stiffly, "to let me come again."

"Good of me? Charlie!" Her eyes and

voice reproached him for this strained formality.

"Yes. Mrs. Majendie's perfectly right. I've justified her bad opinion of me."

"I don't know that you've justified it. I don't know what you've done. No more does she, my dear. And you did n't think, did you, that Walter and I were going to give you up?"

"I'd have forgiven you if you had."

"I could n't have forgiven myself, or Walter."

"Oh, Walter — If it had n't been for him I should have gone to pieces this time. He's pulled me out of the tightest place I ever was in."

"I'm sure he was very glad to do it."

"I wish to goodness I could do the same for him."

"Why do you say that, Charlie?"

The prodigal became visibly embarrassed. He seemed to be considering the propriety of a perfect frankness.

"I say, you don't mind my asking, do you? Has anything gone wrong with him and Mrs. Majendie?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, you see, I've got a sort of notion that she does n't understand him. She's never realized in the least the stuff he's made of. He's the finest man I know on God's earth, and somehow, it strikes me that she does n't see it."

"Not always, I'm afraid."

"Well — see here — you'll tell her, won't you, what he's done for me? That ought to open her eyes a bit. You can give me away as much as ever you like, if you want to rub it in. Only tell her that I've chucked it — chucked it for good. He's made me loathe myself. Tell her I'm not as bad as she thinks I am, but that I probably would be if it had n't been for him. And for you, Edie, only I'm going to leave you out of it."

"You certainly may."

"It's because she knows all that already; and the point is to get her to appreciate him."

Edith smiled. "I see. And I'm to

make what I like of you, if I can only get her to appreciate him?"

"Yes. Tell her that, as far as I'm concerned, I respect her attitude profoundly."

"Very well. I'll tell her just what you've told me."

She spoke of it the next day, when Anne came to read to her in the afternoon. Anne was as punctual as ever in her devotion, but the passion of it had been transferred to Peggy. The child was with them, playing feebly at her mother's knee, and Anne's mood was propitious. She listened intently. It was the first time that she had brought any sympathy into a discussion of the prodigal.

"Did he tell you," said she, "what Walter did for him?"

"No."

"Nor what had happened?"

"No. I did n't like to ask him. Whatever it was, it has gone very deep with him. Something has made a tremendous difference."

"Has it made him change his ways?"

"I believe it has. You see, Nancy, that's what Walter was trying for. He always had that sort of hold on him. That was why he was so anxious not to have him turned away."

Anne's face was about to harden, when Peggy gave the sad little cry that brought her mother's arms about her. Peggy had been trying vainly to climb into Anne's lap. She was now lifted up and held there while her feet trampled the broad maternal knees, and her hands played with Anne's face; stroking and caressing; smoothing her tragic brow to tenderness; tracing with soft, attentive fingers the line of her small, close mouth, until it smiled.

Anne seized the little hands and kissed them. "My lamb," she said, "what are you doing to your poor mother's face?" She did not see, as Edith saw, that Peggy, a consummate little sculptor, was moulding her mother's face into the face of love.

"I should never have dreamed," said

Anne, "of turning him away, if I had thought he was really going to reform. Besides, I was afraid he would be bad for Walter."

"It did n't strike you that Walter might be good for him?"

"It struck me that I had to be strong for Walter."

"Ah, Walter can be strong for all of us."

She paused on that, to let it sink in. Anne's face was thoughtful.

"Anne, if you believed that all I've said to you was true, would you still object to having Charlie here?"

"Certainly not. I would be the first to welcome him."

"Then, will you write to him of your own accord, and tell him that, if what I've told you is true, you'll be glad to see him? He knows why you could n't receive him before, dear, and he respects you for it."

Anne thought better of Mr. Gorst for that respect. It was the proper attitude; the attitude she had once vainly expected Majendie to take.

"After all, what have I to do with it? He comes to see you."

"Yes, dear; but I shan't always be here for him to see. And if I thought that you would help Walter to look after him — Will you?"

"I will do what I can. My little one!"

Anne bowed her head over the soft forehead of her little one. She had a glad and solemn vision of herself as the protector of the penitent. It was in keeping with all the sanctities and pieties she cherished. She had not forgotten that Canoa Wharton (a saint if ever there was one) had enjoined on her the utmost charity to Mr. Gorst, should he turn from his iniquity.

She was better able to admit the likelihood of that repentance because Mr. Gorst had never stood in any close relation to her. His iniquity had not profoundly affected her. But she found it impossible to realize that Majendie's influence could count for anything in his

redemption. Where her husband was concerned Anne's mind was made up, and it refused to acknowledge so fine a merit in so gross a man. She was by this time comfortably fixed in her attitude, and any shock to it caused her positive uneasiness. Her attitude was sacred; it had become one of the pillars of her spiritual life. She was constrained to look for justification lest she should put herself wrong with God.

She considered that she had found it in Majendie's habits, his silences, his moods, the facility of his decline upon the Hannays and the Ransomes. He was determined to deteriorate, to sink to their level.

To-night, when he remarked tentatively that he thought he would dine at the Hannays, she made an effort to stop him.

"Must you go?" said she. "You are always dining with them."

"Why? — Do you mind?" said he.

"Well — when it's night after night —"

"Is it that you mind my dining with the Hannays, or my leaving you?"

"I mind both."

"Oh — if I'd thought you wanted me to stay —"

She made no answer, but rose and led the way to the dining-room.

He followed. Her arm had touched him as she passed him in the doorway, and his heart beat thickly, as he realized the strength of her dominion over him. She had only to say "Stay," and he stayed; or "Come," and she could always draw him to her. He had never turned away. His very mind was faithful to her. It had not even conceived, and it would have had difficulty in grasping, the idea of happiness without her.

To-night he was profoundly moved by this intimation of his wife's desire to have him with her. His surprise and satisfaction made him curiously shy. He sat through two courses without speaking, without lifting his eyes from his plate; brooding over their separation. He was wondering whether, after all, it had been so inevitable; whether he had misunder-

stood her; whether, if he had had the sense to understand, he might not have kept her. It was possible she had been wounded by his absences. He had never explained them. He could not tell her that she had made him afraid to be alone with her.

The situation, which he had accepted so obediently, had been more than a mere mortal man could endure. Especially in the terrible five minutes after dinner, before they settled for the evening, when each sat waiting to see if the other had anything to say. Sometimes Majendie would take up his book and Anne her work. She would sew, and sew, patient, persistent, in her tragic silence. And when he could bear it no longer, he would put down his book and go quietly away, to relieve the intolerable constraint that held her. Sometimes it was Anne who read, while he smoked and brooded. Then, in the warm, consenting stillness of the summer evenings (they were now in June), her presence seemed to fill the room; he was possessed by the sense of it; by the sound of her breathing; by the stirring of her body in the chair, or of her fingers on the pages of her book; and he would get up suddenly and leave her, dragging his passion from the sight of her.

As he considered these things, many perplexities, many tendernesses, stirred in him and kept him still.

Anne watched him from the other end of the table, and her thoughts debased him. He seemed to her disagreeably incommunicative, and she had found an ignoble explanation of his mood. There had been too much salt in the soup, and now there was something wrong with the salmon. He had not responded to her apology for these accidents, and she supposed that they had been enough to spoil his evening with her.

She had come to consider him a creature grossly wedded to material things.

"It's a pity you stayed," said she. "Mrs. Hannay would have given you a better dinner."

He had nothing to say to so preposterous a charge. His eyes were fixed more than ever on his plate. She saw his face flush as he bowed his head in eating; she allowed her fancy to rest in its morbid abhorrence of the act, and in its suspicion of his grossness. She went on, lashed by her fancy. "I cannot understand your liking to go there so much, when you might go to the Eliotts or the Gardners. They're always asking you, and you have n't been near them for a year."

"Well, you see, the Hannays let me do what I like. They don't bother me."

"Do the Eliotts bother you?"

"They bore me. Horribly."

"And the Gardners?"

"Sometimes — a little."

"And Canon Wharton? No. I need n't ask."

He laughed. "You need n't. *He* bores me to extinction."

"I'm sorry it is my friends who are so unfortunate."

"It's your husband who's unfortunate. He is not an intellectual person. Nor a spiritual one, either, I'm afraid."

He looked up. Anne had finished her morsel, and her fingers played irritably with the handbell at her side. Poor Majendie's abstraction had combined with his appetite to make him deplorably slow over his dinner. She still sat watching him, pure from appetite, in resignation that veiled her contempt of the male hunger so incomprehensibly prolonged. He had come to dread more than anything those attentive, sacrificial eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "to keep you waiting."

She rang the bell. "Will you have the lamp lit in the drawing-room or the study?"

He looked at her. There was no lamp for him in her eyes.

"Whichever you like. I think I shall go over to the Hannays', after all."

He went; and by the lamp in the drawing-room, Anne sat and brooded in her turn.

She said to herself: "It's no use my

trying to keep him from them. It only irritates him. He lets me see plainly that he prefers their society to mine. I don't wonder. They can flatter him and kowtow to him, and I cannot. He can be a little god to them; and he must know what he is to me. We have n't a thought in common, — not a feeling, — and he cannot bear to feel himself inferior. As for me — if I've married beneath me, I must pay the penalty."

But there was no penalty for her in these reflections. They satisfied her. They were part of the curious mental process by which she justified herself.

XXIII

Up to that moment when he had looked, across the dinner-table, at Anne, Majendie had felt secure in the bonds of his marriage. Anne's repugnance had broken the natural tie; but up to that moment he had never doubted that the immaterial link still held. If at times her presence was a bodily torment, at other times he felt it as a spiritual protection. His immense charity made allowance for all the extraordinary attitudes of Anne. In his imagination they reduced themselves to one, the attitude of inscrutable physical repugnance. He had accepted (as he had told himself so often) the situation he had created. It appeared to him, of all situations, the crudest and most simple. It had its merciful limits. The discomfort of it, once vague, had grown, to his thwarted senses, almost brutally defined. He could at least say, "It was here the trouble began, and here, therefore, it shall end."

He thought he had sounded the depths of her repugnance, and could measure by it his own misery. He said, "At any rate I know where I am;" and he believed that if he stayed where he was, if he respected his wife's prejudices, her prejudices would be bound to respect him. He could not make her love him, but at least he considered that he had justified his claim to her respect.

And now she had opened his eyes, and he had looked at her, and seen things that had not (till that moment) come into his vision of their separation. He saw subtler hostilities, incurable, indestructible repugnances, attitudes at which his charity stood aghast. The situation (so far from being crude and simple) involved endless refinements and complexities of torture. He despaired now of ever reaching her.

Majendie had caught his first clear sight of the spiritual ramparts.

"I'm not good enough for her," he said. She had kept him with her that evening, not because she wanted him to stay, but because she wanted him to understand.

He had shown her that he understood by going to the friends for whom he was good enough, who were good enough for him.

He went more than ever now, sometimes to the Ransomes, oftener to Gorst, oftenest of all to Lawson Hannay. He liked more than ever to sit with Mrs. Hannay; to lean up against the everlasting soft cushion she presented to his soreness. More than ever he liked to talk to her of simple things; of their acquaintance; of Edith, who had been a little better, certainly no worse, this summer; of Peggy, of Peggy's future and her education. He would sit for hours on Mrs. Hannay's sofa, his body leaning back, his head bowed forward, his chin sunk on his breast, listening attentively, yet with a dazed and rather stupid expression, to Mrs. Hannay's conversation. His own was sometimes monotonous and a little dull. He was growing even physically heavy. But Mrs. Hannay did not seem to mind.

There was a certain justice in Anne's justification. He did n't consciously prefer the Hannays' society to hers; but he actually found it more agreeable, and for the reasons she suspected. They did worship him; and their worship did make him feel superior, perhaps when he was least so. They did flatter him; for, as

Mrs. Hannay said, "he needed a little patting on the back, now and then, poor fellow." And perhaps he was really sinking a little to her level; he had so lost his sense of her vulgarity.

He used to wonder how it was that she had kept Lawson straight. Perfectly straight, Lawson had been, ever since his marriage. Possibly, probably, if he had married a wife too inflexibly refined, he would have deviated somewhat from that perfect straightness. His tastes had always been a little vulgar. But there was no reason why he should go abroad to gratify them when he possessed the paragon of amiable vulgarity at home. The Gardners, whose union was almost miraculously complete, were not in their way more admirably mated. And Lawson's reform must have been a stiff job for any woman to tackle at the start.

A woman of marvelous ingenuity and tact. For she had kept Lawson straight without his knowing it. She had played off one of Lawson's little weaknesses against the other; had set, for instance, his fantastic love of eating against his sordid little tendency to drink. Lawson was now a model of sobriety.

And as she kept Lawson straight without his knowing it, she helped Majendie, too, without his knowing it, to hold his miserable head up. She ignored, resolutely, his attitude of dejection. She reminded him that if he could make nothing else out of his life, he could make money. She convinced him that life, the life of a prosperous ship-owner in Scale, was worth living, so long as he had Edith and Anne and Peggy to make money for, especially Peggy.

And Majendie became more and more absorbed in his business, and more and more he found his pleasure in it; in making money, that is to say, for the persons whom he loved.

He had come even to find pleasure in making it for a person whom he did not love, and hardly knew. He provided himself with one punctual and agreeable sensation every week, when he sent off the

cheque for the small sum that was poor Maggie's allowance. Once a week (he had settled it), not once a month. For Maggie might (for anything he knew) be thriftless. She might feast for three days, and then starve; and so find her sad way to the street.

But Maggie was not thriftless. First, at irregular intervals, weeks it might be, or months, she had sent him various diminutive sums towards the payment of her debt. Maggie was strictly honorable. She had got a little work, she said, and hoped soon to have it regularly. And soon she began to return to him, weekly, the half of her allowance. These sums he put by for her, adding the interest. Some day there would be a modest hoard for Maggie. He pleased himself, now and then, by wondering what the girl would do with it. Buy a wedding gown perhaps, when she married Mr. Mumford. Time, he felt, was Mr. Mumford's best ally. In time, when she had forgotten Gorst, Maggie would marry him.

Maggie's small business entailed a correspondence out of all proportion to it. He had not yet gone to see her. Some day, he supposed, he would have to go, to see whether the girl, as he phrased it vaguely, was "really all right." With little creatures like Maggie you never could be sure. There would always be the possibility of Gorst's successor, and he had no desire to make Maggie's maintenance easier for him. He had made her independent of all iniquitous sources of revenue.

At last, suddenly, the postal orders and the letters ceased; for three weeks, four, five weeks. Then Majendie began to feel uneasy. He would have to look her up.

Then one morning, early in September, a letter was brought to him at the office (Maggie's letters were always addressed to the office, never to his house). There was no postal order with it. For three weeks Maggie had been ill, then she had been very poorly, very weak, too weak to sit long at work. And so she had lost what work she had; but she hoped to get

more when she was strong again. When she was strong the repayments would begin again, said Maggie. She hoped Mr. Majendie would forgive her for not having sent any for so long. She was very sorry. But, if it was n't too much to ask, she would be very glad if Mr. Majendie would come some day and see her.

He sent her an extra remittance by the bearer, and went to see her the next day. His conscience reproached him for not having gone before.

Mrs. Morse, the landlady, received him with many appearances of relief. In her mind he was evidently responsible for Maggie. He was the guardian, the benefactor, the sender of rent.

"She's been very ill, sir," said Mrs. Morse; "but she would n't 'ave you written to till she was better."

"Why not?"

"I'm sure I can't say, sir, wot 'er feeling was."

It struck him as strange and pathetic that Maggie could have a feeling. He was soon to know that she had little else.

He found her sitting by a fire, wrapped in a shawl. It slipped from her as she rose, as she leaped, rather, from her seat, like one unnerved by a sudden shock. He stooped and picked up the shawl before he spoke, that he might give the poor thing time to recover herself.

"Did I startle you?" he said.

Maggie was still breathing hard. "I did n't think you'd come."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she said weakly, and sat down again. Maggie was very weak. She was not like the Maggie he remembered, the creature of brilliant flesh and blood. Maggie's flesh was worn and limp; it had a greenish tint; her blood no longer flamed in the cream rose of her face. She had parted with the sources of her radiant youth.

She seemed to him to be suffering from severe anæmia. A horrible thought came to him. Had the little thing been starving herself to save enough to repay him?

"What have you been doing to yourself, Maggie?" he said brusquely.

Maggie looked frightened. "Nothing," she said.

"Working your fingers to the bone?"

She shook her head. "I was no good at dressmaking. They would n't have me."

"Well—" he said kindly.

"There are a great many things I can do. I can make wreaths and crosses and bookays. I made them at Evans's. I could go back there. Mr. Evans would have me. But Mrs. Evans would n't." She paused, surveying her immense resources. "Or I could do the flowers for peoples' parties. I used to. Do you think — perhaps — they'd have me?"

Maggie's pitiful doubt was always whether "they" would "have" her.

"Yes," he said, smiling at her pathos, "perhaps they would."

"Or I could do embroidery. I learned, years ago, at Madame Ponting's. I could go back. Only Madame would n't have me." (Maggie was palpably foolish; but her folly was adorable.)

"Why would n't she have you?"

Maggie reddened, and he forebore to press the unkind inquiry. He gathered that Maggie's ways had been not unknown to Madame Ponting, "years ago."

"Would you like to see some of my embroidery?"

He assented gravely. He did not want to turn Maggie from the path of industry which was to her the path of virtue.

She went to a cupboard, and returned with her arms full of little rolls and parcels wrapped in paper. She unfolded and spread on the table various squares, and strips, and little pieces, silk and woollen stuffs, and canvas, exquisitely embroidered. There were flowers in most of the patterns, — flowers, as it appeared, of Maggie's fancy.

"I say, did you do all that yourself, Maggie?"

"Yes, that's what I *can* do. I make the patterns out of me head, and they're mostly flowers, because I love 'em. It's

pretty, is n't it?" said Maggie, stroking tenderly a pattern of pansies, blue pansies, such as she had never sold in Evans's shop.

"Very pretty, — very beautiful."

"I've sold lots, — to a lady, before I was ill. See here."

Maggie unfolded something that was pinned in silver paper with a peculiar care. It was a small garment, in some faint-colored silk, embroidered with blue pansies (always blue pansies).

"That's a frock," said she, "for a little girl. You've got a little girl, — a little fair girl."

He reddened. How the devil, he wondered, does she know that I have a little fair girl? "I don't think it would fit her," he said.

Maggie reddened now.

"Oh — I don't want you to buy it. I don't want you to buy anything. Only to tell people."

So much he promised her. He tried to think of all the people he could tell. Mrs. Hannay, Mrs. Ransome, Mrs. Gardner — no, Mrs. Gardner was Anne's friend. If Anne had been different he could have told Anne. He could have told her everything. As it was — No.

He rose to go, but, instead of going, he stayed and bought several pieces of embroidery for Mrs. Hannay, and the frock, not for Peggy, but for Mrs. Ransome's little girl. They haggled a good deal over the price, owing to Maggie's obstinate attempts to ruin her own market. (She must always have been bent on ruining herself, poor child.) Then he tried to go again, and Mrs. Morse came in with the tea-tray, and Maggie insisted on making him a cup of tea, and of course he had to stay and drink it.

Maggie revived over her tea-tray. Her face flushed and rounded again to an orb of jubilant content. And he asked her if she were happy? If she liked her work?

She hesitated. "It's this way," she said. "Sometimes I can't think of anything else. I can sit and sit at it for weeks on end. I don't want anything

else. Then, all of a sudden, something comes over me, and I can't put in another stitch. Sometimes — when it comes — I'm that tired, it's as if I 'ad weights on me arms, and could n't 'old them up to sew. And sometimes, again, I'm that restless, it's as if you'd lit a fire under me feet. I'm frightened," said Maggie, "when I feel it coming. But I'm only tired now."

She broke off; but by the expression of her face, he saw that her thoughts ran underground. He wondered where they would come out again.

"I have n't seen anybody this time," said Maggie, "for six months."

"Not even Mr. Mumford?"

"Oh, no, not him. I don't want to see him." And her thoughts ran back to where they started from.

"It has n't come lately," said Maggie, "it has n't come for quite a long time."

"What has n't come?"

"What I've been telling you, — what I'm afraid of."

"It won't come, Maggie," he said quickly. (He might have been her father or the doctor.)

"If it does, it'll be worse now."

"Why should it be?"

"Because I can't get away from it. I've nowhere to go to. Other girls have got their friends. I've got nobody. Why, Mr. Majendie — think — there is n't a place in this whole town where I can go to for a cup of tea."

"You'll make friends."

She shook her head, guarding her little air of tragic wisdom.

Mrs. Morse popped her head in at the door, and out again.

"Is that woman kind to you?"

"Yes, very kind."

"She looks after you well?"

"Looks after me? I don't want looking after."

"Takes care of you, I mean. Gives you plenty of nice nourishing things to eat?"

"Yes. Plenty of nice things. And she comes and sits with me sometimes."

"You like her?"

"I love her."

"That's all right. You see, you *have* got a friend, after all."

"Yes," said Maggie mournfully; and he saw that her thoughts were with Gorst. "But it is n't the same thing, is it?"

Majendie could not honestly say it was; so he smiled, instead.

"It's a shame," said she, "to go on like this when you've been so good to me."

"If I was n't, you could n't do it, could you? But what you want me to understand is that, however good I've been, I have n't made things more amusing for you?"

"No, no," said Maggie vehemently, "I did n't mean that. Indeed I did n't. I only wanted you to know—"

"How good *you*'ve been? Is that it? Well, because you're good, there's no reason why you should be dull. Is there?"

"I don't know," said Maggie simply.

"See here, supposing that, instead of sending me all you earn, you keep some of it to play with? Get Mrs. What's-her-name to go with you to places."

"I don't want to go to places," she said. "I want to send it all to you."

He lapsed again into his formula. "There really is no reason why you should."

"I want to. That's a reason, is n't it?" said she. She said it shyly, tentatively, solemnly almost, as if it were some point in an infant's metaphysics. There was no assurance in her tone, nothing to remind him that Maggie had been the spoiled child of pleasure whose wants were always reasons; nothing to suggest the perverted consciousness of power.

"Well" — he straightened himself stiffly for departure.

"Are you going?" she said.

"I must."

"Will you — come again?"

"Yes, I'll come, if you want me."

He saw again how piteous, how ill she looked. A pang of compassion went through him. And after the pang there

came a warm, delicious tremor. It recalled the feeling he used to have when he did things for Edith, a sensation singularly sweet and singularly pure.

It was consolation in his misery to realize that any one could want him, even poor, perverted Maggie.

Maggie said nothing. But the flame rose in her face.

Downstairs Majendie found Mrs. Morse waiting for him at the door. "What's been the matter with her?" he asked.

"I don't rightly know, sir. But between you and me, I think she's fretted herself ill."

"Well, you've got to see that she does n't fret, that's all."

He gave into her palm an earnest of the reward of vigilance.

That night he sent off the embroidered pieces to Mrs. Hannay, and the embroidered frock to Mrs. Ransome; with a note to each lady recommending Maggie, and Maggie's beautiful and innocent art.

XXIV

As Majendie declined more and more on his inferior friendships, Anne became more and more dependent on the Elliots and the Gardners. Her evenings would have been intolerable without them. Edith no longer needed her. Edith, they still said, was growing better, or certainly no worse; and Mr. Gorst spent *his* evenings in Prior Street with Edie. The prodigal had made his peace with Anne, and came and went unquestioned. He was bent on making up for his long loss of Edie, and for the still longer loss of her that had to be. They felt that his brilliant presence kept the invading darkness from her door.

Autumn passed, and winter and spring, and in summer Edith was still with them.

Anne was no longer a stranger in her husband's house since her child had been born in it; but in the long light evenings, after Peggy had been put to bed at six o'clock, Peggy's mother was

once more alien and alone. It was then that she would get up and leave her husband (why not, since he left her?) and slip from Prior Street to Thurston Square; then that she moved once more superbly in her superior circle. She was proud of her circle. It was so well-defined; and if the round was small, that only meant that there was no room in it for borderlands and other obscure and undesirable places. The commercial world, so terrifying in its approaches, remained, and always would remain, outside it. Sitting in Mrs. Elliott's drawing-room she forgot that the soul of Scale on Humber was given over to tallow, and to timber, and Dutch cheeses. She could almost have forgotten that her husband was only a ship-owner, and a ship-owner who had gone into a horrible partnership with Lawson Hannay, but for her constant habit of depreciation. It appeased her to belittle him by comparisons. He had no spiritual fineness and fire like Canon Wharton, no intellectual interests like Mr. Elliott and Dr. Gardner. She had long ago noticed his inability to converse with any brilliance; she was now aware of the heaviness, the physical slowness, that was growing on him. He was losing the personal distinction that had charmed her once, and made her proud to be seen with him at gatherings of the fastidious in Thurston Square.

Her fancy, still belittling him, ranked him now with the dull business men of Scale. In a few years, she said, he will be like Lawson Hannay.

A change was coming over her. She was no longer apathetic. Now that she saw less of her husband she thought more frequently of him, if only to his disparagement. At times the process was unconscious; at times, when she caught her thoughts dealing thus uncharitably with him, she was touched by a pang of contrition and of shame. At times she was pulled up in her thinking with a sudden shock. She said to herself that he used to be so different, and her heart would turn gently to the man he used to be.

Then, as in the sad days of her bridal home-coming, the dear immortal memory of him rose up before her, and pleaded mercy for the insufferably mortal man. She saw him, with the body and the soul that had been once familiar to her, slender, alert, and strong, a creature of appealing goodness and tenderness and charm. And she was troubled with a great longing for the presence of the thing she had so loved. She yearned even for signs of the old brilliant, startling personality, in the face of the growing dullness that she saw. She found herself recalling with a smile sayings of his that had once vexed and now amused her. For Anne was softer.

At times she was aware of a new source of uneasiness. She was accustomed to judge all things in relation to the spiritual life. She had no other measure of their excellence. She had found profit for her soul in its divorce from her husband. She had persuaded herself that since she could not raise him, she herself would have sunk if she had clung to him or let him cling. She had felt that their tragic rupture strengthened the tie between her soul and God. But, more than once lately, she had experienced difficulty in reaching her refuge, her place of peace. Something threatened her former inviolable security. The ramparts of the spiritual life were shaken. Her prayers, that were once an ascension of flamed and winged powers carrying her to heaven, had become mere clamorous petitions, drawing down the things of heaven to earth. Night and morning the same passionate prayer for herself and her child, the same prayer for her husband, painful and perfunctory, but not always now the same sense of absolution, of supreme and intimate communion. It was as if a veil, opaque but intangible, were drawn between her spirit and the Unseen. She thought it had come of living in perpetual contact with Walter's deterioration.

Yet Anne was softer.

Her love for Peggy had become more and more an engrossing passion, as Ma-

jendie left her more and more to the dominion of her motherhood. He had seen enough of the effect of rivalry. It was Anne's pleasure to take Peggy from her nurse and wash her and dress her, to tend her fine limbs and comb her pale soft hair. It was as if her care for the little tender body had taught her patience and gentleness towards flesh and blood; as if, through the love it invoked, some veil was torn for her, and she saw, wrought in the body of her child, the wonder of the spirit's fellowship with earth.

She dreaded the passing of the seasons, as they would take with them each some heartrending charm of Peggy's infancy. Now it would be the ceasing of her pretty helpless cry, as Peggy acquired mastery over things; now the repudiation of her delicious play, as Peggy's intellect perceived its puerility; and now the leaving off forever of the speech that was Peggy's own, as Peggy adopted the superstition of the English language. A few years and Peggy would have cast off pinafores, a very few more and Peggy would be at a boarding-school; and before she left it she would have her hair up. There was a pang for Peggy's mother in looking backward, and in looking forward pang upon intolerable pang.

But Peggy was in no hurry to grow up. Her delicacy prolonged her babyhood and its sweet impunity. The sad state of Peggy's little body accounted for all the little sins that weighed on Peggy's mother's soul. You could n't punish Peggy. An untender look made her tremble; at a harsh word she cried till she was sick. When Peggy committed sin she ran and told her mother, as if it were some wonderful and interesting experience. Anne was afraid that she would never teach the child the difference between right and wrong.

In this, by some strange irony, Majendie, for all his self-effacement, proved more effectual than Anne.

They were all three in the drawing-room one Sunday afternoon at teatime. It

was Peggy's hour. And in that hour she had found her moment, when her parents' backs were turned to the tea-table. The moment over, she came to Majendie, shivering with delight.

"Oh, daddy, daddy," she cried, "I did 'teal some sugar. I did 'teal it my own self, and eated it all up."

Peggy had been forbidden to touch the sugar basin since one very miserable day.

"Oh Peggy, Peggy," said her mother, "that was very naughty."

"No, mummy, it was n't. It was n't naughty 't all."

She pondered, gravely working out her case. "I'd be sorry if it was naughty."

Majendie laughed.

"If you laugh every time she's naughty how am I to make her learn?"

Majendie held out his hand. "Come here, Peggy."

Peggy came and cuddled against him, smiling sidelong mischief at her mother. "Look here, Peggy, if you eat too much sugar, you'll be ill; and if you're ill, mummy'll be unhappy. See?"

"I'm sorry, daddy."

Peggy's mouth shook; she turned, and hid her face against his breast.

"There, there," he said, petting her. "Look at mummy; she's happy now."

Peggy's face peeped out, but it was not at her mother that she looked.

"Are you happy, daddy?"

He stooped, and kissed her, and left the room.

And then Peggy said, "I'm sorry, mummy. Why did daddy go away?"

"I don't know, darling."

"Do you think he will come back again?"

"Darling, I don't know."

"You'd like him to come back, would n't you, mummy?"

"Of course, Peggy."

"Then I'll go and tell him."

She trotted downstairs to the study, and came back shaking her head sadly.

"Daddy is n't coming. Naughty daddy."

"Why do you say that, Peggy?"

"Because he won't come when you want him to."

"Perhaps he's busy."

"Yes," said Peggy thoughtfully. "I fink he's busy." She sat very quiet on a footstool, thinking. "I fink," she said presently, "I'd better go and tell daddy he is n't naughty, else he'll be dreff'ly unhappy."

And she trotted downstairs and up again.

"Daddy sends his love, mummy, and he is busy. Sall I take your love to him?"

That was how it went on, now Peggy was older. That was how she made her mother's heart ache.

Anne was in terror for the time when Peggy would begin to see. For that, and for her own inability to teach her the stupendous difference between right and wrong.

But one day Peggy ran to her mother, crying as if her heart would break.

"Oh muvver, muvver, kiss me," she sobbed. "I did kick daddy! Kiss me."

She flung her arms round Anne's knees, as if clinging for protection against the pursuing vision of her sin.

"Hush, hush, darling," said Anne. "Perhaps daddy did n't mind."

But Peggy howled in agony. "Y-y-yes, he did. I hurted him, I hurted him. He minded ever so."

"My little one," said Anne, "my little one!" and clung to her and comforted her.

She saw that Peggy's little mind recognized no sin except the sin against love; that Peggy's little heart could not conceive that love should refuse to forgive her and kiss her.

And Anne did not refuse.

Thus her terror grew. If it was to come to Peggy that way, her knowledge of the difference, what was Peggy to think when she grew older? When she began to see?

That was how Anne grew soft.

Her very body was changing into the beauty of her motherhood. The sweetness of her face, arrested in its hour of

blossom, had unfolded and flowered again. Her mouth had lost its sad droop, and for Peggy there came many times laughter, and many times that lifting of the upper lip, the gleam of the white teeth, and the play of the little amber mole that Majendie loved and Anne was ashamed of.

She had become for her child that which she had been for her husband in her strange, immortal moments of surrender, a woman warmed and transfigured by a secret fire. Her new beauty remained, like a brooding charm, when the child was not with her.

And as the seasons, passing, made her more and more a woman dear and desirable, Majendie's passion for her became almost insane through its frustration.

Anne was aware of the insanity without realizing its cause. He avoided her touch, and she wondered why. Her voice, heard in another room, drew his heart after her in longing. At the worst moments, to get away from her, he went out of the house. And she wondered where. Hours of stupefying depression were followed by fits of irritability that frightened her. And then she wished that he would not go to the Hannays, and eat things that disagreed with him.

Little Peggy helped to make his misery more unendurable. She was always running to and fro between her father and her mother, with questions concerning kisses and other endearments, till he, too, wondered what she would make of it when she began to see. Everything conspired against him. Peggy's formidable innocence was reinforced by the still more formidable innocence of her mother. Anne positively flaunted before him the spectacle of her maternal passion. She showered her tendernesses on the child, without measuring their effect on him, for whom she had none. She did not allow herself to wonder how *he* felt, when he sat there hungry, looking on, while the little creature, greedy for caresses, was given her fill of love.

And when he was tortured by headache, she brought him an effervescing drink, and considered that she had done her duty.

A worse headache than usual had smitten him one late Sunday afternoon in August. A Sunday afternoon that made (but for Majendie and his headache) a little sacred idyl, so golden was it, so holy and so happy, with Peggy trotting between her father's and mother's knees, and the prodigal, burning with penitence, upstairs in Edie's room, singing *Lead, kindly Light*, in a heavenly tenor.

Peggy tugged at Majendie's coat.

"Sing, daddy, sing! Mummy, make daddy sing."

"I can't make him sing, darling," said Anne, who was making soft eyes at Peggy, and curling her mouth into the shape it took when it sent kisses to her across the room.

Instead of singing, Majendie, with his eyes on Anne, flung his arms round Peggy and lifted her up and covered her little face with kisses. The child lay across his knees with her head thrown back and her legs struggling, and laughed for terror and delight.

Anne spoke with some austerity. "Put her down, Walter; I don't care for all this hugging and kissing. It excites the child."

Peggy was put down. But when bedtime came she achieved an inimitable revenge. Anne had to pick her up from the floor to carry her to bed. At first Peggy refused to be carried; then she surrendered on conditions that brought the blood to her mother's face.

From her mother's arms Peggy's head hung down as she struggled to say good-night a second time to daddy. He rose, and for a single moment he and Anne stood linked together by the body of their child.

And Peggy reiterated, "I'll be a good girl, mummy, if you'll kiss daddy."

Anne raised her face to his and closed her eyes, and Majendie felt her soft

lips touch his forehead without parting.

That night, when he refused his supper, she looked up anxiously.

"Are you not well, Walter?"

"I've got a splitting headache."

"You'd better take some anti-pyrine."

"I'm damned if I'll take any anti-pyrine."

"Well, don't, dear; but you need n't be so violent."

"I beg your pardon."

He cooled his hands against a jug of iced water, and pressed them to his forehead.

She left her place and came and sat beside him. "Come," she said in the sweet voice that pierced him, "come and lie down in the study." She laid her hand on his shoulder, and he rose and followed her.

She made him lie down on the sofa in the study, and put cushions under his head, and brought him the anti-pyrine. She sat beside him and dabbed eau-de-cologne all over his forehead, and blew on it with her soft breath. She paused, and sat very still, watching him, for a moment that seemed eternity. She did n't like the flush on his cheek nor the queer burning brilliance in his eyes. She was afraid he was in for a bad illness, and fear made her kind.

"Tell me how you feel, dear," she said gently. She was determined to be very gentle with him.

"Can't you see how I feel?" he answered.

She laid her firm, cool hand upon his forehead; and he gave a cry, the low cry she had once heard and dreamed of afterwards. He flung up his arm, and caught at her hand, and dragged it down, and held it close against his mouth, and kissed it.

She drew in her breath. Her hand stiffened against his in her effort to withdraw it; and, when he had let it go, she turned from him and left him without a word.

He threw himself face downwards on the cushions, wounded and ashamed.

XXV

It was Friday evening, the Friday that followed that Sunday when Majendie's hope had risen at the touch of his wife's hand, and died again under her repulse.

Friday was the day which Maggie Forrest marked in her calendar sometimes with a query and sometimes with a cross. The query stood for "Will he come?" The cross meant "He came." To-night there was no cross, though Maggie had brushed her hair till it shone again, and put on her best dress, and laid out her little table for tea, and sat there waiting, like the ladies in those houses where he went; like Mrs. Hannay or Mrs. Ransome who bought her embroidery; or like that grand lady with the title, who had come with Mrs. Ransome,—the lady who had bought more embroidery than anybody, the scent on whose clothes was enough, Maggie said, to take your breath away.

Maggie loved her tea-table. She embroidered beautiful linen cloths for it. Every Friday it was decked as an altar dedicated to the service of a god,—in case he came.

He had n't come. It was past eight, yet Maggie left the altar standing with the cloth on it, and waited. It would be terrible if the god should come and find no altar. Once, even at this late hour, he had come.

The house was very quiet. Mrs. Morse was out marketing, and Maggie was alone. Friday was market night in Scale. She wondered if he would remember that and come. Her heart beat violently with the thought that he might be beginning to come late. The others had come late when they began to love her.

She had forgotten them, or only cared to remember such of their ways as threw light on Mr. Majendie's. For he was, as yet, obscure to her.

It seemed to her that a new thing had come to her, a thing marvelously and divinely new, this, that she should be waiting, counting hours, and marking

days on calendars, measuring her own pulses with a hand, now on her heart, now on her throbbing forehead, and wondering what could be the matter with her. Maggie was six-and-twenty; but ever since she was nine she had been waiting and wondering. For there always had been somebody whom Maggie loved insanely. First, it was the little boy who lived in the house opposite, at home. He had abandoned Maggie's society, and broken her heart, on the day when he "went into trousers." Then it was the big boy in her father's shop who gave her chocolates one day and snubbed her cruelly the next. Then it was the young man who came to tune the piano in the back parlor. Then the arithmetic master in the little boarding school they sent her to. And then (for Maggie's infatuations rose rapidly in the social scale) it was one of the young gentlemen who "studied" at the Vicarage. *He* was engaged to Maggie for a whole term; and he went away and jilted her, so that Maggie's heart was broken a second time. At last, on an evil day for Maggie, it was one of the gentlemen (not so young) staying up at "the big house." He watched for Maggie in dark lanes, and followed her through the fields at evening, till one evening he made her turn and follow her heart and him. And so Maggie went on her predestined way.

For after him there was the gentleman who came to Madame Ponting's, and after him, Mr. Gorst, who came to Evans's, and after Mr. Gorst—last year Maggie could not have believed there could ever be another after him. For each of these persons she would willingly have died. To each of them her soul leaped up and bowed itself, swept forward like a flame bowed and driven by the wind.

As long as each loved her, the flame burned steadily and still. Maggie's soul was appeased for a season. As each left her, the flame died out in tears, and her pulses beat feebly, and her life languished. Maggie went from flame to flame; for the hours when there was nobody to love sim-

ply dropped into the darkness and were forgotten. She left off living when she had to leave off loving. To be sure there was always Mr. Mumford. He was a tobacconist and he lived over the shop in a house fronting the pier, a unique and dominant situation. And he was prepared to overlook the past and make Maggie his wife and mistress of the house fronting the pier. Unfortunately, Maggie did not love him. You could n't love Mr. Mumford. You could only be sorry for him.

But though Maggie went from flame to flame, there were long periods of placidity when she loved nothing but her work, and was as good as gold. Maggie's father would n't believe it. He had never forgiven her, not even when the doctor told him that there was no sense in which the poor girl could be held responsible; they should have looked after her better, that was all. Maggie's father, the grocer, did not deal in smooth extenuating phrases. He called such madness sin. So did Maggie in her hours of peace and sanity. She was terrified when she felt it coming on, and hid her face from her doom. But when it came she went to meet it, uplifted, tremulous, devoted, carrying her poor scorched heart in her hands for sacrifice.

Each time that she loved, it was as if her former sins had been blotted out; for there came a merciful forgetfulness that renewed, almost, her innocence. Her heart had its own perverted constancy. No lover was like her last lover, and for him she rejected and repudiated the past.

And each time that she loved she was torn asunder. She gave herself in pieces; her heart first, then her soul, then, if it must needs be, her body. The finest first, then all that was left of her. That was her unique merit, what marked her from the rest.

Majendie, she divined by instinct, had recognized her quality. He was the only one who had. And he had asked nothing of her. She would have lived miserably

for Charlie Gorst. She would have died with joy for Mr. Majendie. And Maggie feared death worse than life, however miserable.

But there was something in her love for Majendie that revealed it as a thing apart. It had not made her idle. Her passion for Mr. Majendie blossomed and flowered, and ran over in beautiful embroidery. That industry ministered to it. Her heart was set on having those little sums to send him every week; for that was the only way she could hope to approach him of her own movement. She loved the curt little notes in which Majendie acknowledged the receipt of each postal order. She tied them together with white ribbon, and treasured them in a little box under lock and key. All the time, she knew he had a wife and child, but her fancy refused to recognize Mrs. Majendie's existence. It allowed him to have a child, but not a wife. She knew that he spent his Saturdays and Sundays with them at his home. He never came, or could come, on a Saturday or Sunday, and Maggie refused to consider the significance of this. She simply lived from Friday to Friday. No other day in the week existed for Maggie. All other days heralded it, or followed in its train. The blessed memory of it rested upon Saturday and Sunday. Wednesday and Thursday glowed and vibrated with its coming; Mondays and Tuesdays were forlorn and gray. Terrible were the days which followed a Friday when he had not come.

He had not come last Friday, nor the Friday before that. She had always a comfortable little theory to cheat herself with, to account for his not coming. He had been ill last Friday; that, of course, was why he had not come. Maggie knew. She did not like to think that he was ill; but she did like to think that only illness could prevent his coming. And she had always believed what she liked.

The presumption in Maggie's mind amounted to a certainty that he would come to-night.

And at nine o'clock he came.

Her eyes shone as she greeted him. There was nothing about her to remind him of the dejected, anæmic girl who had sat shivering over the fire last September. Maggie had got all her lights and colors back again. She was lifted from her abasement, glorified. And yet, for all her glory, Maggie, on her good behavior, became once more the prim young lady of the lower middle class. She sat, as she had been used to sit on long, dull Sunday afternoons in the parlor above the village shop, — bolt upright on her chair, with her meek hands folded in her lap. But her eyes were fixed on Majendie, their ardent candor contrasting oddly with the stiff modesty of her deportment.

"Have you been ill?" she asked.

"Why should I have been ill?"

"Because you did n't come."

"You must n't suppose I'm ill every time I don't come. I might be a chronic invalid at that rate."

He had n't realized how often he came. He did n't mark the days with crosses in a calendar.

"But you *were* ill, this time, I know."

"How do you know?"

The processes of Maggie's mind amused him. It was such a funny, fugitive, burrowing, darting thing, Maggie's mind, transparent and yet secret in its ways.

"I know, because I saw" — she hesitated.

"Saw what?"

"The light in your window."

"My window?"

"Yes. The one that looks out on the garden at the back. It was twelve o'clock on Sunday night, and on Monday night the light was gone, and I knew that you were better."

"As it happens, you saw the light in my sister's room. She's always ill."

"Oh," said Maggie; and her face fell with the fall of her great argument.

"Sometimes," he said, "the light burns all night long."

"Yes," said Maggie, musing; "sometimes it burns all night long. But in the

room above that room, there's a little soft light that burns all night, too. That's your room."

"No. That's my wife's room."

Maggie became thoughtful. "I used to think that was where your little girl sleeps, because of the night-light. Then your room's next it." Maggie desired to know all about the blessed house that contained him.

"That's the spare room," he said, laughing.

"Goodness! what a lot of rooms. Then your's is the one next the nursery, looking on the street. Fancy! That little room."

Again she became thoughtful. So did he.

"I say, Maggie, how did you know those lights burned all night?"

"Because I saw them."

"You can't see them."

"Yes, you can; from the little alley that goes along at the back."

He had n't thought of the alley. Nobody ever passed that way after dark; it ended in a blind wall.

"What were you doing there at twelve o'clock at night?"

He looked for signs of shame and confusion on Maggie's face. But Maggie's face was one flame of joy. Her eyes were candid.

"Walking up and down," she said.

"I was watching."

"Watching?"

"Your window."

"You must n't, Maggie. You must n't watch people's windows. They don't like it. It does n't do."

The flame was troubled; but not the lucid candor of her eyes. "I had to. I thought you were ill. I came to make sure. I was all alone. I did n't let anybody see me. And when I saw the light I was frightened. And I came again the next night to see. I did n't think you'd mind. It's not as if I'd come to the front door, or written letters, was it?"

"No. But you must never do that again, mind. How did you know the house?"

Maggie hung her head. "I saw your little girl go in there."

"Were you 'watching'?"

"N-no. It was an accident."

"How did you know it was my little girl?"

"I saw you walking with her, one Saturday, in the Park. It was an accident — really. I was taking my work to that lady why buys from me — Mrs. 'Anny.'"

"I see."

"You're not angry with me, Mr. Magèndy?"

"Of course not. What made you think I was?"

"Your face. You would be angry if I followed you. But I would n't do such a thing. I've never followed any one — never. And I would n't do it now, not if I was paid," she protested.

"It's all right, Maggie, it's all right."

Maggie clasped her knees and sat thinking. She seemed to know by intuition when it was advantageous to be silent, and when to speak. But Majendie was thinking, too. He was wondering whether he was not being a little too kind to Maggie; whether a little unkindness would not be a salutary change for both of them. Why could n't the girl marry Mr. Mumford? He did n't want to profit by the transaction. He would gladly have paid Mr. Mumford to marry her, and take her away.

He put his hand over his eyes as a veil for his thoughts; and, when he took it away again, Maggie had risen and was going on soundless feet towards the door.

"Don't go," she said, "I'll be back in a minute."

He flung himself back in the chair and waited. The minutes dragged. He had wanted Maggie away; and now she had gone he wanted her back again.

Maggie did not stay away long enough to give him time to discover how much he wanted her. She came back, carrying a tray with cups and a steaming coffee pot, and set it on the table.

A fragrance of strong coffee filled the

room. The service of the god had begun.

She stood close against his side, yet humbly, as she handed him his cup. "It's nice and strong," she said. "Drink it. It'll do your head good."

And she sat down opposite him, and watched him drink it.

Maggie's watching face was luminous and tender. In her eyes there was the look that love gives for his signal, — love that, in that moment, was pure and sweet as a mother's. She was glad to think that the coffee was strong, and would do his head good. She had no other thought in her mind, at that moment.

After the coffee she brought matches and cigarettes, which she offered shyly. Nature had given her an immortal shyness, born of her extreme humility.

"They're all right," she said. "Charlie smoked them."

(Charlie was at times a useful memory.)

She struck a match and prepared to light the cigarette. This she did gravely and efficiently, with no sign of feminine consciousness or coquetry. It was part of the solemn evening service of the god. And, as he smoked, the devotee retreated to her chair and watched him.

"Maggie," he said, "supposing Mr. Mumford was to come in?"

"He won't. Sunday's *his* day; or would be, if I let him 'ave a day."

"Why don't you?"

She shook her head. "I've seen nobody."

There was silence for five minutes.

"Mr. Magèndy —"

"Majendie, Maggie, Majendie."

"Mr. Mashendy, — I'm beginning to be afraid."

"What are you afraid of?"

"What I've always told you about. That awful feeling. It's coming on again, I think."

"It won't come, Maggie, it won't come. Don't think about it, and it won't come."

He did n't understand very clearly what Maggie was talking about; but he remembered that, last September, after

her illness, she had been afraid of something. And he remembered that he had comforted her with some such words as these.

"Yes," said she, "but I feel it coming."

"Maggie, you ought n't to live alone like this. See here, you ought to marry. You ought to marry Mr. Mumford. Why don't you?"

"I don't want to marry anybody. And I don't love him."

"Well, don't think about that other thing. Don't think about it. You'll be all right."

"I won't think," said Maggie; and thought profoundly.

"Mr. Majendie," she said suddenly.

"Madam."

"You must n't be afraid. I shall never do anything I know you would n't like me to."

"All right. Only don't think too much about that, either."

"I can't help thinking. You've been so good to me."

"I should try and forget that, too, a little more, if I were you. I'm only paying some of Mr. Gorst's debts for him."

The name called up no color to her cheek. Maggie had forgotten Gorst, and all *he* had done for her.

"And you're paying me back."

She shook her head. "I can't ever pay you back."

Poor little girl! Was that what her mind was always running on?

There was silence again between them. And then Majendie looked at Maggie.

She was sitting very still, as if she were waiting for something, and yet content. Her eyes were swimming as if with tears; but there were no tears in them. Her face was reddening as if with shame, but there was no shame in it. She seemed to be listening, dazed and enchanted, to her own secret, the running whisper of her blood. Her lips were parted, and, as he looked at her, they closed and opened again in sympathy with the delicate tremors that moved her throat under her rounded chin. In her brooding look there

was neither reminiscence nor foreboding; it was the look of a creature surrendered wholly to her hour.

As he looked at her his nerves sent an arrow of warning, a hot tremor darting from heart to brain.

"I must go now, Maggie," he said.

When he stood up, his knees shook under him.

"Not yet," said Maggie. "I'm all alone in the house, and I'm afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said roughly. "I've got to go."

He strode towards the door while Maggie stared after him in terror. She understood *nothing* but that he was going to leave her. What had she done to drive him away?

"You're ill," she cried, as she followed him, panting in her fright.

He pushed her back gently from the threshold.

"Don't be a little fool, Maggie. I'm not ill."

Out in the street, five yards from Maggie's door, he battled with a vision of her that almost drove him back again. "It was I who was a fool," he thought. "I shall go back. Why not? She is predestined. Why not I as well as anybody else?"

All the way to his own door an insistent, abominable voice kept calling to him, "Why not? Why not?"

He went with noiseless footsteps up his own stairs, past the dark doors below, past Edith's open door where the lamp still burned brightly beyond the threshold. At Anne's door he paused.

It stood ajar in a dim light. He pushed it softly open and went in.

Anne and her child lay asleep under the silver crucifix.

Peggy had been taken into Anne's bed, and had curled herself close up against her mother's side. Her arm lay on Anne's breast; her hand clutched the border of Anne's nightgown. The long thick braid of Anne's hair was flung back on the pillow, framing the child's golden head in gold.

His eyes filled with tears as he looked at them. For a moment his heart stood still. Why not he as well as anybody else? His heart told him why.

As he turned he sighed. A sigh of longing and tenderness, and of thankfulness for a great deliverance. Above all, of thankfulness.

XXVI

The light burned in Edith's room till morning; for her spine kept sleep from her through many nights. They no longer said, "She is better, or certainly no worse." They said, "She is worse, or certainly no better." The progress of her death could be reckoned by weeks and measured by inches. Soon they would be giving her morphia, to make her sleep. Meanwhile she was terribly awake.

She heard her brother's soft footsteps as he passed her door. She heard him pause on the upper landing and creep into the room overhead. She heard him go out again and shut himself up in the little room beyond.

There came upon her an awful intuition of the truth.

The next day she sent for him.

"What is it, Edie?" he said.

She looked at him with loving eyes, and asked him, as Maggie had asked, "Are you ill?"

He started. The question brought back to him vividly the scene of the night before; brought back to him Maggie with her love and fear.

"What is it? Tell me," she insisted.

He owned to headaches. She knew he often had them.

"It's not a bit of use," she said, "trying to deceive *me*. It's not headaches. It's Anne."

"Poor Anne. I think she's all right. After all, she's got the child, you know."

"Yes. *She's* got Peggy. If I could see you all right, too, I should die happy."

"Don't worry about me. I'm not worth it."

She gazed at him searchingly, con-

firmed in her intuition. That was the sort of thing poor Charlie used to say.

"It's my fault," she said. "It always has been."

"Angel, if you could lay everybody's sins on your own shoulders, you would."

"I mean it. You were right and I was wrong. Ah, how one pays! Only *you've* had to pay for my untruthfulness. I can see it now. If I'd done as you asked me, in the beginning, and told her the truth —"

"She would n't have married me. No, Edie. You're assuming that I've lived to regret that I married her. I never have regretted it for one single moment. Not for myself, that is. For her, yes. Granted that I'm as unhappy as you please, I'd rather be unhappy with her than happy without her. See?"

"Walter, — if you keep true to her, I believe you'll have your happiness yet. I don't know how it's coming. It may come very late. But it's bound to come. She's good —"

He assented with a groan. "Oh, much too good."

"And the goodness in her must recognize the goodness in you; when she understands. I believe she's beginning to understand. She does n't know how much she understands."

"Understands what?"

"Your goodness. She loved you for it. She'll love you for it again."

"My dear Edie, you're the only person who believes in my goodness, — you and Peggy."

"I and Peggy. And Charlie and the Hannays. And Nanna, and the Gardners — and God."

"I wish God would give Anne a hint that he thinks well of me."

"Dear — if you keep true to her — he will."

If he kept true to her? It was the second time she had said it. It was almost as if she had divined what had so nearly happened.

"I think," she said, "I'd like to talk to Anne, now, while I can talk. You

see, once they go giving me morphia" — she closed her eyes. "Just let me lie still for half an hour, and then bring Anne to me."

She lay still. He watched her for an hour. And he knew that in that hour she had prayed.

He found Anne sitting on the nursery floor, playing with Peggy. "Edie wants you," he said, loosening Peggy's little hands as they clung about his legs.

"Mother must go, darling," said she.

But all Peggy said was, "Daddy'll stay."

He did not stay long. He had to restrain himself, to go carefully with Peggy, lest he should help her to make her mother's heart ache.

Anne found Nanna busied about the bed. Nanna was saying, "Is that any easier, Miss Edie?"

"It's heavenly, Nanna," said Edie, stifling a moan. "Oh dear, I hope in the next world I shan't feel as if my spine were still with me, like people when their legs are cut off."

"Miss Edie, what an idea!"

"Well, Nanna, you can't tell whether it may n't be so. Anne, dear, you've got such a nice, pretty body, why have you such a withering contempt for it? It behaves so well to you, too. That's more than I can say of mine; and yet, I believe I shall quite miss it when it's gone. At any rate I shall be glad that I was decent to the poor thing while it was with me. Run away now, please, Nanna, and shut the door."

Nanna thought she knew why Miss Edie wanted the door shut. She too had her intuitive forebodings. She was aware, the whole household was aware, that the mistress cared more for her child than for the husband who had given it her. Their master's life was not a happy one. They wondered many times how he was going to stand it.

"Anne," said Edith, "I'm uneasy about Walter."

"You need not be," said Anne.

"Why? Are n't you?"

"I know he has n't been well lately—"

"How can you expect him to be well when he's so unhappy?"

Anne was silent.

"How long is it going to last, dear? And where is it going to end?"

"Edith, you need n't be afraid. I shall never leave him."

That was not what Edith was afraid of, but she did not say so.

"How can I," Anne went on, "when I believe the Church's doctrine of marriage?"

"Do you? Do you believe that love is a provision for the soul's redemption of the body? or for the body's redemption of the soul?"

"I believe that, having married Walter, whatever he is or does, I cannot leave him without great sin."

"Then you'll be shocked when I tell you that if your husband were a bad man, I should be the first to implore you to leave him, though he is my brother. Where there can be no love on either side there's no marriage, and no sacrament. That's *my* profane belief."

"And when there's love on one side only?"

"The sacrament is there, offered by the loving person, and refused by the unloving. And that refusal, my dear child, may, if you like, be a great sin, — supposing, of course, that the love is pure and devoted. I hardly know which is the worst sin, then, to refuse to give, or to refuse to take it; or to take it, and then throw it away. What would you think if Peggy hardened her little heart against you?"

"My Peggy!"

"Yes, your Peggy. It's the same thing. You'll see it some day. But I want you to see it now, before it's too late."

"Edie, if you'd only tell me where I've failed! If you're thinking of our — our separation —"

"I was not. But, since you *have* mentioned it, I can't help reminding you that you fell in love with Walter because you thought he was a saint. And so I don't

see what's to prevent you now. He's qualifying. He may n't be perfect; but, in some ways, a saint could n't very well do more. Has it never occurred to you that you are indulging the virtue that comes easiest to you, and exacting from him the virtue that comes hardest? And he has stood the test."

"It was his own doing, — his own wish."

"Is it? I doubt it, — when he's more in love with you than he was before he married you."

"That's all over."

"For you. Not for him. He's a man, as you may say, of obstinate affections."

"Ah, Edie, — you don't know."

"I know," said Edith, "you're perfectly sweet, the way you take my scoldings. It's cowardly of me, when I'm lying here safe, and you can't scold back again. But I would n't do it if I did n't love you."

"I know — I know you love me."

"But I could n't love you so much, if I did n't love Walter more."

"You well may, Edie. He's been a good brother to you."

"Some day you'll own he's been as good a husband as he's been a brother. Better; for it's a more difficult post, my dear. I don't really think my body, spine and all, can have tried him more than your spirit."

"What have I done? Tell me, — tell me."

"Done? O Nancy, I hate to have to say it to you. What have n't you done? There's no way in which you have n't hurt and humiliated him. I'm not thinking of your separation, — I'm thinking of the way you've treated him, and his affection for you and Peggy. You won't let him love you. You won't even let him love his little girl."

"Does he say that?"

"Would he say it? People in my peculiar position don't require to have things said to them; they *say them*. You see, if I did n't say them now I should have to get up out of my grave and do it,

and that would be ten times more disagreeable for you. It might even be very uncomfortable for me."

"Edie, I wish I knew when you were serious."

"Well, if I'm not serious now, when *shall* I be?"

Anne smiled. "You're very like Walter."

"Yes. He's every bit as serious as I am. And he's getting more and more serious every day."

"O Edie, you don't understand. I — I've suffered so terribly."

"I do understand. I've gone through it — every pang of it — and it's all come back to me again through your suffering, — and I know it's been worse for you. I've told him so. It's because I don't want you to suffer more that I'm saying these awful things to you."

"Oh! *Am* I to suffer more?"

"I believe that's the only way your happiness can come to you, — through great suffering. I'm only afraid that the suffering may come through Peggy, if you don't take care."

"Peggy —"

It was her own terror put into words.

"Yes. That child has a terrible capacity for loving. And for her that means suffering. She loves you. She loves her father. Do you suppose she won't suffer when she sees? Her little heart will be torn in two between you."

"O Edith, — I cannot bear it."

She hid her face from the anguish.

"You need n't. That's it. It rests with you."

"With me? If you would only tell me how."

"I can't tell you anything. It'll come. Probably in the way you least expect it. But — it'll come."

"Edie, I feel as if you held us all together. And when you've gone —"

"You mean when it's gone. When it's 'gone,'" said Edie, smiling, "I shall hold you together all the more. You need n't sigh like that."

"Did I sigh?"

As Anne stooped over the bed she sighed again, thinking how Edith's loving arms used to leap up and hold her, and how they could never hold anything any more.

Of all the things that Edith said to her that afternoon, two remained fixed in Anne's memory: how Peggy would suffer through overmuch loving,—she remembered that saying, because it had confirmed her terror; and how love was a provision for the soul's redemption of the body, or for the body's redemption of the soul. This she remembered, because she did not understand it.

That was in August. Before the month was out they were beginning to give her morphia.

In September Gorst came to see her for the last time.

In October she died in her brother's arms.

In the days that followed, it was as if her spirit, refusing to depart from them, had rested on the sister she had loved. Spirit to spirit, she stooped, kindling in Anne her own dedicated flame. In the white death chamber, and through the quiet house, the presence of Anne, moving with hushed footfall, was like the presence of a blessed spirit. Her face was as a face long hidden upon the heart of peace. Her very grief aspired; it had wings, lifting her towards her sister in her heavenly place.

For Anne, in the days that followed, was possessed by a great and burning charity. Mrs. Hannay called and was taken into the white room to see Edith. And Anne's heart went out to Mrs. Hannay, when she spoke of the beauty and goodness of Edith; and to Lawson Hannay, when he pressed her hand without speaking; and to Gorst, when she saw him stealing on tiptoe from Edie's room, his face swollen and inflamed with grief. Her heart went out to all of them, because they had loved Edie.

And to her husband her heart went out with a tenderness born of an immense pity and compassion. For the first three

days, Majendie gave no sign that he was shaken by his sister's death. But on the evening of the day they buried her Anne found him in the study, sitting in his low chair by the fire, his head sunk, his body bowed forward over his knees, convulsed with a nervous shivering. He started and stared at her approach, and straightened himself suddenly. She held out her hand. He looked at it dumbly, as if unwilling or afraid to take it.

"My dear," she said softly.

Then she knelt beside him, and drew his head down upon her breast, and let it rest there.

XXVII

It was a Thursday night in October, three weeks after Edith's death. Anne was in her room, undressing. She moved noiselessly, with many tender precautions, for fear of waking Peggy, and for fear of destroying the peace that possessed her own soul like heavenly sleep. It was the mystic mood that went before prayer.

In those three weeks Anne felt that she had been brought very near to God. She had not known such stillness and content since the days at Scarby that had made her life terrible. It was as if Edith's spirit in bliss had power given it to help her sister, to draw Anne with it into the divine presence.

And the dead woman bound the living to each other also, as she had said. How she bound them Anne had not realized until to-day. It was Mrs. Elliott's day, her Thursday. Anne had spent half an hour in Thurston Square, and had come away with a cold, unsatisfactory feeling towards Fanny. Fanny, for the first time, had jarred on her. She had so plainly hesitated between condolence and congratulation. She seemed to be secretly rejoicing in Edith Majendie's death. Her manner intimated clearly that a burden had been removed from her friend's life, and that the time had now come for Anne to blossom out and enjoy herself. Anne had been glad to get away from

Fanny, to come back to the house in Prior Street and to find Walter waiting for her. Fanny, in spite of her intellectual rarity, lacked the sense that, after all, *he* had, the sense of Edith's spiritual perfection. Strangely, inconsistently, incomprehensibly, he had it. He and his wife had that in common, if they had nothing else. They were bound to each other by Edith's dear and sacred memory, an immaterial, immortal tie. They would always share their knowledge of her. Other people might take for granted that her terrible illness had loosened, little by little, the bond that held them to her. They knew that it was not so. They never found themselves declining on the mourner's pitiful commonplaces: "Poor Edie;" "She is released;" "It's a mercy she was taken." It was their tribute to Edith's triumphant personality that they mourned for her as for one cut off in the fullness of a strong, beneficent life.

For those three weeks Anne remained to her husband all that she had been on the night of Edith's death.

And, as she felt that nobody but her husband understood what she had lost in Edith, she realized for the first time his kindred to his sister. She forced herself to dwell on his many admirable qualities. He was unselfish, chivalrous, the soul of honor. On his chivalry, which touched her more nearly than his other virtues, she was disposed to put a very high interpretation. She felt that, in his way, he acknowledged her spiritual perfection, also, and revered it. If their relations only continued as they were, she believed that she would yet be happy with him. To think of him as she had once been obliged to think was to profane the sorrow that sanctified him now. She was persuaded that the shock of Edith's death had changed him, that he was ennobled by his grief. She could not yet see that the change was in herself. She said to herself that her prayers for him were answered.

For it was no longer an effort, painful

and perfunctory, to pray for her husband. Since Edith's death she had prayed for him, as she had prayed in the time of reconciliation that followed her first discovery of his sin. She was horrified when she realized how in six years her passion of redemption had grown cold. It was there that she had failed him, in letting go the immaterial hold by which she might have drawn him with her into the secret shelter of the Unseen. She perceived that in those years her spiritual life had suffered by the invasion of her earthly trouble. She had approached the silent shelter with cries of supplication for herself and for her child, the sweet mortal thing she had loved above all mortal things. Every year had made it harder for her to reach the sources of her help, hardest of all to achieve the initiatory state, the nakedness, the prostration, the stillness of the dedicated soul. Too many miseries cried and strove in her. She could no longer shut to her door, and bar the passage to the procession of her thoughts, no longer cleanse and empty her spirit's house for the divine thing she desired to dwell with her.

And now she was restored to her peace; lifted up and swept, effortless, into the place of heavenly help. Anne's soul had no longer to reach out her hand and feel her way to God, for it was God who sought for her and found her. She heard behind her, as it were, the footsteps of the divine pursuing power. Once more, as in the mystic days before her marriage, she had only to close her eyes, and the communion was complete. At night, when her prayer was ended, she lay motionless in the darkness, till she seemed to pass into the ultimate bliss, beyond the reach of prayer. There were moments when she felt herself to be close upon the very vision of God, the beatitude of the pure.

At these moments Anne found herself contemplating her own inviolate sanctity.

There was in Anne an immense sincerity, underlying a perfect tangle of minute deceptions and hypocrisies. She

was not deceived as to the supreme event. She was truly experiencing the great spiritual passion which, alone of passions, is destined to an immortal satisfaction. She had all but touched the end of the saint's progress. But she was ignorant, both of the paths that brought her there, and the paths that had led, and might again lead, her feet astray.

Each night, when she closed her bedroom door, she felt that she was entering into a sanctuary. She was profoundly, tenderly grateful to her husband for the renunciation that made that refuge possible to her. She accepted her blessed isolation as his gift.

This Thursday had been a day of little lacerating distractions. She had gone through it thirsting for the rest and surrender, the healing silence of the night.

She undressed slowly, being by nature thorough and deliberate in all her movements.

She was standing before her looking-glass, about to unpin her hair, when she heard a low knock at her door. Majendie had been detained, and was late in coming to take his last look of Peggy before going to bed.

Anne opened the door softly, and signed to him to make no noise. He stole on tiptoe to the child's cot, and stood there for a moment. Then he came and sat down in the chair by the dressing-table, where Anne was standing with her arms raised, unpinning her hair. Majendie had always admired that attitude in Anne. It was simple, calm, classic, and superbly feminine. Her long white wrapper clothed her more perfectly than any dress.

He sat looking at the quick white fingers untwisting the braid of hair. It hung divided into three strands, still rippling with the braiding, still dull with its folded warmth. She combed the three into one sleek sheet that covered her like a veil, drawn close over head and shoulders. Her face showed smooth and saintlike between the cloistral bands. Majendie

thought he had never seen anything more beautiful than that face and hair, with their harmonies of dull gold and sombre white.

"I like you," he said; "but is n't the style just a trifle severe?"

Anne said nothing. She was trying to forget his presence while she yet permitted it.

"Do you mind my looking at you like this?"

"No."

(They spoke in low voices, for fear of waking the sleeping child.)

She took up her brush, and with a turn of her head swept her hair forward over one shoulder. It hung in one mass to her waist. Then she began to brush it.

The first strokes of the brush stirred the dull gold that slept in its ashen furrows. A shining undulation passed through it, and broke, at the ends, as it were into a curling golden foam. Then Anne stood up and tossed it backwards. Her brush went deep and straight, like a ploughshare, turning up the rich, smooth swell of the under-gold; it went light on the top, till numberless little threads of hair rippled, and rose, and knit themselves, and lay on her head like a fine gold net; then, with a few swift swimming movements, upwards and outwards, it scattered the whole mass into drifting strands and flying wings and soft falling feathers, and, under them, little tender curls of flaxen down. With another stroke of the brush and a shake of her head, Anne's hair rose in one whorl and fell again, and broke into a shower of woven spray; pure gold in every thread.

Majendie held out a shy hand and caught the receding curl of it. Its faint fragrance reached him, winging a shaft of memory. His nerves shook him, and he looked away.

Anne had been cool and businesslike in every motion, unconscious of her effect, unconscious almost of him. Now she gathered her hair into one mass, and began plaiting it rapidly, desiring thus to hasten his departure. She flung back

the stiff braid, and laid her finger on the extinguisher of the shaded lamp, as a hint for him to go.

"Anne," he whispered, "Anne —"

The whisper struck fear into her.

She faced him calmly, coldly; not unkindly. Unkindness would have given him more hope than that pitiless imperturbability.

"Have you anything to say to me?" she said.

"No."

"Well then, will you be good enough to go?"

"Do you really mean it?"

"I always mean what I say. I have n't said my prayers yet."

"And when you have said them?"

She had turned out the lamp so that she might not see his unhappy face. She did not see it; she only saw her spiritual vision destroyed and scattered, and the havoc of dreams, resurgent, profaning heavenly sleep.

"Please," she whispered, "please, if you love me, leave me to myself."

He left her; and her heart turned after him as he went, and blessed him.

"He is good, after all," her heart said.

But Majendie's heart had hardened. He said to himself, "She is too much for me." As he lay awake thinking of her, he remembered Maggie. He remembered that Maggie loved him, and that he had gone away from her and left her, because he loved Anne. And now, because he loved Anne, he would go to Maggie. He remembered that it was on Fridays that he used to go and see her.

Very well, to-morrow night would be Friday night.

To-morrow night he would go and see her.

And yet, when to-morrow night came, he did not go. He never went until December, when Maggie's postal orders left off coming. Then he knew that Maggie was ill again. She had been fretting. He knew it; although, this time, she had not written to tell him so.

He went, and found Maggie perfectly well. The postal orders had not come, because the last lady, the lady with the title, had not paid her. Maggie was good as gold again, placid and at peace.

"Why," he asked himself bitterly, "why did I not leave her to her peace?"

And a still more bitter voice answered, "Why not you, as well as anybody else?"

(To be continued.)

IL SANTO

BY HENRY NEWBOLT

ALAS! Alas! What impious hands are these?
They have cut down my dark mysterious trees,
Defied the brooding spell
That sealed my sacred well,
Broken my fathers' fixed and ancient bars,
And on the mouldering shade
Wherein my dead were laid
Let in the cold clear aspect of the stars.

Slumber hath held the grove for years untold:
Is there no reverence for a power so old?
Is there no seemly awe
For bronze-engraven law,
For dust beatified and saintly name?
When they shall see the shrine
Princes have held divine,
Will they not bow before the eternal flame?

Vain! Vain! the wind of heaven for ages long
Hath whispered manhood, "Let thine arm be strong!
Hew down and fling away
The growth that veils decay.
Shatter the shrine that chokes the living spring.
Scorn hatred, scorn regret,
Dig deep and deeper yet.
Leave not the quest for word of saint or king.

"Dig deeper yet! though the world brand thee now,
The faithful labor of an impious brow
May for thy race redeem
The source of that lost stream
Once given the thirst of all the earth to slake.
Nay, thou too ere the end
Thy weary knee mayst bend
And in thy trembling hands that water take."

GEORGE MEREDITH

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

I

DESPITE the sorrow of fervid disciples, it is a small matter for wonder that Mr. George Meredith, a Celt, a radical, an assailant of tradition in thought, literature, and life, saw the staid backs of his English public for a score of years or so. It is a small matter for wonder, too, that he received, pell-mell over shoulders and head, many a cudgeling by scandalized critics. On the other hand it seems strange, at first blush, that he was not promptly acclaimed on these shores of the Atlantic, where the Celtic race is strong, and where many a doctrine thought subversive in England has been placidly put into practice. Yet when one remembers the mental sloth of our readers of fiction, and the tumultuous agility of Mr. Meredith's brain, one's surprise at his late welcome merges into wonder that a third American edition of his works¹ was possible during his nine and seventieth year.

The fact is that Mr. Meredith's lyric and dramatic genius has caught the hearts of many of us whose heads still combat him. Nor is this an unhealthy symptom. Indeed, we should be almost morbidly pedantic if our wits obediently threaded the labyrinthine entrance to *One of our Conquerors*, though our hearts beat unstirred and unhaltered by the romance of Richard Feverel's songlike meeting with Lucy, the brookside picker of dewberries, or the tragedy of his parting from that same Lucy, his wife, the

¹ *The Pocket Edition of the Works of George Meredith*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906. The same publishers have also issued during the year Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan's sagacious volume, *The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith*, and *The Meredith Pocket Book*, edited by G. M. T.

mother of his child, that *jeune femme forte et belle* destined to death by his folly. But our heart's joy or pain, and the flash and thrill of our imagination, are alike insufficient. If we are even clearly to reject, if we are not blindly to pass by perhaps the chief gift which, through half a century, Mr. Meredith has wrought for us of the English tongue, we must set our wits in search of the creative spirit which, battling, laughing, passion-torn in scene after scene of his novels, paces the intervening paths of his prose, and stands so vividly revealed in his poems that one may face it eye to eye, and find, not the "cynic" or "performer of antics" imagined by purblind critics, but a high and sane though whimsical friend.

II

Unyieldingly as Mr. Meredith guards his legitimate privacy, enough facts are public concerning his life and temperament to test and illuminate both his gospel and his works.

His life, the expression of a conquering temperament, began in a characteristic though unconscious defiance. Although of Welsh and Irish blood, he had the temerity to be born in the English county of Hampshire; this too in a year so long past that even innate distinction such as his had to outface social prejudice, unless ushered into the world by an almost pompous pedigree. Lacking this, the boy Meredith might well have grown up a lonely spirit. A ward in chancery, under a guardian with whom he had no warmth of companionship, he was sent to a school in Germany where his sympathies thrust out the roots which were afterward to strike deep into the human and intellectual soil, not only of

Germany, but of all the Continent. At this school, too, he laid the foundations of a notable classic erudition, and caught a love of music which still outlasts his early technical proficiency. In his native land again, he came to know, with all the zest of his fifteen years, the rich countryside of England, and England's farmer folk, like Farmer Blaize, her Lucys perhaps, and very certainly her every beast and bird. In London, a law student of twenty, he heard the rumblings of that revolution of 1848 in which Richard Wagner lent a hand, and from which the contagion of freedom added fuel to the fires kindled by Mazzini in Austria's Italy. And in London he first saw the crimes and shame of city life, from which he turned to fix his gaze on ideals of chivalric rebellion.

Emerging simultaneously from London and the law, he found himself, at twenty-one, ridden with debts not of his own making, but breathing confidently the air of power and poetry, alert with keen companionships, inspired by romance. With Thomas Love Peacock, the satirical novelist who remembered Shelley and could still hear in his ears the cries of the French Revolution, the full-blooded, agile-minded, vastly dreaming young Meredith looked back into the days when Napoleon and the English poets broke in pieces the traditions of the whole rigid eighteenth century; and with the radiantly witty young Mrs. Nicholls, Peacock's widowed daughter, he knew briefly such companionships of mind and heart as only genius may conquer. Yet the joy of it turned to heaviest suffering. As Mr. Meredith wrote in the sixteenth poem of *Modern Love*: —

In our old shipwreck'd days there was an hour
When in the firelight steadily aglow,
Join'd slackly, we beheld the chasm grow
Among the clicking coals. Our library bower
That eve was left to us: and hush'd we sat
As lovers to whom Time is whispering.
From sudden-open'd doors we heard them sing:
The nodding elders mix'd good wine with chat.
Well knew we that Life's greatest treasure lay
With us, and of it was our talk. "Ah, yes!

Love dies!" I said: I never thought it less.
She yearn'd to me that sentence to unsay.
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did
lift: —

Now am I haunted by that taste! that sound!

Surely a tragic poem this; and to prove its inspiration a thing not of dreams, it is enough to say that in 1862, the year of its publication, Mr. Meredith went to live with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Rossetti, and Swinburne, on that Cheyne Walk made famous by Carlyle.

Meantime his temperament had not only been heated in the forge fires of passion, but hardened by the hammer-strokes of his own will. Self-tempered to meet tragedy, he met, at the same time, and conquered, his mundane hardships, winning free of debt by a pen-slavery to journalism only less galling than Evan Harrington's slavery to Tailorism. By leader-writing for various newspapers; by acting as literary adviser to Messrs. Chapman and Hall; by conducting the *Fortnightly Review* during the absence of the editor, John Morley, in America; by translating a life of Cavour from the French of Charles de Mazade; by these and other drudgeries, he gained enough stability of independence to save his imagination from compromise with the tastes of a hidebound public. By these drudgeries, too, he founded his gospel of frugal self-support on the boulders and ledges of fact.

Stony and arid as life often was, Mr. Meredith proved himself anything but a gloomy conqueror. Though he knew almost privation, though he faced the failure of passion and afterward suffered the worst agonies of severance by death, he made himself, through the years, a life of congenial labor, of companionship, beauty, and wide interests. After his stay — and it was brief — at Cheyne Walk, after the death of his first wife, and his reabandonment of a city alien to his sylvan spirit, he settled again among the downs and woods of Surrey. Married

again, and sharing the life of his two sons and a young daughter, he went down each week to the London of his tasks, the London, too, of his companionship with such friends as Swinburne, James Thomson, Justin MacCarthy, John Morley, and Lady Duff Gordon. At home in the hillside study where Roy Richmond, Nevil Beauchamp, Renée, Chloe, Clara Middleton, and Diana flashed into his brain, this younger contemporary of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot read with fire and judgment the works of poets and novelists, big and little, English, American, German, Italian, French. Here he wove into the very texture of his thinking a thread or two spun by German metaphysicians, and one vivid cord of Darwin's. And here for the most part, though partly on the Continent, he watched, day by day, year by year, that brave spectacle of human growth, the England of feudal squires transformed by railway and factory into a land of democracy, America war-cleansed, Italy freed, Germany united, France abased and renascent, and his ancestral Ireland slowly filing through the fetters of English arrogance and blundering.

III

Thus all too roughly one may block out the events and surroundings of Mr. Meredith's life. But what of the man himself? What of the mental and emotional soil from which have sprung the spreading branches, the leaves and the flowers of his poetry and prose? For an answer we might turn to these growths themselves, might listen intently for the very flowing of their sap. But unless some taste of the dragon's blood of suffering has cleared our brains, the sound of this flowing sap may seem no song at all. And as even suffering is not always efficacious, we may best turn, perhaps, from the prose and poems to the man, — the man, too, as he has appeared, not to Saxons of murky vision, but to a Jew whose Gallic genius made his mind like a piercing eye.

To this Jew, the Marcel Schwob of Stevenson's letters, Mr. Meredith came out, one day, from the study where he had been lost in work. He was broad-shouldered, strongly built, gray, his face "clear, fine, and dominating, his eyes deep blue." And of these eyes Schwob writes, "during the first moments of his talk with me, they were literally *drunk with thought*."

"Leading me toward his cell," Schwob goes on, "Mr. Meredith remarked, 'They say that the brain grows weary. Believe never a word of it! You cannot tire the brain; it is the stomach that we overwork;' and he added, smiling, 'mine has been bad from birth.'"

In Mr. Meredith's "cell" Schwob notes that the writing-table stood under a window opening into a dark pine copse. "The brain must have twilight for its thoughts to gush and flow," explained Mr. Meredith. And watching a bird, as it flew hither and thither tirelessly across the sky, "Do you see that bird?" said he. "It interests me immeasurably: it flits all day, with never a rest, never a stop. We call it the swift; and every time I see it, I think of its endless motion, just like the flitting of the brain."

And this "flitting of the brain" has become indispensable to Mr. Meredith, as Schwob discovered when, by chance, he spoke of the old tower at Utrecht whose great bell rings only when the king has died.

"Even then I should wish it silent," Mr. Meredith exclaimed. "I loathe the bells, with their insistent rhythm! At Bruges, I remember, they kept me from thinking in the night. Oh, I loathe them!"

Now this restless, this haunting intellectuality so permeates Mr. Meredith that we may almost say it has dyed the lenses of his eyes. Like a man whose smoked glasses color the whole world, Mr. Meredith sees nothing unstained with the hue of thought. In varying degrees, moreover, this has been true of him from youth. Even in the "extinct"

first poems a faint trace of it appears, and in his first prose work, that gorgeous and fantastic arabesque, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, it crops out in a continual series of ethical epigrams. Yet quite as characteristic as his tireless intellectuality is a second trait, that vividness of imagination, amounting almost to hallucination, *à propos* of which Mr. Meredith said to Schwob, "When Harry Richmond's father first visited me, — when I first heard the pompous phraseology of that son of a royal duke and a seventeen-year-old actress, — I perfectly roared with laughter." Nor was it a thin and abstract idea that made him thus "perfectly roar:" it was Roy Richmond practically in the flesh, Roy Richmond visible and audible, in a word, a living vision, "at whose dictation," to quote Marcel Schwob again, Mr. Meredith wrote so much of the dialogue of *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*.

A common trait, one might call this vividness of imagination, a trait, one might add, discoverable in every novelist of more than mechanical powers. Or, with Marcel Schwob, one might regard it as a result of supernormal mental activity. In Mr. Meredith, however, it lies deeper than that keenness of realization which made Thackeray, for instance, sob at the thought of Colonel Newcome dying. And in Mr. Meredith it is anything but a result of mental overstrain. On the contrary, the ceaseless "fitting" of Mr. Meredith's brain has strengthened it to master his senses, — those senses whose wakeful impressions are the very stuff and substance of his imagination.

Without many a characteristic other than restless intellectuality and vividness of imagination Mr. Meredith, of course, could not be human. Without spontaneity, almost lawlessness, he would be at least half automaton. Without insight into character bordering on the miraculous, he would be, not one of the Welsh, — if we may trust his account of them, — but a Saxon or a Teuton. Without love of nature, truth and laughter, without

hatred of equivocation, sentimentalism, and lies, he might perhaps be his own cousin, never himself. With the "godlike sort of chaffing," and the "rolling organ tones of laughter," described by his friends, this sylvan athlete, however, is very much himself, — himself, too, in a trace of the feminine, not the effeminate, which makes his temperament almost too complex for analysis save in the light of those phrases of his, "I loathe the bells," and "I perfectly roared with laughter." These, with his corresponding experience of the "fitting" brain and the vision of Roy Richmond, reveal the two main streams of tendency which after all have contributed most to the walled torrent of his temperament.

Take first the tendency which gives him the material of his visions, the tendency which he has implied in a thousand references to sensation and to the senses. Something of its dominance and of its nature may be seen in both the style and the substance of all his early prose, for example, in this vision of a water spirit seen by the youth Farina: —

"No fairer figure of woman had Farina seen. Her visage had the lustrous white of moonlight, and all her shape undulated in a dress of flashing silver white, wonderful to see. The Lady of the Water smiled on him, and ran over with ripples and dimples of liquid beauty. . . . She curved her fingers, and beckoned him on. . . . The youth was a shadow in her silver track. Her own shadow was but the fainter effluence of her form, and moved pale as she passed like a harmless wave over the closed crocuses; but the crocuses shivered and swelled their throats of streaked purple and argent as at delicious rare sips of a precious wine. Breath of violet and ladysmock and valley-lily, mingled and fluttered, at whites faint, and again fresh about her." And Farina "could see the heart in her translucent, hanging like a cold and dingy ruby."

In this passage every phrase is tuned to the pleasure of the listening ear, filling

it with the lilt of rhythm, with liquid alliteration, and with assonance. Nor is this all. "Breath of violet and lady-smock and valley-lily, at whiles faint and again fresh—" with these echoing vowels, and these *v*'s and artfully flowing *l*'s and *j*'s, the "fluttering" perfumes of the flowers mingle in the imagination. When the crocuses alliteratively "shiver and swell their throats as at delicious rare sips of wine," the shivers and the wine stir the senses of touch and taste. The rippling and the undulation of the Water Lady wake the eye to joy in motion. The crocuses delight it with their purple and argent. Then a vision; and the gaze is fixed on the water spirit's heart hanging, in her body, "like a cold and dingy ruby."

Now while the dominance of the senses in this passage suggests that the young Mr. Meredith who wrote it was in what he terms a "sensational" state, the final vision reveals something of its nature. And this the more significantly since it stands by no means alone. In *The Shaving of Shagpat*, for instance, a lily rooted in a palpitating human heart is but one of a series of visions so multitudinous and so strange that one critic, at least, has thought them akin to insanity. In fact, they are outgrowths of a Celtic imagination destined to dream great dreams, dreams of ocean, alp, and sunrise, of superhumanly typical men, and of women as glorious as they are magically real. Yet, vivid as they are to the eye, these first fruits of an imagination active at last in creations of the highest sanity, show the senses rebelling against the mind in a certain carelessness both of adverse fact and of natural law; and this carelessness, often harmless or even admirable in itself, is sharply characteristic of what Mr. Meredith terms the "sensational" state.

As depicted, then, by Mr. Meredith, the sensational state is that in which the demands and impressions of the youthful or undisciplined senses are but loosely interlinked with the outer world, and are interfused scarcely at all with the higher

interests of the mind and will. It is the state in which Mr. Meredith himself writes that "intricate visions of tripping by means of gold wires danced before" the eyes of — a novelist? — no! of a blankly unimaginative countryman dwelling on the temptation to steal! And to cite a contrasting instance, it is the state in which Renée, in *Beauchamp's Career*, with anything but true consent to her lover's overbearing entreaty, still equivocally gives him her hand; for, as Mr. Meredith perfectly puts it, "in the heat of her conflict of feelings the deliciousness of yielding to him curled round and enclosed her as in a cool humming sea-shell."

In variety, indeed, and in extremes of falsity and folly, the "sensational," or, to put it less technically, the impressionistic state eludes all estimate. Yet its tendency may be summarized. Not only is it fantastic and misleading, not only does it substitute strangeness for beauty, impression for fact, and whim for the passionate will; it tends to make the brain, that rightful master of the senses, subject through impulse to the tyranny of a formlessness primitively theirs, — a formlessness, too, which, if unresisted, would disintegrate the mind, replacing ideas by a train of images, structure by mere flow, and the faceted crystals of thought by a mist of colored consciousness.

To connect with Mr. Meredith the idea of mind thus relapsing into sensation would, of course, be preposterous. Reverse the idea, however, and its application, even to this intellectual Titan, becomes sober enough. In the upbuilding of intellect a sensational stage is normal; and of Mr. Meredith's surmounting it we have the evidence concrete in his works. In them is incarnate that "flitting," or rather that soaring, of the eagle brain which sees less to enjoy than to swoop upon and conquer. From the first Mr. Meredith's novels and romances flash with insight into wile after wile, deceit after deceit of the senses; from

the first they are vital with a power opposed in its essence to the sensational or impressionistic state. The constant epigrams which encrust the *Shaving of Shagpat* were polished not by the senses, but by the brain; and the brain it is — and not the senses — which founded among the visions of this Arabian fantasy a realm of austere courage, Akkis, that strange and dusky land where haste and lingering are alike forbidden, and where “fear is ruin and hesitation a destroyer.” Again, while *Harry Richmond*, that splendid river of youth, flows with a waywardness akin to the sensational state, the gleaming comedy of *Evan Harrington* is a mental *tour de force*, a structure whose balanced thrusts and intricate design are comparable, in their complex symmetry, to the vaults and flying-buttresses, the glass and the shafts and pillars of a Gothic hall. Nor are plot-structure and epigram in Mr. Meredith’s works their only revelations of brain. Continual miracles of brief description, phrases of a dozen words that create for the imagination a landscape, a mood, or a character, reveal its compressing, its almost astringent power; trackings of thought and feeling to their most labyrinthine lairs reveal its subtle power of explaining and unfolding; finally, a stoic’s code of ethics and a religion as individual as it is unorthodox reveal the brain’s constructive power active in building the temple of man’s relation to his fellow man, to nature, and to God.

IV

Rebel and reformer though Mr. Meredith is, he thrusts few facts into misfit theories. His thought has authority not through dogma, but through experience. The experience, moreover, which at first is almost the substance of his thought is obviously love of nature. Poets are betrayed by their imagery; and Mr. Meredith, especially in his earliest novels, is revealed by his every simile as a clear-eyed lover of sky and stream, forest and

beast and bird. Haunted by memories definite as a naturalist’s and colored as a painter’s, he writes of men and women and of their converse inevitably in terms like these: —

“‘Think, sir,—think!’ cried Andrew, cocking his head like an indignant bird;” and, “Both the brothers sniffed like dogs that have put their noses to a hot coal;” or again, “Her face was like the after sunset across a rose-garden, with the wings of an eagle outspread on the light;” or this: “She waited as some grey lake lies, full and smooth, awaiting the star below the twilight.” And as if the implication of such similes could by some chance be escaped, Mr. Meredith emphasizes his intimacy with nature by the contrast of his rare illustrations from the works of man. Unlike Mr. James, for instance, who almost fondles the metaphoric porticoes and mansions which make a city of his works, Mr. Meredith ignores domestic architecture in the similes of his first four and thirty years of writing; then, conceiving a man whose rigidity shall be the Irish Diana’s torment, he compares Mr. Warwick’s face to the façade of a city house. But with his most tender and free imaginings he mingles spontaneous visions of nature; and nature, in storm and darkness, nature at dawn and in sunlight, is one with his strongest insight into the depths of the human heart.

“‘A father?’” It is the guilt-stained Richard Feverel, first hearing, in Germany, that Lucy, his wife, has borne him a son.

“‘A father?’ Richard fixed his eyes as if he were trying to make out the lineaments of his child.

“Telling Austin he would be back in a few minutes, he sallied into the air, and walked on and on. ‘A father!’ he kept repeating to himself; ‘a child!’ and though he knew it not, he was striking the keynotes of Nature. But he did know of a singular harmony that suddenly burst over his whole being.”

In anguish, again, he walked, hour

after long night-hour, through a storm-drenched forest. "Suddenly he stopped short, lifting a curious nostril. He fancied he smelt meadow-sweet. . . . He went on slowly, thinking indistinctly. After two or three steps he stooped and stretched out his hand to feel for the flower, having, he knew not why, a strong wish to verify its growth there. Groping about, his hand encountered something warm that started at his touch, and he, with the instinct we have, seized it, and lifted it to look at it. The creature was very small, evidently quite young. Richard's eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, were able to discern it for what it was, a tiny leveret. . . . He put the little thing on one hand in his breast, and stepped out rapidly as before.

"The rain was now steady; from every tree a fountain poured. So cool and easy had his mind become that he was speculating on what kind of shelter the birds could find, and how the butterflies and moths saved their coloured wings from washing. Folded close they might hang under a leaf, he thought. Lovingly he looked into the dripping darkness of the coverts on each side, as one of their children. Then he was musing on a strange sensation he experienced. It ran up one arm with an indescribable thrill, but communicated nothing to his heart. It was purely physical, ceased for a time, and recommenced, till he had it all through his blood, wonderfully thrilling. He grew aware that the little thing he carried in his breast was licking his hand there. The small rough tongue going over and over the palm of his hand produced this strange sensation he felt. . . . What did it say to him? Human tongue could not have said so much just then.

"A pale grey light on the skirts of the flying tempest displayed the dawn. Richard was walking hurriedly. The green drenched weeds lay all about in his path, bent thick, and the forest drooped glimmeringly. Impelled as a man who feels a revelation mounting obscurely to his

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brain, Richard was passing one of those little forest-chapels, hung with votive wreaths, where the peasant halts to kneel and pray. Cold, still, in the twilight it stood, rain-drops pattering round it. He looked within, and saw the Virgin holding her Child. He moved by. But not many steps had he gone ere his strength went out of him, and he shuddered. What was it? He asked not. He was in other hands. Vivid as lightning the Spirit of Life illumined him. He felt in his heart the cry of his child, his darling's touch. With shut eyes he saw them both. They drew him from the depths; they led him a blind and tottering man. And as they led him he had a sense of purification so sweet he shuddered again and again.

"When he looked out from his trance on the breathing world, the small birds hopped and chirped; warm fresh sunlight was over all the hills. He was on the edge of the forest, entering a plain clothed with ripe corn under a spacious morning sky."

Now the loving knowledge of nature with which Mr. Meredith thus transfuses the deepest of human emotions enters also into his religious thought; and this by the aid of Darwin. For widely as poet and man of science are sundered, Mr. Meredith has eaten of the fruit of the tree which Darwin planted; and though it has given him no direct knowledge of good and evil, it has clarified and confirmed his insight into the kinship between Nature and Man. So it happens that he faces Nature not as a foundling meets his unknown mother, yearning toward her with a wistful yet ignorant instinct, but as a son knowing that he was born out of her womb, blood of her blood, flesh of her flesh.

However obscure the transition from inert to self-moving, from dead to living matter, no Darwinian doubts the sonship of this last; and Mr. Meredith, with a candor deluding to materialists, accepts the Darwinian dictum. From carbon to protoplasm, from protoplasm to ape and to man, the genealogical tree rises tall

and strangely branching; yet for Mr. Meredith, as for Darwin, man, with his thoughts and achievements, his language, his society, his religion, is just as truly as the rose an outgrowth of the earth. Thus Earth, for Mr. Meredith, is not only his mother, but the All Mother whose spirit lives within us, animating our very rebellions against her. As he puts it, in his poem on *Earth and Man*,—

If he aloft for aid
Imploring storms, her essence is the spur.
His cry to heaven is a cry to her
He would evade.

From the point of view of materialism, this conception of earth as our Mother would of course be the flimsiest metaphor. To Mr. Meredith, however, the words Mother Earth stand for a real relationship. Poet, to some degree Hellenic poet that he is, flower and stream and tree are peopled with presences, airy to be sure, yet vital enough to imply the presence of life even in the rocks over and between which the stream flows and breaks, even in the sod from which spring the trees and perfumed flowers. Thus life, for Mr. Meredith, comes to permeate every cranny of earth; and as he learns Earth's ways and her will, he finds in her man's "one visible friend."

Mother Earth is, for him, our friend, our initiator into life, our one authentic priestess pointing to God. All this she is, but in no visionary and no pampering sense. For the earth is no soft dream; and the individuality of our "one visible friend" lies largely in this, that she is sharply seen. Nourishing, bounteous, joy-giving though she is, Mr. Meredith blinks neither the grossness nor the cruelty of Earth; and if in these he finds needful goads to action, it is in Earth's stern and still, cold beauties that he finds her hymns to the Master. For Mother Earth in frost and stillness is not alone. Of an autumn night she is visibly one among a host of stars, all moving in concord. And when known thus, in celestial company, the Mother of Man is more than mother; she is our priestess of Beneficence.

With all his debt to Darwin, it is only partially, however, through reason that Mr. Meredith learns the Beneficence of the Master. Seeing "the rose in mould unfold" and the soul "through blood and tears," he dreams, to be sure, of a flower of good blossoming out of each and every evil. Remembering that discord may be discord when standing alone, yet harmonious as part of a musical whole, he gropes toward mystic regions where all our rebellions shall be reconciled, "all our unsolved solved." But his dream, as he himself says, is "the thought in the ghost," the aim "*beyond reason*" of "mind seeking Mind." Confronted, like Browning, by the unsolved paradox of love and inexorable law standing side by side in the actual world, he is driven—thinker though he is—to faith in love. Unlike Browning, however, this Hellenic modern looks not first to Heaven, but to Earth. For love, being "bred of Earth," "our blood-warm mother," must dwell in her who gave it; and not only in her, the bearer of harvests, the companion of stars, but in those "lustrous people of the night" who "sow the sky with their fiery sails." Alight with this thought, Mr. Meredith's spirit leaps to meet, in the loving universe, "the binder of his sheaves, the sane, the right," whose banner of goodness, Earth proclaims, is

Soon to be seen of a host . . .
And life in them doubled on Life,
As flame upon flame, to behold,
High over Time-tumbled sea,
The bliss of his headship of strife,
Him through handmaiden me.¹

But to survive in strength, Mr. Meredith's belief had to pass through that agony dealt by Death, in which, as he says, "arrows we breathe, not air." To his impressions, his racked sensations, Earth seemed but

A Mother of aches and jests:
Soulless, heading a hunt
Aimless except for the meal.

¹ This quotation, like the quotations in the succeeding paragraph, is from the poem, "A Faith on Trial."

And false to his deeper insight as this conception was, he found it true that

For the flesh in revolt at her laws,
Neither song nor smile in ruth,
Nor promise of things to reveal,
Has she, nor a word she saith. . . .
For the road to her soul is the Real:
The root of the growth of man.

But when at last he submitted himself, submitted himself wholly to this "relentless quencher of lies," his faith rose again. As he himself puts it, —

I bowed as a leaf in the rain;
As a tree when the leaf is shed
To winds in the seasons that wane:
And when from my soul I said,
May the worm be trampled: smite,
Sacred reality! . . .

then, out of the night, death gleamed before him in a lightning flash of joy, the stern joy of God seen at the heart of things. For God, as Mr. Meredith saw, is not extra-mundane, but immanent; and through his immanence all reality, even that of death, is sacred. For though the dawn seen through death has, for Mr. Meredith, no light of personal immortality, it is golden with the fire of the Eternal's life.

"May the worm be trampled." Revolted by the "ravenous" egotists who demand life in and for their own persons forever, he asks of death only death, and he asks it from his soul. For, in contrast with those peevish or flippant minds who fancy that Truth, or some part of it, may be malignant, he believes that all truth is of God. In contrast, too, with the quietists, whose worship of reality is a laying down of arms, he keeps his full zest for living. To him nothing is finished, nothing immutable. Even the past, the glad and lamentable past, must be recreated by the intellect; and the future is a marble mass from which his strokes, like ours, must hew the emerging countenance of Truth.

v

In the Temple to Reality built by Mr. Meredith, his cult is the service of truth.

Only the unreal is to him a profanation; but that is a blasphemy. So it comes that his very positive doctrine of living has the negative side implied in his analysis of the sensational state, a negative side biting emphasized in his ironies on sentimentalism. For sentimentalism, to Mr. Meredith, is a fresh symptom of that state in which the demands and impressions of the youthful or undisciplined senses are but loosely interlinked with the outer world. Because such is the plight of his senses, the sentimentalist, as Mr. Meredith shows, covers the face of reality with a mask of dreams; and when Truth shatters it, rebels in vain against that divine iconoclast. In *Sandra Belloni*, for instance, a sentimental baronet knows of the woman he loves only his own waxen ideal; and she, accepting the mask, wearing it, and acting the appropriate part, drives him at last into the morbidness of suicide. Again, in the same novel, though Sandra's love gives the young and sentimental Wilfred Pole "a certain awed sense of being in the presence of an absolute fact," a trace of tobacco smoke in her hair is enough to make him exclaim, "in a dim reminiscence of poetical readings, 'Ambrosial locks, indeed!'" A whiff of sensation in the nostrils has driven him into a haze of succoring poetry; and, faithless to fact as the baronet, he is damned, not, to be sure, so tragically, but with a grotesqueness quite as complete.

Now the folly of these instances is an intaglio of Mr. Meredith's devotion to Truth: its depths are his heights, its hollows his roundness. Neither led by the whim of his nostrils nor enslaved by blind ideals, he aims at loyalty to facts in their wholeness, their vitality, their interrelation. While admitting, for example, the civilizing possibilities of "nice shades and fine feelings," he cherishes these sentimentalist totems chiefly as objects of wholesome laughter. Their remoteness from the facts of passion is to him thoroughly comic; for we sons and daughters of earth, if alive and true to our na-

ture, are creatures less of supersensitive ideals and sensations than of the fiery blood. Yet this, as he sees, is only half of the truth. If we are to fulfill our complex nature, the eagle brain soaring up out of instinct and sensation must subdue our blood to its uses. Nor may its talons then relax. In our whole lives no significant thing may escape them. If the hero of *Modern Love*, for instance, relinquish his comprehending memory of even a sinful past, he does so at tragic cost; for "so," he says, "so lessen I the stature of my soul." But if, with unshrinking eye, he visit his own shame, he may stand for the future erect and free. His whole nature, "at interflow with past and present," gains a new harmony, "that oneness of feeling" which, as Mr. Meredith says in a flash of spiritual insight, is actually "the truthful impulse."

But though the round and self-comprehended or "orbic" nature is possessed of the truthful impulse, that full loyalty to fact of which Mr. Meredith is a prophet can be attained only through active experience. Even a fiery faith in the sacredness of reality is unavailing if it light up only a world of masks and dreams; and veiled in dreams, falsified by masks, this world of men and women must largely remain if we fall short of passionate and strenuous living. "From sloth and sluggishness, from mere suppression, from pampering and ease, strong Spirit of Life, deliver us!" When such an invocation is part of the Church of England's Litany, we may imagine Mr. Meredith almost orthodox. Meantime he stands apart, sounding a warning and a summons. Since the blood of our passionate instincts forces the brain toward experience of fact, he warns a timorous world, —

... not one instinct to efface

Ere reason ripen for the vacant place.

And since Ease so often sleeps within castle walls of riches, this author of *Evan Harrington* and of *The Empty Purse* blows, at the gates, a trumpet call of summons. His warning against mere sup-

pression is balanced, however, by a scornful handling, in *Richard Feverel*, of that wild-oats theory so comfortable to our grandfathers; and his trumpet-call at the gates of ease rises clear and high above the snarl and snap of under dogs. For his summons and his warning are alike in their motive, the furtherance for every man of contact with Circumstance, the teacher of that alchemy by which our brains transmute sensation and impression into knowledge of fact.

Yet Mr. Meredith himself almost out-vies Circumstance as an initiator into truth. Despite such criminal libels as Diana's alleged betrayal of her friend's state secret and Evan Harrington's alleged assumption of his sister's — that delectable Countess de Saldar's — guilt, Mr. Meredith depicts the positive and often intricate facts of life with an insight and vividness which stimulate the mind to seize on fresh truth for itself; and since many a man's faith in the sacredness of reality is too lax to make him look facts in the face, Mr. Meredith, the prophet, dramatizes blindness and falsity in action. Radical that he is, he delights in creating such a type of distorted vision as that Captain Baskalett, in *Beauchamp's Career*, who crams both his own and his uncle's conception of the growing Nevil Beauchamp into the mould of a few fixed and deforming epithets. Again in this, perhaps the most individual of his novels, Mr. Meredith illustrates the corroding wastefulness of deceit in the story of Sir Romfrey's benevolent hoodwinking of Rosamund, a woman whom the first tug of desperate truth lifts out of weakness into vital decision. And not content with illustration, he turns to positive maxims. Since vagueness is the occasion of much half truth, he bids us condense our vaporous aims and desires into the ice of a clear phrase. And as if thus to crystallize his own far from vaporous motives, he utters through the mouth of a hero, that "orbic" Welshman, Merthyr Powys, a saying quoted by Sandra Belloni: "I am not to follow

any impulse that is not the impulse of *all* my nature — myself altogether," a saying which, as one considers it, is seen to destroy much seeming integrity, but to protect and preserve truth in action.

As for Mr. Meredith's own battle, following the impulse of all his nature he has put himself altogether into the work of clarifying the false relations between man and woman. Anything but the dilettante that he has been called, he closed his first prose work with a veiled self-dedication to the feminine problem; and in no one of his subsequent novels has he failed to attack it. The masculine problem, on the other hand, he saw clearly as such only at the time when personal tragedy forced him to face it. Then, however, he grappled with it as no dilettante could. With telling if disproportionate vigor he dragged the Turk and the hawk in man out of the darkness of convention: in the persons of Sir Lukin, Lord Ormont, Lord Fleetwood, and a score of others, he incarnated the tyranny of the predatory male, — this too with ever fresh impulses of creation, though *The Egoist*, which Marcel Schwob has called *un livre unique au monde*, might alone have been expected to drain his mind dry of all ideas on the frailty of man.

For into *The Egoist* Mr. Meredith concentrated the whole masculine problem, writing of that quintessential type, Sir Willoughby, with the visionary quality of his youthful work transposed and strangely heightened to the key of intellect. Of a mortal, indeed, Mr. Meredith's thoughts concerning Sir Willoughby would be wildly impossible. Of this immortal, however, they are so much more than possible that he can say with literal truth that, reading deeply in Lætitia's eyes, Sir Willoughby "found the man he sought there, squeezed him passionately, and let her go." No wonder that the touchstone of love applied to this "letter I" in flesh and blood found him requiring to be dealt with by Clara, his betrothed, not as a man but an "original

savage." "To keep him in awe and hold him enchained . . . she must be cloistral." But, as Mr. Meredith goes on, "the capaciously strong in soul among women will ultimately detect an infinite grossness in the demand for purity infinite, spotless bloom. Earlier or later they will see they have been victims of the singular Egoist, have worn a mask of ignorance to be named innocent." For "the devouring male Egoist prefers them as inanimate, overwrought, pure-metal precious vessels . . . for him to walk away with hugging . . . and forget that he stole them." Such early Victorian maidens, however, as the Egoist loves, retiring "in vapours, downcast, as by convention," Mr. Meredith wills to make what in health girls are. And his means to this end is the truth. Where angels fear to whisper, he speaks out. *Enfant terrible*, one is tempted to say, *géant terrible*, one must say, he based his second story, *Farina*, on the contrast between a shamefaced old maid and a maiden with blood in her veins; in *Evan Harrington* he set over against a girl morbidly in love the truth and high spirit of Rose Jocelyn; and through novel after novel he led such as Rose, till, in Clara Middleton's divinely candid love for Vernon Whitford, and in Diana Warwick's mating with Redworth, he gave to men and women his ideals.

Need one add that his faith in the sacredness of reality keeps these ideals undimmed, or that his solution of the problem of man and of woman still lies in clear knowledge of each by the other, in companionship, and in the mutual respect of spiritual equals?

VI

While no analysis can corrode Mr. Meredith's works, one is glad, after any attempt at defining his aims and temperament, to turn at last to the splendor of his creative achievement. That splendor has been called diamond-like. It is more like the splendor of an opal aflame

in the matrix. The rough darkness of this, however, needs not half the attention given it by many a critic. Why so firmly face the obvious? If candor compels a glance at Mr. Meredith's imperfections, a defect more essential may easily be found.

Despite the skill in plot-construction which Mr. Meredith so early acquired, the originally unconstructive, the flitting impulse of his brain has left his work somewhat defective for the spirit. Though sharing the vitality of tree and stream, alps and the tidal ocean, the dissonances of mood and drama in his songs and his novels cannot melt into the clearest of high harmonies; for his religion, heroic in faith and in unfaith though it is, fails in completeness of thought. Nor is this surprising. The days of Fra Angelico, Thomas Aquinas, and Dante are dead: no longer can imagined hierarchies of soul, whether naïve, poetic, or rigidly logical, solve for us the bitter tragedies of fact. By Darwin the old order has fallen; and Mr. Meredith, with that winged mind of his flitting through a century of religious chaos, has seen only in flashes, sung only in dim interludes, our modern religious rebirth. Less blind and dumb than his fellows, Mr. Meredith, however, has seen and sung at least something of that religion of matter and spirit commingled, of earth permeated with divinity, which tends to supplant, with its closer harmonies, that chant of warring spirit and matter which still echoes down to us from the Middle Ages. Insufficient, restless, fragmentary though his religious thought may be, Mr. Meredith alone among English novelists has known "the divinity of what the world deems gross material substance," and has vitalized with poetic fire the Darwinian insight into growth.

Only the intellectual prig will deny that this achievement atones for a religious incompleteness which, after all, is more the last century's than Mr. Meredith's own; and even the intellectual prig must admit that the religious lack can

but seldom be remembered in the presence of Mr. Meredith's pictures of human life. Here again, however, Mr. Meredith is temperamentally so hampered that he watches individuals with a long, clear gaze, but sees the horizon only in flashes. With that winged mind flitting tirelessly hither and yon, yet scarcely soaring into the heights of time, he has therefore missed that vision of England growing out of a belated feudalism into democracy, which he, more than Thackeray, George Eliot, or even Dickens, might have fixed for our imaginations.

Yet so vivid are Mr. Meredith's separate suggestions that, like the spots of color in an impressionist painting, they tend to fuse in a single effect; and so significant of a nation's change are *The Tale of Chloe*, *Rhoda Fleming*, *Beauchamp's Career*, and *One of Our Conquerors*, that whoever dreams of that eighteenth century cameo, that black rural tragedy, that modern saga of radicalism, and that study of business optimism aimed for bedlam, will see their colors interfuse in a single historic picture throbbing with light.

Now just as Mr. Meredith, with that winged mind of his, flits hither and yon through history, he flies from point to point in space, flies from England to Germany, to the Alps, France, Italy; and in each country he watches less that picturesqueness dear to æsthetes than racial traits incarnate in women and men. He sees and depicts, for example in *Vittoria*, no Browningsque Italy of art and passion, but Mazzini's Italy, the Italy of proud and high devotion to its ideals. In *Harry Richmond* he sketches, not the trippers' Germany of legends and Rhenish wine, but the Germany whose cult of fact and thought has gained for the Empire that economic power which it now so formidably wields. And in *Beauchamp's Career*, as in the splendid ode to defeated France, he paints no region of conventional intrigues, but a France of wit and passion, of fire and intelligence, reaching out of their warfare toward

high harmony. Mr. Meredith, moreover, paints Germany, Italy, and France in no abstract terms. With a sympathy for Continental traits born of his own love of fact and thought, his own idealism, his own passion and intelligence, he understands the Continentals; and seeing into their hearts and brains he creates foreign characters—Ottilia, Sandra, Renée, and many more—whose vividness makes their nations, by reflected light, more living in his stories than in those of any other great Island novelist.

Broadly as Mr. Meredith scans the Continent, he takes of the British Isles a somewhat narrow view. Ignoring the Scotch, and praising the Welsh more appealingly than he draws them, he creates but few Irishmen. Ireland's whole spirit of bravery and sensitiveness he breathes, however, into his Diana of the Crossways, a being even more glowingly changeable than his first Irishwoman, Mrs. Gump, was mechanically a type. And as for the English, he creates them in such vital and plenteous variety that, if the people are the nation, Mr. Meredith's English are all England in little.

They are England, however, seen somewhat askant; for Mr. Meredith, although a democrat by sincerest conviction, is by temperament an aristocrat. When he tries to make us comprehend a cockney, he succeeds only in showing us a cockney's brain. In reading *One of our Conquerors*, accordingly, we see so little of Skepsey's soul that we are inclined to indict Mr. Meredith for human *lèse majesté*. And in his treatment of rustics, though he plays few tricks of psychological legerdemain, we find him anything but an English Tolstoi. Behind Master Gammon's head he suggests no halo of the divine; with a friendly aristocrat's brush he paints Master Gammon's face, as it is, quite lizard-like. And his other rustics, excepting Dahlia and Rhoda Fleming, her country lover, and Farmer Fleming, he presents to us much as an animal-lover exhibits his polo pony, race horse, and Airedale terrier.

Yet where Mr. Meredith feels himself comparatively among equals in brain or station, he shares with us his close relationship to astoundingly vital and varied characters. He lets us see in his own visions those creations of his almost hallucinatory imagination, the "Great Mel," Roy Richmond, Sir Willoughby. Through his own analyses he makes us know a Cecilia Hacklett in her subtlest moments, a Victor Radnor at his strongest. Through an interest in the human growth indicated by Harry Richmond's changing conception of his own father, or by Nevil Beauchamp's inability, after years of political effort, to seize the passionate instant longed for in his youth, he shows us the living essence of these endearingly faulty heroes. And in the give and take of everyday life, by such notation of characteristic action as in Adrian Harley's stretching out a hand for "any book" on the table beside him, or by such soul-betraying words as Clara's whisper, "There is one . . . compared with him I feel my insignificance,"—by such simple miracles Mr. Meredith makes us intimate, not merely with Clara Middleton and with Adrian Harley, but with a score of young gentlemen "of the very large class who are simply the engines of their appetites, and to the philosophic eye still run wild in the woods." Intimate, too, he makes us with his dominating old men, Squire Beltham, that "twelfth-century baron" Sir Romfrey, Lord Ormond, and at last with his older women, the manly, not manly, Lady Caroline, and that Lady Camper who is so incomparably possessed of Meredithian insight and Meredithian wit.

VII

In thus making vivid to us the men and women of his imagination, Mr. Meredith has given us more than pictures of Continental and of English life: he has shared with us, one must in decency remember, a spirit disciplined to face the sacredness of reality. His methods we may dispute;

his excess of analysis we may find an insult to the reader's insight and a veil over his characters' will; his sense of proportion, his arrangement of material, we may sometimes find lacking in that liteness of form which he himself admires in French thought; his style, at its best imaginative, rhythmic, and terse in its torrential flow, we may consign, at its worst, to that "spirit of sunny malice" which, when men wax overblown, pretentious, or pedantic, "will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them fol-

lowed by volleys of silvery laughter." Yet despite the Comic Spirit's mockery, Mr. Meredith's thought is so hot with life, his prose so poignant with poetry, that even for his faults men may thank him in the coming days, when not only *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *Beauchamp's Career*, *Diana of the Crossways*, and *The Egoist*, but the man's own spirit of laughter and stoicism, of fire and brave intelligence, shall be loved by every adventurer in the magic land of English letters.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858-1862)

V

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

XVI

THE BEGINNINGS OF STRIFE

THE first step that was taken by any one of the states of the South down the stairway of their tragic fate, was taken by South Carolina; and she took it so promptly that it gave the appearance of having been premeditated, and the opportunity welcomed. For the ballots of the North were barely counted before she proceeded speedily to carry out the threats which she had repeatedly made for over thirty years. With what looks now like the veriest delirium, she vauntingly withdrew from the Union; and then, as if the smell of blood were already in her nostrils, she began frenziedly to organize military forces. It need not be said that each mad step she took was noted by the country with almost bated breath. But at no other place, save Annapolis, was her course followed with more absorbing and painful inter-

est than at West Point; and especially by the cadets from the South. For her tempestuous movements were full of forebodings to them; this I know, for my Georgia roommate could think or talk of but little else.

Discussion over the issues of the past now died down. Nor was there any question of the responsibility for the peril to which the country was drifting. The noise of South Carolina had hushed those questions for us all. But for my roommate and his fellow Southerners it had raised another,—one much more serious for him and for them. It meant at last a dismal alternative—either to stand by the government, or to obey the commands of states in revolution. Shall they yield to the natural pleas of home and blood, or shall they meet the eye of that thoughtful face called Duty?

I cannot think of those days or of my friends of the South, haunted as they were by a spectre which no casuistry could bar out, most of them later to climb the

hill of old age and poverty with the Past lying below them in the shadow of De-feat, — I cannot think of all that without seeing West Point suddenly take on the mysterious background and fated silence of the scenes of the Greek tragedies. But thank God! over the voices of the Furies I hear Athene pleading for Orestes.

And now, through the creative atmosphere of the analogy, the upper, over-arching West Point breaks more visibly; and I behold, as it were, its fountain of Truth, its hearth of Courage, its altar of Duty, and its temple of Honor, and those spiritual messengers that evermore try to lead every cadet in the way of the service of man and the state.

South Carolina did not secede formally till the 20th of December, 1860; but on the 19th of November, owing doubtless to information from home, one of her sons handed in his resignation, — Henry S. Farley, of my class. He was the first member of the corps to withdraw. He had very red hair, never forgot that he was a South Carolinian, and in his first encampment with us had beguiled its misery by reading Plutarch's *Lives*. Four days after his departure James Hamilton of his state resigned — we always called him "Little Jim" in contradistinction to Frank Hamilton of Ohio of our class. He was small, had open blue eyes, very black hair, and was liked by every one.

There was rather an interesting incident connected with a call I made on his wife in Culpeper, Virginia, during the war. In the fall after Gettysburg, while the Confederate army was lying between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, Meade suddenly put the Army of the Potomac in motion and crossed the Rappahannock; whereupon Lee hurriedly withdrew behind the Rapidan. But the advance of our cavalry was so prompt that Mrs. Hamilton and the wives of several of the Southern officers were unable to get away with their army. A few days after our arrival in Culpeper, Frank Hamilton rode over to my quarters and in the course of his visit told me that Mrs.

"Jim" was in town, and proposed that we should call on her.

She was staying at the house of one of the leading citizens, and our approach up the walk to it I think must have been noted, for the manner of the colored servant who answered our knock indicated that he had been directed sourly to "go and see what those two young Yankees want." We told him we understood that Mrs. James Hamilton was staying there, that we were her husband's West Point classmates and would like to pay our respects to her. With some natural embarrassment for us all, Mrs. Hamilton entered the room; but she was young and we were young, and the natural feelings of youth soon overcame all embarrassment on her part or on ours.

In the course of the call, without any ulterior thought, one of us asked where and with whom her husband was serving. In reply she said inadvertently that he had gone off with Longstreet, and then, with a flush, added, "Oh, I don't know where he is now." The interesting fact of all this is that she had unwittingly disclosed what up to that time was wholly unknown to us, that Longstreet's corps had gone to help Bragg at Chickamauga, — a movement of mighty significance in its results, and one which, had it been resorted to oftener, might have made a difference in the fortunes of the Confederacy.

When I got back to Meade's headquarters I told the provost marshal-general, General Sharpe, what I had heard. He listened with the greatest interest and said, "Well, that confirms it then," referring to a report that had reached him through the secret service.

I have often wondered, as memory has recalled this incident, and her young, sweet, smiling face has come into view again, where the channel of life ran for her and "Little Jim;" I hope there was many a band of sunshine across it; above all as it wound through the cypresses of their dearly loved and ill-starred Confederacy.

If these pages should be read by any old Confederates of Lee's army, I think I can hear more than one of them muttering to himself, "Well, those Yankees got out of Culpeper that fall a great deal faster than they went in."

And that is true; we certainly got out of there one night right smartly when we heard Lee was heading to get between us and Washington.

I have passed through Culpeper, Manassas, and Brandy Station but once since the war. On that occasion, among the cloud of memories that came back as my eye through the car window fell on the fields I knew so well, was the call I made on the young wife of my West Point friend.

Before the end of the year all the cadets from South Carolina, three from Mississippi, and two from Alabama had resigned; although Mississippi and Alabama did not follow South Carolina until early in January of 1861. Among the three from Mississippi was Joseph Koger Dixon of my class (the *o* in his name he pronounced as in "over"). In one of the incidents connected with his resignation I have always seen a little trickle of humor as well as a real bit of history.

To appreciate the former it will be necessary to imagine—but kindly I hope—a youth with stubbly light hair and high cheek bones, and without an affectation in the world. Such was Joseph Koger Dixon, who rarely turned from the blackboard to recite without having in the mean time unconsciously but thoroughly chalked his naturally serious face. And now, with only kindly feeling and respect for his memory, I must confess that his wrinkled brow, Mississippi pronunciation, habitual troubles with mathematics, chalk illumination, and chiseling look at the instructor when hopelessly mixed in a demonstration, always amused me. It is for the same reason, I suppose, that one boy has never yet seen another break through the ice, stumble headlong over a stick, or say, "yes, ma'am" to his

male teacher, without grinning and oftentimes howling with delight. However all that may be, when, on his return from the telegraph office, Christmas Eve, Koger announced to us with his habitual seriousness that he had sent in his resignation in the following terms,—

"West Point, New York, December 24, 1860. To the Governor of Mississippi: The war is begun. I leave tomorrow. Joseph Koger Dixon," there was a broad smile on the face of every one of us.

As a matter of fact, as we all know, the war did not begin till the following April; but in Joseph Koger's mind, apparently it was under way that Christmas Eve of 1860,—under way while "halls were dressed in holly green," bells in steeples were ringing and fires on hearths were blazing over the birth of the Prince of Peace—"And they shall call his name Emmanuel."

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

As I recall the wan faces I saw in many a field hospital, the lone chimneys and Virginia homes burning, the awful, heart-sinking spectacle of our prisoners as they landed from Belle Isle and Andersonville, the packed Confederate graveyard at Rock Island, over whose lonely, billowy mounds my eye traveled pensively more than once; when I recall the savage butcheries of the war—what a contrast with the Christmas Eve of 1860, the last time for four years when the song of peace on earth and good-will toward men was sung!

I cannot but think that through the yearning mysterious power of old-time and long-time affection, the tones of the old North bell in Boston, of Trinity of New York, of St. Michael's of Charleston, of St. James of Richmond, were carried southward and northward, meeting over Mount Vernon that Christmas night, and that tears were in them as

they blended and died away over the fields of Virginia.

Besides Dixon from Mississippi, there was John W. Lea who resigned on December 11. He belonged to Custer's and Mordecai's and Farley's class, the one just ahead of our own, and was known throughout the corps as "Gimlet" Lea. At the battle of Williamsburgh on May, 1862, he was severely wounded and was taken prisoner. Custer, who had distinguished himself in the engagement, did all he could for his unfortunate classmate before he moved on with the army. When McClellan was withdrawing three months later from the Peninsula, after his disastrous campaign, Custer, who was then on his staff, asked permission to go out and see his old West Point friend. He found Lea at the house of his fiancée, who had met her future husband for the first time as he lay in the hospital. Now their wedding was set to take place the coming week, but Lea was so anxious that Custer should be present and be his best man that it was decided to have the wedding the following evening. This was such an interesting event in itself and throws besides so much light on the nature of West Point friendship, that I will let the light-hearted and gallant Custer give his account of it as it appears in a letter to his sister:—

"I was at the residence of the bride long before the appointed hour. Both" — referring to the bride and her cousin Maggie, the bridesmaid — "were dressed in white with a simple wreath of flowers upon their heads. I never saw two prettier girls. Lea was dressed in a bright, new rebel uniform trimmed with gold lace; I wore my full uniform of blue. The minister arrived, and at nine we took our places upon the floor. L. made the responses in a clear and distinct tone. The bride made no response whatever except to the first question; she was evidently confused, though she afterwards said (laughing) that she neglected to respond purposely so as to be free from any obligations."

After the ceremony and greetings, he goes on, "Every one seemed happy except the young lady who had been my partner on the floor. She kissed the bride and sat down crying. Lea, observing this, said, 'Why, Cousin Maggie, what are you crying for? There is nothing to cry about. — Oh, I know. You are crying because you are not married; well, here is the minister and here is Captain Custer, who I know would be glad to carry off such a pretty bride from the Confederacy.'

"She managed to reply, 'Captain Lea, you are just as mean as you can be.'"

On the way out to supper Custer observed banteringly to the bridesmaid that he could not see how so strong a secessionist as she could take the arm of a Union officer. She replied, "You ought to be in our army."

"I remained with Lea, or rather, at his father-in-law's house, for two weeks, and never had so pleasant a visit among strangers. Cousin Maggie would regale me by singing and playing on the piano, 'My Maryland,' 'Dixie,' 'For Southern Rights, Hurrah,' etc. We were all fond of cards and would play for the Southern Confederacy. When doing so Lea and I were the only players, while the ladies were spectators. He won, every time, when playing for the Confederacy, he representing the South, I the North. Lea has since been exchanged and is now fighting for what he supposes are his rights."

Custer is buried at West Point; I think the ashes of Lea should be brought back and laid at his side. And when the casket landed at the wharf from the New York boat, some one should lay a Confederate flag over it and two white wreaths, one for the bride and one for the bridesmaid. And then to the music of the band that he had marched after so often — I'm sure his soldier clay will keep step — he should be borne to the beautiful, restful West Point cemetery. I can see the stars and stripes instinctively dipping as the coffin passes the

flagstaff, for the love of two cadets whose West Point friendship the bitterness of war could not destroy is too precious a thing to be forgotten.

Among those who resigned in December, 1860, was Cadet Charles P. Ball of Alabama, a member of Custer's, Cushing's, and O'Rourke's class. For a while he was an aid on General Hardee's staff, and finally, after distinguished service at Vicksburg and elsewhere, was made colonel of the 12th Alabama Cavalry. Ball was one of those rare young men who carry with them the fascinating mystery of promise; a power which lies in silence, a steady, friendly eye, and that majesty which lights the face where there is absolute self-control; in other words, where nature has written leadership. He was popular, stood high in his studies, and was first sergeant of Co. A, — the preliminary step to the first captaincy, which is the most enviable position in the corps for a soldier. When he set off for home — after bidding the battalion good-bye with manifest feeling — a number of his classmates bore him on their shoulders to the wharf.

Late one night, while on my way from Montgomery to Atlanta just after the war, the ramshackle train stopped at one of the lonely stations then in the sparsely settled, wooded country. Ball, still in Confederate gray, entered at the forward end of the dimly-lighted car in which I was practically alone. As soon as he recognized me, he quickened his step down the aisle and met me with such unaffected cordiality that in a moment the car seemed to glow with new lamps. I had not known him at all well at West Point. Moreover, the war had been so long and fiercely fought, the disappointment and desolation of the South so full and heavy, the future, once so bright, now offering nothing but a struggle with poverty, that had he merely bowed and passed on, I should not have felt hurt; for I realized how much there had been to embitter and put out the fires of friendship.

Well, as I said before, there was new light in the car as he sat down and entered into conversation as though we had not been fighting, but had had some pleasant and old experience together. He inquired in the kindest way, not only for those who had borne him on their shoulders, the present Brigadier-General J. P. Farley and others, but for all his classmates and friends. Once, after quite a pause, his eye meanwhile gazing out of the window through which the primeval woods were gloomily and transiently visible, he said, "Well, Schaff, how happy those days were at old West Point!"

Had he, during those silent moments, been listening once more to Bentz's bugle?

Morning was breaking when I parted with him at some little station near Loachapoka.

I wonder whether, in case the South had conquered the North, in case I had had to make my way home in rags, say from Gettysburg, only to find as I came in sight of the old farm that not a rail was to be seen dividing the leaping fields; that there was nothing left of the old homestead but a pair of lone chimneys, the old hearth yawning black and vacant whose fires had played so often on happy faces; to find that not a sheep nibbled up the slope towards the old oak stub where the little pigeon hawk had built, and that even the old dog who used to dig so faithfully for me at the muskrat holes, was gone, — I wonder, if such a sight had greeted me as greeted so many Southerners, whether I would have met Ball as Ball met me! Would I have shown so much of the magnanimity of the soldier and gentleman? I doubt it.

XVII

BREAKING OFF

It is not my desire or ambition to enter the field of the history of the war between the states. For many years, bands

of laborers, all faithful and some brilliant, have toiled in it early and late. But that we may see West Point as it was, it must be viewed against the background of contemporary events.

As has been already noted, South Carolina seceded on the 20th of December. On the 26th, after night had fallen, Major Robert Anderson, a graduate and Kentuckian, disturbed by the threatening attitude of local military companies, carried his command from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor. The next day, with colors in hand, he gathered his little garrison about the flag-staff. Then, uncovering and kneeling, he called on the chaplain to lead in prayer. It is said that the chaplain thanked God for their safe arrival in Sumter, and closed with an appeal of deep earnestness that peace and good-will might prevail throughout the land. When the prayer was over, the major rose from his knees and ran the colors up; and his old regulars cheered as the flag unfurled at the top of the mast. What exultation there must have been that day among the flags as one after another from fort and garrison, war vessel and West Point, hailed Sumter.

The North, which had stood with knitted brow while South Carolina challenged the sovereignty of the country and saw Buchanan meeting her vain-glorious pretensions with sighs, now broke out into a loud, steel-clanging cheer as they saw the Kentuckian's loyalty and pluck.

But the roar of that Northern cheer had hardly died away when the Gulf States fell in behind Carolina. Mississippi seceded on the 9th of January, 1861, Florida on the 10th, Alabama on the 11th, Georgia on the 19th, Louisiana on the 26th, and Texas on February 1. Then there was a pause; no state broke from the ranks of the Union for over two months.

Meanwhile all eyes were turned on the Old Dominion, and very naturally. For Virginia had been looked up to with love and veneration by all her sister colonies;

and she was especially dear also to a great portion of the early settlers of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois who had passed their childhood within her borders. They were proud of her history. Moreover, all the territory of their homes, all the land north of the Ohio, now the heart of the country, she had ceded with her customary amplitude to the government. She had been the guide, defender, counselor, and friend of all.

I don't believe the world will ever know the suffering and the anguish of the high-minded old Commonwealth. She had rocked the Union in its cradle; she had contributed Washington, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, the Lees and Masons, to steer it through the dangers of war, and John Marshall to lead it on, on, up through weakness, inexperience, and trial, to a proud height. In her sorrow she called for a Peace Conference, in the hope that war might be averted. It met in Washington on February 4. On the same day, in Montgomery, Alabama, delegates from the seceded states met to form a Confederacy. The Peace Conference adjourned the 27th without accomplishing anything; the convention at Montgomery launched the Confederacy.

It is perfectly obvious now that the Peace Conference was doomed to failure. Let no time be wasted in seeking for the reasons. They lie deep in the nature of man, in the difference between aristocracy and the masses, in the arrogance of the former and the latent hate and jealousy of the latter, in the irreconcilable animosity between Freedom and Slavery, and above all, in that inexorable march which the world calls Civilization. But we, who were in the midst of the events themselves, could not see things as we see them now. We resorted to the usual means: petitions bearing the names of thousands were sent to Washington, imploring Congress to save the country from war, — one of them had the names of fourteen thousand women on it. To give us back our old time love for each other, prayers went up morning, noon,

and night, from around firesides North and South; and on many a tongue was the language of David: "Give us help from trouble; for vain is the help of man."

But the cloud of war was over us and it was too late to avert our trials.

On the 4th of March, 1861, Lincoln, born in a cabin, untutored by school or college, a listener to voices now from the shore of thought, now from the heights of our better natures, classmate of Patience and Humor's boon companion, was inaugurated President. No message was ever looked forward to as was his, nor with such anxiety. It rose calmly and firmly to the level of the situation, and I doubt if a Southerner can now read it and find a substantial reason for interpreting it as threatening a single right of a state in the Union. It closed with the well-known and oft-quoted appeal which, notwithstanding its familiarity, I will repeat once more, because it holds that immortal quality which lifts the heart and spreads the wings of the imagination:—

"Physically speaking, we cannot separate. . . . In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourself the aggressors. . . . We are not enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Notwithstanding this pacific message, look where you would, the sky was growing darker. Virginia was straining at her mooring, for the waves of rebellion were rising. All now depended on her; but her anchors still held, their flukes deep in the heart of the Union.

Massachusetts, however, with that foresight for which she has ever been

famous, was getting her troops ready for war; and day by day, to North and South, the conflict became more and more visible and inevitable.

What was going on meanwhile in the upper, overarching West Point I do not know; but I have no doubt there was seriousness in the open face of Honor when she met Duty and Courage at the latter's hearth. Down in the little battalion of cadets we were only vaguely conscious of the nation's crisis; though to be sure, to those of us who had Southern room-mates, every little while it drew near enough to be dimly apparent. So far as we could read the countenances of the officers over us, all was going well. Daily routine went on its way with drums, roll-calls, and recitations; the examination that is always held at the beginning of the year was as relentlessly rigorous as ever. During the release from quarters, when the recitations of the day ended, some would take a stroll around Flirtation Walk — beautiful and solemnly elevating, as through trees and from open spaces the eye fell on the river in the fading light of day, the snow-covered, skyward-leaning landscape and the worshiping hills — all waiting in religious peace, for the coming of the night — how I should love to ramble along it once more! — a few would go over to the aspiring silence of the library; a small number, poor victims of athletics, would wrestle with parallel bars, etc., in the gymnasium; but the larger number would congregate in the fencing-hall and dance to music by members of the band. How often I sat with Comly — for dancing was not one of our accomplishments — and watched the mazing couples, Rosser and Pelham, "Cam" Emory and Ames, Chambliss and Hoxton, Kent and Beaumont, Haines and Cushing, Deering and Gillespie, Dupont and Farquhar, and many, many others! Yes, that was the way we were passing the time in that January of 1861, on the verge of the Civil War.

Among the names I have just mentioned is that of Beaumont, whose ever

sunny disposition brought cheer into West Point life. The last time I saw him was in Virginia during one of the campaigns; he was riding by with a column of cavalry. I am sure, to all who served with him, the mention of his name will recall his happy, kindly, dark eyes, and many a gleaming camp-fire. I hope that the reference to this pastime will bring back figures of dear friends to all the living, as it has brought them back to me. And I am sure also that as in their minds they go from the dancing hall to the quarters on those midwinter nights, they will see the light in the guard-room across the area, and officers of the day, with red sashes, plumed hats, and cheeks tinted with the dawn of youth, will step out of the dusky post.

What a flock of memories perch on that Commandant's office! How often every graduate (save the very good ones) has had to ascend the stairs, not always in a hopeful or prayerful mood, rap on the door, and meet the stony gaze of the colonel before whom lay the report for violations of discipline! Glorious old Records of '58 to '62, bearing our names in various reports at all too frequent intervals! I trust you are having a good time in your dreams among the archives. And notwithstanding that we mutually detested each other, yet I believe that when the jar of the seacoast battery recalls the battalion of those four years, you would like to see "excused" written after every one of our delinquencies.

There was one delinquency, recalled at this moment, one which never appeared on the Records, but which brings back that old "area" so associated with the fussiness of military life that I own to a feeling of satisfaction in recording its mortification, — for it was strewn with chicken feathers.

The feathers belonged to a buff rooster, the property of Lieutenant Douglas, whose quarters and garden lay below my window in the 7th, and below Custer's, who lived in the tower room of the 8th Division. We enjoyed seeing chanticleer

as he led his little flock proudly around the garden after the vegetables were harvested, and hearing him crow defiantly from the top of the fence to all the roosters down the line of the professors' quarters. And many and many a time at night, too, he brought to our minds the roosting flocks in the willows and locusts at home. But he crowed too often. Custer slipped down one night, took him from his perch, and later he was in a kettle boiling over the gas burner, his feathers on an outspread newspaper. When the feast was over, the one delegated to dispose of the feathers was not careful as he carried them off, and the result was that the next morning there was a string of yellow buff feathers from the 8th Division clear across the "area."

This delinquency, not recorded in the Military Academy's records (but I guarantee that this reference to it will recall the area strewn with the feathers), helped to break the routine, offering a pleasant relief and contrast at a time when clouds hung dark and passions were stirring deep. West Point has had many a character to deal with; but it may be a question whether it ever had a cadet so exuberantly boyish, one who cared so little for its serious attempts to elevate and burnish, or one on whom its tactical officers had their eyes so constantly and unsympathetically searching as Custer. And yet how we all loved him; and to what a height he rose!

The fate of Lieutenant Douglas's rooster in that January of 1861 is not, I acknowledge, of great historic importance in the life of West Point, nor is the claim made that it has anything to do with the Civil War.

But who that has ever followed a wood road along the windings of a brook, up the steep side, say, of one of the Berkshire hills, has not stopped to look down with kindly interest where a partridge has wallowed or parted with a feather in the dust; has not loitered to catch a glimpse through the low second-growth beeches of a hermit thrush or some shy,

elusive chewink, while time has gone by unheeded?

On the 23d of January, 1861, Beauregard of Louisiana, then a major of engineers, later so prominent as a general in the Confederacy, a small, dapper man with noticeably olive complexion and French features, relieved Major Delafield as superintendent of the Academy. On the 28th, five days later, and before the post was formally turned over to him, Beauregard was relieved by order of the Secretary of War, and Delafield resumed command.

There were many surmises concerning the reasons for this summary action on the part of the Secretary. But the one founded on the doubt of his loyalty seems to me the most probable; for the stream of resignations pouring in to the War Department would naturally raise the question of the loyalty of every Southern army officer.

In view of what took place during his short occupancy as the head of West Point, his removal was amply justified, although in all probability the Secretary was without specific knowledge of the incident I am going to relate. A cadet from Louisiana, which, as already stated, had seceded, went to the hotel where Beauregard was then staying and consulted him as to whether he should resign or not. When the cadet returned to the barracks his roommate asked, "What did he tell you to do?"

"He said, 'Watch me; and when I jump, you jump. What's the use of jumping too soon?'"

The cadet's roommate, a Southerner whose career has been one of honor and great service to his country, observed, "What a thing for the Superintendent to say!" And so say I.

Upon receipt of the order relieving him, Beauregard departed. And, as he passed the light battery, the library, and the chapel with all of its heroic associations, on his way to the wharf, is it unkind to wonder whether he heard any

Hail and Farewell! from his old Alma Mater? On the 8th of February he "jumped." In less than thirty-five days after leaving West Point he was in command at Charleston; and, by his order, on the 12th of April, the shot was fired which opened the war.

His career in the army of the South brings into view that relentless band, the cold-eyed children of Nemesis who execute their mother's decrees; and one of those decrees was uttered, I think, when he put his foot on West Point with his heart made up to desert the country — "Beauregard, you shall win no permanent glory." He fought three battles of grave importance: at Bull Run he failed to reap the fruits of victory; at Shiloh, Fate intervened against him; and the dissipation of one of his division commanders cost him complete victory at Drury's Bluff. Contention characterized the end of his days. And now while the stars of his fellow-generals are burning so brightly in the Confederate galaxy, his, which has always been alone, is dimming.

The day after his departure — or, should I say, desertion — there was another departure from West Point. The path in this case led where stars do not dim and where the last days of old age are not wearied by contention. At reveille on the 31st, Griffin's trumpet sounded the advance of the West Point battery, and the heroic old battery, every gun a personal friend, set off for the field of glory. How my heart lifts as I recall the scene as we gathered in front of the barracks! Over the library the fading moon lay pale in the outstretched arms of the elms; and the open, immortal eyes of the east were full of dawn, as the dear old guns rolled by. Three cheers broke for the West Point battery. And out of its granite heart the stern, battlemented barracks threw them off well — over the plain and up into the folds of the crimsoning flag — over the plain and off into the hills. Proud morning, proud and glorious ending! We followed them with warm eyes till they turned toward the

west gate, Griffin riding with a firm and loyal heart at the head.

Good-by, old battery! We know that Revolutionary Fort Putnam watched you from her height with pride, and that every laurel blooming around her ruins flushed and waved its boughs as you wound out and on.

"Good-by till we meet again!" shouted back the guns. It was not until the Wilderness that we did meet. Oh, I do not know why it is; but my heart beats so loudly, and there is a mist gathering over the paper — perhaps it hears the guns again.

During the month of January there were only two resignations: Wofford of South Carolina and Felix H. Robertson, swarthy "Comanche," of Texas. But February had barely begun before a number resigned. Among them was Williams of Tennessee, known as "Susan," and John O'Brien, a son, I believe, of the graduate, Captain O'Brien, distinguished in the Mexican War and referred to in one of the stanzas of "Benny Havens." I believe this is the first time I have mentioned this old West Point song and it brings back many memories. While in neither its poetry nor its music was it much of a song, yet time had consecrated it, and we sang it with fervor, now in our quarters, and now in the twilight of camp.

One night in 1863, when we were moving to Mine Run on what is known as the Mine Run Campaign, the head of the column of light batteries — with whose commander, the well-known and truly gallant William Montrose Graham, I was serving as a temporary aide — halted on the verge of the steep banks of the Rapidan, owing to some trouble at the pontoon bridge below us. The river, mentioned so often in the histories of the war, had cut at this point a narrow and deep valley, and on that late autumn night, level from bank to bank through the timbered hills, lay a dense gray mist suffused with the light of a moon waning to its last quarter. Well, some one struck up the old song, and it was taken up from

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battery to battery, and it sounded sweetly as the notes rose and fell and died away through the still woods.

The willows, the oaks, and the elms were in their fresh early green when for the first and the only time I saw Benny Havens. He was bent and his hair was snowy white; he was in shirt sleeves and wore a scarlet vest. The Hudson, his boyhood companion, ran close by his humble door and, with a music of its own and a song older than "Benny Havens," was flowing on to the sea. He died in 1877, May 29, aged 89 years. I trust that Benny Havens and every cadet who ever "ran" it to his cheering are sleeping well. For the sake of days gone by I hope the editor of the *Atlantic* will admit the last three stanzas of the old song.

From the courts of death and danger, from
Tampa's deadly shore,
There comes a wail of manly grief, "O'Brien
is no more;"
In the land of sun and flowers his head lies
pillowed low,
No more he'll sing "Petite Coquette," or
Benny Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! Oh! Benny Havens
oh!
So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny
Havens, oh!

To our comrades who have fallen, one cup be-
fore we go,
They poured their life-blood freely out *pro*
bono publico;
No marble points the stranger to where they
rest below,
They lie neglected far away from Benny
Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

When you and I, and Benny, and all the others,
too,
Are called before the "final board" our course
of life to view,
May we never "fess"¹ on any point, but
straight be told to go
And join the Army of the Blest at Benny
Havens, oh!

Oh! Benny Havens, oh! etc.

¹ "Fess," a contraction of confess, — that the cadet at recitation knows nothing about the subject; in other words, complete failure.

Few more graceful or more popular or more polished men than O'Brien have worn the cadet uniform.

Besides the foregoing, who resigned in early February, was "Ned" Willis, already mentioned, and Barrow of my class, both from Georgia. I have often wondered what became of the latter. He was a roommate, I believe, at one time of that other classmate, James Deering of Virginia, who was mortally wounded at High Bridge a few days before Lee's surrender. Meanwhile resignations of officers, old and tried, were still pouring in, at Washington, from the army and navy. It must have looked dark for our country; and it is not strange that the President's heart grew heavy. The following order attests the state of his mind and his effort to arouse the loyalty of the people by appealing to their veneration for Washington:—

Headquarters, Military Academy,
West Point, New York,
February 21st, 1861.

Orders No 2.

In compliance with the proclamation of the President of the United States, the Officers and Professors on duty at this Post, will assemble at 11:30 A. M. on the 22nd instant in the Chapel, to commemorate the *birth of Washington*, and to listen to the friendly counsels, and almost prophetic warnings, contained in his "*Farewell address to his Countrymen*."

All Academic duty will be suspended at 11 A. M., and at 11:30 the Companies of Cadets with side arms only, accompanied by the Band, will be marched to the Chapel for the purposes before mentioned.

By order of Colonel Bowman:
EDWD. C. BOYNTON,
Captain & Adjutant.

When the hour came the column was formed by platoons. The late Fitzhugh Lee, in command of Co. A, the late Major-General Alexander McD. McCook of B, Robert Williams of C, and the late

Major-General Hazen of our company, D; the commandant, the iron-hearted John F. Reynolds, killed at Gettysburg, in command of the battalion. With the band playing we marched to the little chapel, where all the professors, their families, and the officers on duty in full uniform, had gathered. Our side arms consisted of a belt and bayonet. A feature of the army officer's uniform at that time was the dignified and imposing epaulettes. Perhaps it is due entirely to early association, perhaps to a boy's admiration or to the impression left on a youthful mind by the pictures of the death of Nelson and Wolfe and many other heroes, at all events the brilliant epaulettes suggest much more stateliness than the insignificant knots and badges of to-day. But after all it really makes no difference to the graduates whether there are knots or epaulettes on their shoulders; the country may feel sure that by their courage they will honor whichever badge the government decrees they shall wear.

On arrival at the chapel the colors were advanced to the altar, and the band filed up to its usual place in the choir loft. I have taxed my memory over and over again — and made inquiries from many of my friends of that day — to recall, if possible, who read the address, and to revive the impressions left by it; but in vain. For some reason only faint tinges here and there in the canvas of our memories are left of that reverent ceremony.

But the other night, while I sat late and alone before a wood fire (the ancestors of the oak burning softly on the hearth heard the guns of the Revolution from Dorchester Heights), I read the Farewell Address of Washington for the first time since I heard it on the 22d of February, 1861, in the little chapel. And I must say that as I came to some of its passages, passages like this: "It is of infinite moment that you shall properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness — that you should cherish a cordial, ha-

bitual and immovable attachment to it; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts," — I wondered what was their effect as they fell on the ears of Fitzhugh Lee, Field, and all the other Virginians and Southerners then debating whether or not they would throw in their fortunes with the Confederacy.

While I pondered the situation, with its intense historic and personal interest, the Confederacy mounted the stage at Montgomery; the life of the country once more hung in the balance; and the very air of the room was filled with the foreboding of that day. Before my pondering vision dark phantasmal scenes one after another grew and spread; and when on the point of dissolving into ultimate gloom the interior of the little chapel suddenly appeared, filled with a heavenly light. There we were again, cadets blooming in youth, officers, and sage professors. The reader is progressing with the Farewell Address, and now comes one of the appealing passages, and I lift my eye to the walls where hang the tablets bearing the names of the Revolutionary generals; and behold! faces begin to appear in the shields. The first is that of the youthful Hamilton, a member of Washington's military family; and now one after another they all become alive, Greene and Lincoln and the Lees and Morgan. Oh, they hear their great leader's voice once more, and they know from its tones that there is peril for the country they love! The grave cannot hold them back, they burst through the marble of the tablets and rally loyally to his standard. And now what is breathing through the colors that were won at Saratoga and on the plains of Mexico? for their folds begin to creep. They too have heard the trumpet and are freshening, ready to swirl on the

field again, — even the brass guns near them in the wall have roused from their years of dreaming slumber and are turning on their trunnions.

But look at the superbly figurative painting over the chancel. What significant movement is that of the Roman soldier? Southerners, see how he grasps the sword for the defense of the state, and look at that resolute face. (I saw Grant's face at Spottsylvania when three lines of battle were moving up under Upton, and it wore that same look.) And lo! the tears are streaming down the cheek of Peace as the olive branch trembles in her hand. And what is stirring the stars in the sky over her? Do they hear and see a procession? Yes, from the deep spaces back of the sphere of the world comes the song of "Peace on earth, good will toward men;" and now appears a glorified procession of winged creatures bearing the beautiful countenances of angels. The stars make way. Three abreast they waft downward to the left, and three abreast to the right to make the circuit of the sanctuary. At the door they meet and move up over the battalion. What breadth of "gladsome wing," what raptured brows, what imperishable coloring; what girdles, what wavering robes of light, what unconscious grace of movement! Finally, what vivified images of the heart's longing for eternal beauty! Behold, the genius of the Republic has joined them, and she has wreaths in her hand, and as they pass Reynolds, one falls on him. And now they hover over the boys in gray while wreaths swirl lovingly down on Kirby, O'Rorke, Cushing, Sanderson, Woodruff, and many others. Oh! little chapel, they may level you to the earth, they may supplant you with a structure of imposing solemnity, but you have been the tabernacle of West Point where the glory that shines about her has had its splendor!

After the ceremony there was a holiday for the rest of the 22d. It was the custom on that day, and it may be so still, for the full band to take the place of the

drum corps at tattoo. When the hour came, it formed as usual near the morning gun and set out across the plain toward barracks, playing Washington's March. The band was large and its prevailing instruments were brass, pouring forth their tones, now with high defiant clearness, now with resounding depth, and now with lamenting pathos.

It was a soft, heavily clouded night, and when the band was drawing near, its notes becoming clearer and clearer as it advanced across the plain, a number — in fact almost every one — in D Company gathered at the open windows fronting the area. Just before the band passed under the elms which front the barracks it struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner," and came swinging proudly through the Sally Port. I never have heard such a burst of music as at that moment, when it cleared the granite arch. Had Duty, Honor, and Courage, had old West Point herself and every Revolutionary ruin called to the spirits, "Go, join the band and breathe our love for the land into every note! Go, for the sake of Peace! Go, for the sake of the impulsive, generous-hearted South itself! Go, for the hopes of the world!"

I was at a window on the third floor of the 8th Division, with Custer, Elbert, and possibly Sanderson. In the room across the hall were a number of Southerners, and immediately below them on the second floor were Rosser, Young, and possibly Faison and Thornton. Across from them was Dresser of Massachusetts and others. Every room fronting the area was aglow, every window up and filled with

men. With the appearance of the band at the Sally Port a thundering cheer broke, and, upon my soul! I believe it was begun at our window by Custer, for it took a man of his courage and heedlessness openly to violate the regulations.

But the cheer had barely struck the air before the Southerners followed it with a cheer for "Dixie." Our 7th and 8th Divisions formed an ell, so that from them the rear of the four-storied barracks, the Sally Port and its battlemented towers, were in full view, and a cheer from our quarter for "Dixie" raked the entire line. Beyond the Sally Port, in A and B Companies, were the majority of the Northerners; and they flung back a ringing cheer for the stars and stripes; and so cheer followed cheer. Ah, it was a great night! Rosser at one window, Custer at another. A few years later they faced each other again and again in cavalry battles; and when poor Custer lay at last on the Big Horn, Rosser, then in the employ of the Northern Pacific Railroad, was among the first to volunteer to go to his rescue.

I have written the close of this chapter on the afternoon of the 22d of February, 1907, forty-six years after the day whose events I have tried to record. I am conscious of deep feeling; and perhaps I ought more than once in this chapter to have drawn both curb and snaffle, as one scene after another has broken on my mind; but I hope the day with all of its patriotic associations, and all the sacred memories that have gathered about it, will mellow the critical spirit of my readers.

(To be continued.)

THE RUNAWAYS

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

CARLOTTA looked out of the window with a little sigh. The blue Alps were speeding backward into faint distance, and even the lower slopes with their mingled chestnut and olive trees were vanishing. Life among the hills had been so good that, though set Venice-ward, her face wore a look of regret. Nothing had been said, yet she knew perfectly well what Aunt Isabel's sudden longing for Saint Mark's and a glimpse of the Lido shore meant.

"But helpless Pieces of the Game She plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days,"

murmured Carlotta, glancing toward Aunt Isabel, who was resting with closed eyes against her silken traveling pillow in the corner. Well, the game had been strictly according to the rules, and there was only one move left. After all, Mr. Thornton would do, must do, for this life was wearing on her and any change would be relief. His coats, his ties, and his manners were irreproachable; he was so gravely respectful to her, to Aunt Isabel,—to his dinner, if it was well cooked and served! Carlotta dimpled mischievously as she thought of him; then the piquant brown face with its level brows and rebellious mouth grew grave against the windowpane. It was one of the faces of the wistful rich, unsatisfied from very fulfillment of desire, hungry for hunger.

It flashed with sudden interest as she glanced away from the window; she had not noticed before the two little ladies opposite. They were German evidently, tiny and old and wrinkled. Their quaint bonnets dated from the reign of the emperor's grandfather; they wore lace mitts

over their shriveled little hands; the black silk gowns had imperceptible darns here and there, fine and beautiful as only such fingers can make. Both were proudly erect, and their eyes were as the eyes of sixteen years.

Carlotta tried not to listen, but it was not her fault that she had been well trained in German. She could not help understanding that they were Catholics from Munich on a pilgrimage to Rome, and she divined that the little knitted purses which they anxiously fingered now and then held the savings of a lifetime in German homes where the pfennigs had been counted twice.

"Dost think the guard will ask us to pay the extra fare?" asked the smaller of the two.

"Nay," said the other. "I have heard before of those put into the seats of the first class when those of the third were all taken."

The girl glanced anxiously at Aunt Isabel, but that lady was reading Baedeker with her most expensive expression. She was not used to traveling with darns, however skillfully made. Presently the lesser of the pilgrims said,—

"Lotta, dost remember how when we were maidens we longed to go to Italy?"

The withered lips of the other opened: "Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?"—

and she repeated it all, down to

"Dahin, dahin, möcht ich mit dir, O mein Geliebte, ziehn!"

"Thou wert to marry a poet and I an artist, and we were to go on a long honeymoon," murmured the listener. The taller of the two gazed out of the window as she spoke.

"Instead, thou didst become Frau Doctor and I Frau Professor. I little

dreamed in those days of my ten! Learning has gone out of fashion, and if I have been always at home it is not the fault of *mein Mann*, who has often gone hungry for me! Funerals cost heavily, and I have buried four."

"Ten are harder to keep than seven," admitted the Frau Doctor. "I could have come sooner but for my Rudolph, who would marry at twenty. He had debts that must be paid, though the saints know that I despise gambling."

"Ah, but I am glad that thou hast waited!" cried the Frau Professor. "Our dream has come true: we go to Italy together! If I were but sure that Löttchen would not forget the mending of her father's socks!"

Carlotta looked steadily out of the window, glad that Aunt Isabel did not know German. The girl's face, worldly-wise and yet unworldly, was tense with sympathy.

"Venice I have longed for all my life," confessed the Frau Doctor softly; "to see her if but once, with her green canals and her marble palaces."

The Frau Professor was thoughtful.

"It is for the Pope's blessing that we have come," she said slowly, "and that is good to have, for the sins of a lifetime, — good when one has ten or even seven to answer for."

"But Venice is very wonderful."

"There is not money enough for both," said the Frau Professor sternly.

As they talked, all their girlhood came back to them, German girlhood with its visions and romance. The soft, brown old eyes shone like stars, and the hunger and thirst for beauty leaped into life again, keen, after the starved years of toil and childbearing and poverty. Suddenly the Frau Doctor leaned forward, answering the irresistible call of the olive and the vine through the windows.

"Löttchen," she whispered, "what if we went to Venice instead?"

"I was thinking of that," confessed the other, "but I dared not speak. If I could have but one week of beauty before I grow too old to see!"

There was silence, while Carlotta held her breath. The little old ladies looked at each other with that in their eyes which had never been there before, rebellion touched with daring.

"Verona!" shouted the guard. "Change for Vicenza, Padua, Venice! Where do the ladies go?" he asked, with his head at the window.

"Venice," said Carlotta, rising and touching Aunt Isabel on the shoulder.

"Venice," whispered the Frau Professor fearfully.

To outwit one massive chaperon and the two fugitives was a task for an upright American girl who had never before been a conspirator, and Carlotta smiled with delight at her success when the train started for Venice and the four who had traveled from the North together found themselves in the same position as before. The guard was an honest one and faithfully reported the gold piece which had paid the difference between two third-class and two first-class tickets. Carlotta blushed guiltily when the two little ladies, all unaware of her action, smiled timidly as they saw her, and sank, trembling at their own audacity, upon the soft cushions. Venice!

As the train sped on through the soft land of fig-trees and of trailing vines, the girl saw that her protégées had emptied the contents of their little netted purses into their laps and were counting their few pieces of gold.

"Eighty marks," murmured the Frau Professor.

"Ninety," reported the Frau Doctor. "It has always been said that it is cheap in Italy. Can we live, do you think, on three francs a day?"

Carlotta leaned forward, flushing guiltily, moved by an impulse that she did not understand. Aunt Isabel's disapproving face only added to her desire for one free, rebellious moment before entering that world of ultimate conventionality where Mr. Thornton lived and moved and had his being.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in halt-

ing German, "but I heard you speak of Venice. The Hotel Allegra where we go is very good. You could live there" — she paused, for she was not used to lying — "for three francs a day."

They looked at her, wondering and grateful, then poured out their thanks. Suddenly the Frau Doctor gave a little cry. The train had passed Mestre, and beyond the waterways rose the city of the sea, roof, dome, and tower outlined in mellow color against a soft blue sky. The two old faces flushed with guilty joy: if this were sin, ah, it was sweet! A little later, as they came out of the station to the streets of rippling water, two pairs of mitt-clad hands met for one ecstatic moment. Carlotta beckoned to her gondolier, white-clad, red-sashed, and smiling, and the gondola moved out into the green canal.

"Carlotta!" stormed Aunt Isabel, when she saw her companions, "you must be mad! Tell Antonio to put me ashore! I shall jump from the gondola if you persist in taking these creatures with us."

"Hush!" whispered Carlotta, with her finger at her lips. "They are people of very great importance." Then to a conscience that accused her of white lies she retorted, "People as good as they are of the greatest importance, really, in the world."

The runaways leaned luxuriously back in their cushioned seat, lulled by the gentle splashing of the oar. The gondolas gliding by over the pale green water, the Gothic palaces with their marble steps fretted by little waves and with delicate reflections trembling below, made up a dream of beauty from which they feared to waken.

"*Liebchen*," whispered the Frau Professor, "*ist es möglich?*" and Carlotta watched them, wishing that she too were young. Suddenly her eyes twinkled and a gracious smile broke the thundercloud of Aunt Isabel's face. A well-groomed gentleman was baring his slightly bald crown to the damp air in greeting; his non-committal eyes betrayed a question

as they rested on the two rusty figures in the gondola.

"How distinguished Mr. Thornton always is," said Aunt Isabel after he had passed; but Carlotta was in a brown study and said never a word.

"A suite of rooms, please, for these two ladies," Carlotta insisted to the hotel manager, whose customary radiant smile half froze upon his lips when he saw her two companions; Mrs. Isabel Ashton-Stone had indignantly gone up in the "lift." "A suite of rooms, please, for these two ladies, and you are to tell them that it will cost them, with pension, you understand, three francs a day."

"Yes, mademoiselle!" Italian wit is quick to comprehend.

Though it was for the garçon to carry the two queer old-fashioned carpet-bags, and though it was for the manager himself to accompany mademoiselle and her guests to the elaborately carved doorway, it was Carlotta's privilege to usher the two little ladies into the gorgeous apartment where Renaissance ceilings hovered over gilt and plush furniture of something worse than Louis Quinze style. For the Frau Doctor there was an overhanging frescoed Aurora of puffy clouds and rosy cheeks and fluttering draperies; for the Frau Professor, a plump Venus rising from a deep blue sea; for each, an antique bed with high posts of wonderful carving. In the salon which they shared was an enormous chandelier of bad modern glass with fluting of pink and blue and livid yellow; and outside, oh, joy of joys! a stone balcony, with cushioned railing, overlooking the Grand Canal.

"Löttchen!" The Frau Doctor flung herself into the Frau Professor's arms, and there were actual tears of joy on withered cheeks and withered lips.

"*Ja wohl*," said the manager as he went away, with a knowing look at Carlotta, "*drei franc den Tag*."

Dinner was served for them in their salon that night, a wonderful procession of dishes and of deft waiters; later, each little lady went to sleep marveling at the

enchanted doors which had swung open to admit her to fairyland. The next morning, however, the Frau Doctor woke to trouble. Dreaming under the rose and gold Aurora, she became aware that the sunshine was brilliant and that it was late in the morning. She slipped to the Frau Professor's doorway, but only an empty bed and silence awaited her there. Ten minutes after, with gray hair flying, yet with hands encased in mitts, she burst into Carlotta's parlor, sobbing, —

"Ach Gott, she is drowned! She has walked into the canal!"

Carlotta failed to find her; the city guards failed to find her; the bell-boys from the hotel failed to find her, and it was nearly noon when the fugitive appeared, having been rowed home in state by a gorgeous gondolier, an alert, clean-shaven young American sitting at her side.

"Are you sure that this is right, Frau Professor?" he asked respectfully, but doubtfully, as he helped her ashore.

"Quite," she smiled up at him, a dimple, forgotten for thirty years, showing in her cheek. "The Hotel Allegra means everything to us because of the association with Byron, and we are most comfortable here for three francs a day."

The puzzled look upon the young man's face changed to frank pleasure when he saw Carlotta, who had come back, flushed, from her long search, and was grasping both hands of the runaway. Breathlessly the Frau Professor told her story to the group of people who had gathered about.

"I stole away to see Saint Mark's by myself at sunrise — *Ach, wie reizend* it would be! I lost my way; it was dreadful, the alleys so narrow, the dirt, the people! I walked for hours, but I found a friend: it is Herr Winfield, one of my husband's pupils," she explained to the Frau Doctor and Carlotta.

The stranger listened quietly: Carlotta looked at him, first with a feeling that she had known a long time ago that face, half-boyish, half-grave, with its clear

look of cheek and eye. No, after all it was only the type that was familiar in this strange country, the home type, with its slender, lithe young strength. Presently he slipped to her side.

"I don't understand," he said abruptly. "What — how — Is the Frau Professor in her right mind? Why is she here?"

"Nobody is ever in his or her right mind in Venice," said the girl, the twinkle in his gray eyes kindling an answering twinkle in hers. "The Frau Professor is only a shade madder than the rest of us. She started on a pilgrimage to Rome, but ran away and came here instead."

He looked at her blankly.

"I'll telegraph to Herr Westbruch."

"No, no, no," said Carlotta vehemently. "It is the one moment of beauty and of freedom in all her life. She is perfectly safe: she is under my protection."

He had not meant to laugh, but Carlotta was so small!

"And you?"

"I am under hers," said Carlotta, joining in.

The young man's eyes looked down with great satisfaction at the girl's winsome brown face and trim figure in the pale brown gown; then they traveled to the marble stairway of the Hotel Allegra.

"She must be under some delusion," he muttered doubtfully. "I hate to leave her like this. Three francs a day!"

"It is quite true," said Carlotta, flushing. "A — a special arrangement was made."

"Oh, I say," he burst out suddenly; then he lowered his voice. The Frau Professor was busy explaining it all to the Frau Doctor. "Let me help, won't you? I know her, you see. I've partaken of her seminar coffee many a time, and the Herr Professor and I were great chums. In a way I have a right, don't you think? You don't know me, of course, but I'm a good American citizen, Robert Winfield, at your service."

"Then you must be my cousin Philip's friend, — Philip Stanwood?"

"Phil Stanwood? I should think so!

Ought n't we to shake hands on the strength of that?"

Carlotta drew a bit nearer with a sigh of relief.

"It's a horrid, snobbish, vulgar thing that I am doing," she confessed, "but I could n't help it; nobody could who heard them talking about it, and now I'm scared."

"You've got to let me help," he declared stoutly. "If you don't," he threatened, watching the look of doubt that swept over Carlotta's face and was lost somewhere about the slightly pointed chin; "I'll tell them! You look after them at the hotel: I don't see how to get around that, but I'm responsible for all the shows and the moonlight gondoliering."

Carlotta shook her head, but the sense as of a weight lifted from her shoulders brought a look of relief to her face.

"Do let me! I'm here all by myself and lonely enough. Why, the Frau Professor was like a mother to me," he went on, with a growing sense of his nearness. "Not a word! Now we must have some grand expedition this afternoon."

The Frau Professor accepted gratefully. Yes, he might make arrangements to take them, and Miss Stone would go, of course. It was much cheaper, she whispered thriftily, when there were four. Robert Winfield vanished with a glance of wicked triumph.

The two young strangers wore that afternoon, as they took their charges to the Piazza, the indulgent look that a benevolent aunt and uncle might have worn in taking the children out in the swan boats on the lake. A little cry arose from the Frau Professor.

"Anna, it is Saint Mark's!"

Full sunlight fell upon the façade, and rose window and mosaics burned with splendor hard for the eye to bear. Above, the angel wings and crosses stood bright against the blue, while the dull gold of the fretted portals was touched from shades of bronze to light. Through the central portal they entered the rich shadow of

the interior, and hand in hand the two old friends tottered over the uneven mosaic pavement and fell upon their knees before a jeweled shrine. The youngsters followed into the dim splendor of the wonderful spot, and looked at each other with some curious newsense of the beauty before them: wrought gold-work of the Orient with its cunning arabesque and tracery of interwoven lines; brown walls, or green, of polished stone or alabaster, with soft light falling here and there from bronze lamps on the face of a kneeling child or bowed gray head. Robert Winfield stood with bared head in the shadow.

"I wish that I might, too," said Carlotta softly, and he smiled as one who understands.

"Carlotta," said Aunt Isabel that evening, before *table d'hôte*, "Mr. Thornton was here this afternoon and you missed him."

Carlotta said nothing.

"He is coming again to-night, and he has, he confided to me, something special to say to you."

The rebellious look about the girl's mouth deepened; for some reason she felt less resigned than she had been yesterday to being a pawn in Aunt Isabel's hands.

"I am sorry," she said politely; when she was as polite as this the elder lady always scented danger; "I am very sorry, but I have promised to take my little ladies out in a gondola. It is moonlight, you know."

"You must be mad!" cried Mrs. Ashton-Stone. She had not supposed that any further occurrence in connection with these disgraceful protégées could heighten her wrath. "I entreat you, I command you, to be at home this evening. It is most important."

"Are you afraid that, if Mr. Thornton does n't ask me to-night to marry him, he will never ask me?" inquired Carlotta. She enjoyed the next minute immensely: Aunt Isabel always thought you were vulgar if you put into plain words what she was thinking. "You see, I've

promised, and father always told me to keep my promises. If I stay I shall have to ask my friends to stay with me and meet Mr. Thornton."

It was a very bewitching little lady who made her excuses that evening to the caller whom Aunt Isabel was entertaining. He was preoccupied, perhaps repeating to himself the phrases that he had resolved to say, and an air of responsibility hovered over his well-brushed head. It was an engagement with some old friends, very *old* friends, pleaded the girl, smiling at Aunt Isabel out of the filmy gold scarf that she had thrown over her head. He responded with great warmth as he held the door open for her to go out: it was so charming, so conventional a Carlotta that, not knowing how perilous her extreme politeness was, he felt as if all his phrases had been uttered and the answer had been yes.

From the canal of the Giudecca, as the gondola glided over the moonlit water, the little old ladies saw that night a wonderful city of silver gray rising from the waves under a sky which had not forgotten its noonday blue. The very craft of fairyland plied about with moving lights that cast long beams of gold below. From the silence here they passed into the brilliance of the Grand Canal, where a concert was going on, the lanterns of the improvised bridge of boats shining out gayly, the notes of song sounding back from silent palaces, and then their gondola moved on into the narrow canal behind the doge's palace.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand,"

began the tremulous voice of the Frau Doctor, who had been sitting as in a trance, and the Frau Professor took up the strain:—

"I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand;"

and, as the two voices went on in unison, even to

"Where Venice sate in state, throned on her
hundred isles,"

Robert Winfield slipped to Carlotta's side.

"Is n't this great?" he asked. The girl nodded; something of the elder ladies' vivid enjoyment was quivering in her nerves.

"I feel unequal to my part," he confessed. "I ought to have long hair and a rolling collar, or else a dagger and a cloak. Would I make a good Giaour, do you think?"

"I think," said Carlotta, "from one day's observation, that you would probably do well whatever you undertook."

"Neither one of us fits into their Venice," he said mournfully. "You ought to have ringlets on each side of your face and a rosebud in your hair, and you ought to wear a silly smile, like this."

His grotesque imitation of the smiles of Inez and of Ada was misunderstood, and to the two romantic fugitives a final touch of perfectness was lent the scene by the sight of the two young heads together and the sound of the merry laughter that wakened echoes from the silent walls.

"Löttchen," said the Frau Doctor mysteriously that night as she unhooked her little black silk gown, "it is not for us that the young Herr is so attentive."

"He was most attached to *mein Mann*," maintained the Frau Professor, who was doing her hair up on a hairpin to make it wave.

"But Carlotta is very beautiful," insisted the Frau Doctor.

"Yes," the other admitted, "though I prefer blue eyes and golden hair myself in a young girl."

Now began a carefully ordered life; Robert Winfield had a talent for organization. Deliberately, and with assurance that would have been impertinence in any one else, he attached himself to the fugitives. As soon as breakfast was over he appeared, he said, for orders, but in reality, with a well-made plan for the day. Now it was a visit to the quaint church of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, where the beautiful youth of Carpaccio

forever fights the dragon in the sunlight-touched brown shadows; now it was the Academy, where the Frau Professor cried in the tones of one who had seen a vision, "Anna, it is Titian's Assumption!" Though the two did not fall upon their knees, their faces were as of those kneeling. The two young people shared, while dimly understanding, the sheer delight that the old ladies took in beauty of color, dim gold and red of quaint early altar pieces, the clear blue of Bellini's Madonna robes, the gorgeous garments of Veronese's men and women, the wonderful twilight hues of blended purple in the far distance of Titian's sunsets; and the perceptions of youth were freshly touched to finer issues. It was a situation which made many practical demands upon Carlotta and the lad, and they met them unflinchingly. Their joy in the forever-changing beauty of sunshine upon golden sails, and the afterglow of sunset in the west, was tinged with an undercurrent of care: it was for them to see that their guests were enjoying it to the full.

By the end of the second day Robert Winfield had told Carlotta the main facts in his career, from boyish adventure, through college, and on to his study of architecture abroad. By the end of the third day they were old friends. His dogged air of assumption that her responsibilities were his responsibilities, his perfectly respectful air of ownership in her troubles fast won her liking. The sincerity of his nature, with its touch of audacity, brought strength to her mood of incipient rebellion. They were soon upon an easy footing, and it was as if all their lives they had been chaperoning little old ladies in Venice.

"I knew that it was going to be fun, but it is twice as much fun doing it with you," Carlotta admitted on the fourth day.

Mrs. Ashton-Stone, angry, had shut herself up with her maid, saying that her nerves were tired and she needed rest. Mr. Thornton Carlotta almost forgot, and, when she remembered, she planned

some new expedition to drive the thought from her mind. Once or twice, in turning a watery corner, she met him, and the look of well-bred concealed vexation with which he glanced at her companions was always the same. His air of puzzled gravity checked Carlotta's gay laugh, and she hastily put her hand to her collar or touched her cuffs. The sight of him always made her wonder if anything were wrong about her attire or her hair. On the fifth day, indeed, he called, but Carlotta gave him no chance to speak. When his look became most earnest she went and summoned her two guests to her side, laughingly making them known as Tante Anna and Tante Lotta.

"I was named for Aunt Lotta, you know," she said gravely.

Timidly they stood in their shabby gowns before the perfectly tailored man, and it was hard to tell who was the most embarrassed. It was their one moment of unhappiness in this enchanted world, where every moment meant new rapture. To breakfast luxuriously in bed under smiling Venus and tripping Aurora; to float all day long, somewhere, anywhere, between earth and sky; to come home to long table d'hôte dinners which, from soup on through entrées to the last flavor of dessert, were like some solemn Wagner drama moving majestically to its end, — could dreams of Paradise do more? If it be bliss to count each moment of each day, letting it slip past with regret; to touch one's self fearfully, afraid that the touch may mean awakening, — they knew it to the full, and for the first time in their lives.

The fifth day and the sixth, Aunt Isabel still kept her room. Whether she was really ill or whether this was the last move to make, Carlotta never knew. The four sightseers still worked industriously at Venice, and Mr. Thornton still hovered with puzzled eyes upon the outside of the situation. Then, perhaps because he found a constantly retreating Carlotta more winsome than a Carlotta dragged forward by the compelling hand

of a chaperon, he nerved himself for a final effort. Chance seemed to decree that he should not see the girl alone, — chance, forsooth! There was a surer way to reach her; the royal mail should make known his desire. Thus it happened that an elegant little note came up on Carlotta's breakfast tray on the ninth morning. Carlotta was very silent that day, and Robert Winfield's jests passed unheeded. That letter on the bureau — must she say yes? That sense of resignation to her fate which she had felt during those last days in the Engadine had deserted her, for from the brave eyes looking out of the old, wrinkled faces opposite had come some deep sense of values that accused all her life of lack.

That night she wrote an exquisitely polite note to Mr. Thornton, one that might have served in the *Complete Letter-Writer* as a model of a refusal of an offer of marriage.

II

The little old ladies had grown bold and daring as the days went on. They loved to sit in the piazza, at Florian's, sipping coffee, chatting with their compatriots, and gazing, with eyes that never grew tired, at the many-colored life before them: the loungers at the cafés, the brown-faced sailors in trim suits of white, touched with blue; the endless stream of tourists, English, American, and German; the bare-headed Venetian women going to the cathedral to pray. The innocent air of dissipation with which they came home brought endless amusement to Carlotta.

To-day the two sat at a tiny round table, sipping the coffee and nibbling little cakes, and they fell to discussing Carlotta and the lad. Fate had indeed been good to them in adding to the undying charm of their dream city something that they divined as romance.

"I saw him give her a flower," said the Frau Doctor, nibbling the crumbs.

"What flower?" eagerly asked the

Frau Professor, who was versed in the language of leaf and blossom.

"A rose," said the Frau Doctor; "and yet she did not blush, but took it as naturally as if he were her brother."

"Ach, Gott!" sighed the Frau Professor. "There is no real romance longer in the world."

"They act as if they had known each other all their lives," admitted the Frau Doctor mournfully. "There is no flutter, no embarrassment as there ought to be between two young people. They are so practical! Do you think," she whispered eagerly, "there is really anything between them?"

The Frau Professor nodded portentously.

"But I never see him looking at her;" there was misgiving in the Frau Doctor's tone.

"Ah," said the other sagely, "I have seen him *not* looking at her."

One of the subjects of their discourse here sauntered toward them, and they hastily made place for him and spread their little cakes out invitingly as he lifted his hat.

"We were talking of Carlotta," ventured the Frau Professor, bent on plumbing the depth of sentiment that she had seen in the young man's eyes. "She is very charming, do you not think?"

"Most American girls are," he answered shrewdly.

"Ah, but she has something all her own, *so etwas süßes!*"

"Maybe," he said casually. "I've been pretty busy, you know."

The Frau Professor, piqued by his coldness, winked at her friend.

"Others have noticed if you have not," she said mysteriously. "I think from many signs that she has a suitor, one Mr. Thornton."

Even the nonchalance of youth could not keep away the look of anxiety that crawled from Robert Winfield's mouth up to his eyes.

"I suppose we must wish him good luck!" He took out his handkerchief to

pass it across his forehead, perhaps to hide a rising flush, and with it fluttered upon the table a tiny brown bow which had yesterday been worn upon Carlotta's gown. A look of triumph flashed from the Frau Doctor's eyes, and she stepped upon her companion's foot as she started to pick it up. Both pretended not to see the way in which he manœuvred to get it again under pretense of tossing it away.

They had asked for a sign, those foolish old souls, and they had it; yet they looked in vain for another. There were intricate voyages through cool, green, shadowed side canals, under unnumbered beautiful bridges, past sculptured doorways and windows of old palaces which were forever trembling into being, again dissolving in the reflections below, the carven leaves and flowers seeming to grow and to fade in an instant of time, yet they caught but rare hints of the love story in which they longed to have a share. Once or twice, indeed, the Frau Doctor, growing wiser under her companion's keener wit, detected the young man in the act of not looking at Carlotta, but turning his eyes away with an effort that evidently gave him pain; yet that which marked the depth of intimacy between the two, the speechless companionship that needed no words, escaped the elder folk. One shadowed day they came out by the soft-tinted Dogana, with the seminary garden at its side, a sheltered spot of cypresses, acacias, and stone pines. From Santa Maria delle Salute, looking, with its great dome and circling buttresses, like a huge shell cast up by the waves, came the music of the mass that was being chanted there, faint as the perpetual wave-taught melody that comes from the heart of a shell. The little ladies crossed themselves, then fixed their eyes upon the lovers. The stage was set for romance, but the actors would not step upon it. All that they saw was a sinewy youth who picked up a light wrap and threw it round the shoulders of the maiden at his side.

"See here," he said abruptly, "you

take such good care of other people that you ought to know how to take care of yourself. This thing is going to wear you all out."

"But it's my responsibility; I undertook it." Carlotta's voice was a bit weary.

"I suppose you know that you are giving them the time of their lives? Lend Aunt Anna and Aunt Lotta to me tomorrow, won't you? I've got my Byron down fine and I want to show it off.

"The mourned, the loved, the lost, too many, yet how few!

Queer, is n't it, how people who have had so much real life can care about that rot?"

Carlotta looked gratefully at him; she was getting used to his way of taking all the responsibility while seeming to take none. What thoughts she had regarding him as they took their charges home she never told; but they evidently added to the indignation with which she received her chaperon's remonstrances that evening. A slow flush crept over her brown cheeks.

"You have no right to speak to me that way," said Carlotta.

"I have every right when I see you entering upon a flirtation, a vulgar flirtation, with a most undesirable young man."

"Stop!" cried Carlotta. "The young man has nothing whatever to do with it."

Mrs. Ashton-Stone looked like a bronze allegorical figure of Scorn.

"He manages to have something to do with most of your expeditions."

"But that is n't because of me," said Carlotta vehemently. "You don't see, — you don't understand motives different from your own. I have been absent-minded, I admit, but it is only because I have been completely absorbed in thinking about those little ladies. And I've never had such a good time in all my life, never."

There were tears in Carlotta's eyes.

"Mr. Winton — Winfield — what is his name? — is evidently very attractive," sneered the elder lady. "Your father was

just like you. He always had, together with some very fine feelings, a streak of something coarse. He, too, liked low people."

Carlotta swallowed — to her credit be it said — all the remarks that she might have made.

"I am getting so tired of waiting," said Mrs. Ashton-Stone, almost tearfully. "Mr. Thornton was just ready to speak when we left the Engadine. Now we have n't seen him for three days."

"Mr. Thornton will never speak," said Carlotta firmly.

"Why not?" demanded Aunt Isabel.

"Because he has written," returned triumphant Carlotta.

"You have n't refused him?"

"I was very polite," ventured Carlotta.

Mrs. Ashton-Stone fell into an arm-chair, a crumpled heap of jet and lace and injured womanhood.

"May I ask why?" If words could wither, Carlotta would have become smaller than she was. Instead, her soul seemed to stand erect in her little body.

"Because," said Carlotta, "at last I saw him suddenly as he really is."

"Those dreadful little old women!" moaned Mrs. Ashton-Stone as she left the room. Unlike the British, she knew when to retreat.

The next day Carlotta refused to go with her friends to see the glass-making at Murano. The old ladies, tenderly solicitous, came back with a gift for her, a string of hideous glass beads, yellow and blue. The next day she pleaded headache; the next she frankly protested that she did n't wish to go anywhere. Robert Winfield cornered her at last after a long pursuit.

"I have n't done anything to offend you, have I?" he asked, going, as was his wont, straight to the point. Carlotta shook her head, smiling. With a quick leaping of the heart she was wondering if he could.

"Then why have you cast us off?"

"I have had headaches, and —"

"You are looking particularly well," he observed skeptically. "Do you want to know what they are coaxing for now? They want to go way out to the jumping-off place, Torcello, where the whole show started."

"You will take them?" asked Carlotta eagerly.

"Of course," he nodded. "I don't suppose you would come, too?"

"No-o," hesitated Carlotta. "I don't think I ought."

"It's an all-day jaunt," he suggested. "Tante Lotta and Tante Anna will be deadily tired of me."

"Never!" said the girl. "I should enjoy it immensely, but —"

"It will be a hard day," he suggested artfully. "Perhaps it would make you too tired."

"It is n't that," said Carlotta indignantly. "Don't you know that I never back out of things for such a reason as that?"

"I had supposed so," he admitted.

"I should like every minute of it," confessed the girl.

"Then you are coming," he said with finality, and it was even so. Foolish suspicion and scruple could not live in this vigorous young presence.

It was a perfect day, of cool air touching cool water, and the freshness brought faint rose color to withered cheeks and smooth. Silently they moved away from the city, past the crumbling walls and the beautiful cypresses of San Michele, and, slow stroke by stroke, glided over the shallow blue silvery water toward the north. Gulls hovered above on wide white wings, lighting on narrow sandbanks to search for fish among the iridescent pools. A day of drifting, distant sails, rose-colored or golden-brown; of pale blue of early morning deepening upon sky and sea; of beauty reaching even to the summits of the snow-touched Alps upon the north beyond the distant cypresses and poplars of the far shore. It was noonday when they drew near the silent islands of a silent sea, Torcello,

Mazzorbo, Burano, and glided ghost-wise down the silent canals between stretches of sea lavender, or under trailing vines of grape and of ivy that hung over the faded brick walls.

The little old ladies brightened to keen interest under the desolation here where the leaning tower of Burano hinted of a world falling to decay; where the dry canals of Torcello, the bridge overgrown with weeds, the grassy road, looked as if none had passed that way for countless years. They had a subdued luncheon in the shade of an acacia tree, and then the little ladies lost themselves in the beginnings of Venice, among the dim mosaics, the quaint, decaying capitals of the cathedral with its fragments of carven face and flower.

"I wish you would tell me what's the matter," said Robert Winfield from the shadow of the acacia.

"There is n't anything," protested the girl.

"But you are very different."

"I look very much the same."

Carlotta had caught her own reflection in a stagnant pool of the dry canal.

"Well, you are n't."

"Don't you like change? I do."

"Not in you," he protested.

Inside the cathedral the Frau Professor and the Frau Doctor were studying the Judgment Day in quaint mosaic; outside, Carlotta knew that her judgment day had come.

"It's my blamed (I beg your pardon) sense of assurance, I suppose; but I never doubted, from the time I first set eyes on you, that you were going to care, too."

"Too?" said Carlotta.

"Yes, too. No, it is n't conceit. There are odd minutes, you know, when you seem to see into the heart of things and know all there is to be known; and that was one of them, when I first saw you standing with the little old ladies chattering around you. It seemed then as if you had been waiting there always for me to come, and I had been always coming, only losing my way and making mis-

takes. I can't tell you all, only, when I saw your face I had the feeling that I had arrived. Very likely heaven is like that: you wake up suddenly and find that you are there, that's all."

Carlotta did not break the intense, sun-stricken stillness of the place. "I wonder," he said wistfully at length, "what you are going to do with me? All that there is of me is at your disposal."

A hint of the old mirth gleamed through the little mist in Carlotta's eyes.

"But," she began softly, and then waited. The two aged ones, who now came out chattering about the mosaics, were surprised by Carlotta's delight in seeing them. They started back, and through the late afternoon came the gracious influence of wide horizon lines, and of free, floating wings, Venice, ever ahead with her bubble-like domes, her curious towers, lying upon the heart of the sea. The blue water flushed to faint purple and rose, and burned at last to gold in the pathway of the setting sun, and all the iridescence of earth and cloud seemed reflected in the young man's face.

To Carlotta's great surprise, Mrs. Ashton-Stone begged to be allowed to join the expedition to San Giovanni e Paolo the next day. She was charming with the little German ladies, most affectionate with Carlotta, and her way with Mr. Robert Winfield was such as no youth of twenty-five could resist. With the rustle of her silken draperies in his ears he walked from stately tomb to stately tomb, and his heart swelled high with hope. Carlotta paced before him, and Carlotta had not said him nay. Here was Carlotta's aunt and guardian about to give what wonderfully sweet consent!

"It is a great relief to know that you have helped amuse my niece during these days when I have been ill. The little German ladies —"

"The little German ladies have been as happy as two children at their first pantomime," said the lad joyously. "We have had no end of a good time watching them."

"I presume so." Mrs. Ashton-Stone was watching him closely. "It has been a great resource to Miss Stone. Matters were rather awkward for her. You must have noticed Mr. Thornton's great interest in her, though perhaps she has concealed her interest in him."

The tomb of Doge Tommaso Mocenigo with its delicate marble carving seemed suddenly to become the tomb of all his hopes and longings, yes, of love itself, as the lad gazed steadily; yet he smiled as he answered,—

"Yes, I had noticed it."

Mrs. Ashton-Stone looked at him with admiration: he had good pluck.

"The matter can have but one outcome, I hope, as do all her friends. They are entirely suited to each other, and Mr. Thornton can give her the position that she wants and deserves."

Fate played into the lady's hands, for, as the two strolled on, they became aware that Mr. Thornton was standing with Carlotta in one of the choir chapels. There was that in Carlotta's downcast face and the man's air of respectful devotion which made Mrs. Stone's heart beat high with hope, though it brought despair to the lad. She hurried him away, her finger on her lips, and it was fifteen minutes later that Carlotta found them wandering about the piazza. The agitation visible in the girl's eyes and mouth brought home with a final sting to Robert Winfield an already overmastering sense that he had been a fool. If Carlotta had cared would she not have written him a word or line to end this hard suspense? Proof as weighty as the massive presence of Mrs. Stone lay on his heart like lead. Carlotta looked wistfully at him, waiting for one more look of quiet understanding, such as they had shared since yesterday, but in vain. He said good-by abruptly, without a word to her as he left his companions at the hotel, then gave some lengthy directions to his gondolier. The Frau Doctor lingered timidly, but he did not see her, and she went almost tearfully upstairs.

"Anna," cried the Frau Professor as the other entered the gorgeous apartment, "I have news."

"I, too," said the Frau Doctor, sighing and wiping her brow with a black-bordered handkerchief.

"*Aber*, mine is more important," insisted the Frau Professor.

"Impossible!" The Frau Professor pricked up her ears; it must be something important indeed to make Anna hold her own in this way.

"I heard that woman," whispered the Frau Professor, "talking to Robert about Carlotta and Mr. Thornton, and she made him misunderstand. I was studying the next tomb and they did not see me."

"Ah, that explains!" The Frau Doctor clasped her hands. "That tells all; and Mr. Thornton was there in the church, spoiling everything. Robert goes away and comes not back. I heard him tell Guido. Guido was sent to the hotel to tell the man that all must be packed. The boy takes the afternoon train; he goes, and we do not see him again." The Frau Doctor was frankly weeping now. Suddenly her face brightened. "*Ach, Himmel*, but it is good news you bring after all! I thought he was going because Carlotta had sent him, as she sent Mr. Thornton, away."

"We must act," said the Frau Professor. "We go at once to his hotel and reveal all."

"Not to the hotel," pleaded the Frau Doctor. "That would be unmaidenly. We go to his train this afternoon and hold him back."

They did so. Trembling at their own audacity, amazed at the price asked for the gondola, they secretly embarked in a quiet spot where no one could see, and stole, the last of a long line of Venetian conspirators, through side canals and around sinister corners, to the railway station. They had still an hour to wait before the train left, and they paced up and down, hand in hand, anxiously scanning the faces of all the voyagers they could

see. He came at last, sitting very erect and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, the fine manliness of the young face all the more visible for the absence of the boyish color that had been there yesterday.

"Robert," whispered the Frau Professor, as he stepped ashore. He started nervously, then looked with wide-opened eyes. Were the little ladies mad, as he had half suspected all along? The Frau Doctor took his arm; the Frau Professor laid her hand on his shoulder, and they led him away.

"It is all a mistake," said the former. "You go not away."

"It is a misunderstanding," said the latter.

"There is no truth in it. Carlotta herself has told me all."

He looked from one to the other with eyes that vainly begged an explanation.

"Carlotta is not for him!" almost shouted the Frau Professor at last. "It was the second time she sent him away, this morning at San Giovanni."

"She cares not for Mr. Thornton; she cares for you and you only," confided the Frau Doctor, cuddling closer.

As they explained, coaxed, wheedled, the surprise in his face gave way to indignation, and indignation faded before a radiant joy that brought color to the lad's cheeks and light to his eyes. He could not be angry with the two who were thus intruding unbidden into the secret places of his heart, when their solicitude for him betrayed itself in the trembling hands and moistened eyes. They took possession of him, and would not let him go; assured him of Carlotta's undying affection, and would have ordered away the man who brought his trunks if they had but known the necessary Italian. When Robert Winfield refused to go back to his hotel, they urged the Hotel Allegra upon him, assuring him that it was sumptuous and cheap, only three francs a day. With this his hurt pride melted, for the words brought back the whole innocent conspiracy, and the de-

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light he had had with Carlotta through all the summer days. They prevailed at last, though he declined the hospitality of the Hotel Allegra, and they bore him away in triumph; never a doge of the glorious days of Venice came home more proudly with the captives and spoils of war than did they with their prisoner.

They wisely did not try to determine the time and place of the lovers' meeting, but left fate to have its way, and so it happened that the old life was resumed the next morning as if no break had occurred. Mrs. Ashton-Stone was disheartened by the wonted appearance of Robert Winfield, ready to act as escort to whatever part of the enchanted country his friends might choose. Her sudden courtesy to the little German ladies disappeared as suddenly as it had come, for she divined that it was they who had undone all that she had achieved. She left them in disdain, and the four companions fared forth in the old way. Carlotta, as they threaded the streets of water in the cool shadow, where now and then long sprays of woodbine or of clematis trailed against their faces as they skirted garden walls, had no look of reproach for the young man's unkindness of yesterday, which perhaps goes to show that she lacked something of full perfection of feminine nature, as her aunt often assured her. The two little ladies chatted in an intentionally natural manner as they landed at the stone steps of a garden upon the Giudecca, and passed the sculptured lions that guarded the gates.

"Now," said the Frau Professor in an explosive whisper, grasping the hand of her friend, and the two disappeared down a long ilex avenue that led to the lagoon. Their purpose was so evident that man and maid burst into a laugh, and the minute that had threatened to be all pathos was turned to mirth. Together they walked the even garden paths in all the sweetness of tall white lilies, climbing roses, and ripening peach and pear.

"I am told that you started to leave

Venice rather abruptly," said Carlotta. "I should have thought that you would have come to say good-by."

"I've no defense to make, my Lady Doge," he said penitently. "Take me down the fatal stairway and over the Bridge of Sighs. I deserve my sentence, whatever it is."

"It is a secret sentence," said Carlotta serenely, "and must be whispered."

It was.

"And now, my lady," said the victim, taking both hands of the judge within his own, "if you really care, why did you not tell me that day at Torcello? Do you know in what nethermost pit of torture you have kept me since then?"

Carlotta's brown eyes were lighted by soft, inward fire.

"Because I cared so much, after knowing you only two weeks, that I was ashamed. Because I wanted to be sure that it is the better part of me that cares."

"And are you sure?"

Carlotta bowed her head.

"The very inmost heart and soul of me," she said softly.

A cricket chirped in the sparse grass, and all the rest was silence; gulls flew low on great white wings above the garden, then soared high into the blue; the little old ladies, looking under the drooping grapevine that stretched from one mulberry tree to another, saw the lad's tall head bent reverently to Carlotta's, and turned away, their faded eyes dim with happiness.

THE WATER WITCH

BY JOHN FINLEY

GRAY, unearthly water-witch
With your supple forkèd switch
Wand'ring o'er my upland field,
What is to your sense revealed
That is hid away from mine,
That my hand cannot divine?

Is it Arethusa, crying,
Still from base Alphæus flying,
That you hear and fain would lead
Forth upon the fragrant mead,
As a gentle sweet-voiced fountain,
At the foot of my lone mountain?

Or the famed Pierian rill,
Migrant from its ancient hill, —
Does it flow with rhythmic beat
Under your slow-shuffling feet,
Till the forest's pulses cry
Through this twig their rapt reply?

Or that other stream of old
Where King Midas, fond of gold,
Bathed and found his body freed
From its gold-creating greed —
Do its hoarded yellow sands
Twitch your empty, callous hands?

.
Yesterday an emperor,
Savant, navarch, conqueror,
Tiring of his wave and clod,
Asked for a divining rod,
Not content till he should bring
Waters from the hidden spring,
Till the streams beneath the land
Should obey his least command.

But no man shall govern these
Save who's often on his knees
Where the flowers and grasses grow,
Who has heard the rain and snow
Talking with the parchèd earth
Of the deluge and the dearth;
Save who knows the forest's speech,
Voice of oak and pine and beech,
And amid their shadows dreams, —
He shall hear the silent streams,
He shall see the unseen things,
He shall find the secret springs,
He shall strike in faith the rock,
Though the unbelieving mock,
He shall make a living well
For the thirsty souls who dwell
In the vale of Baca, he
Seer of sky and spring shall be; —
In his hands the out-door God
Puts his true divining-rod.

THE FOREST PHILOSOPHY OF INDIA

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

A TRANSLATION of Deussen's *Philosophy of the Upanishads*¹ will be welcomed by all who have been familiar with this learned work in the original, and who hold it important that more accurate notions of the Orient be disseminated. As an analytic, and to a certain degree constructive, critic of Hindu philosophy, Professor Deussen is easily foremost among Western scholars. He has perceived more clearly than any one else the central position of that philosophy in the long struggle of the human spirit to come to its own; he has traced the development of ideas, from the early guesses of Vedic days down to the stupendous system of Çankara, in a masterly manner. It would be presumptuous in me to assume a knowledge of Indian thought, or of metaphysics generally, comparable to his; and it would be disingenuous to deny that what knowledge I possess is in part derived from the very book I am about to criticise. Nevertheless it seems worth while to look at his vast collection of material in a somewhat different light, at least to shift the emphasis in summing up our final impression of that Forest Philosophy, which, from the age of Alexander to the present, has been the periodic wonder of the world. When he comes to deal with the elaborate superstructure which Bâdarâyana and later (circa 750 A. D.) Çankara, the *Doctor Angelicus* of India, raised on the foundation of the Veda, I,

for one, can only stand and admire. But it is just a question whether the ability, or, better, the predilection, which fitted him to write the *System des Vedânta*, did not in a measure unfit him to interpret the more naïve and unsystematic stammerings of the Upanishads. It may be a question whether the effect of his work on those earlier treatises is not — despite his own protests to the contrary — to convert into metaphysical dialectics what was at bottom a religious and thoroughly human experience.

The point is fundamental, and calls for insistence. There is a proposition in the *Ethics* of Spinoza (I, xi) to this effect: "God, or substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses eternal and infinite essence, necessarily exists." Which is as much as to say: The definition which I give of God includes existence, therefore it is absurd for me to deny that He exists. So, briefly, runs the famous ontological argument which in one form or another has wrought a kind of metaphysical insanity. A hundred times it has been exorcised, and a hundred times it has risen like an ill-laid ghost to trouble the brains of men. The great service of Kant professedly was to lay this phantom once for all, and to show that what exists in the reason does not necessarily exist in fact; but his heart failed him. As Heine says, no sooner did he destroy the old phantom of Deism with his critique of pure reason, than with the practical reason as with a magic wand he brought the corpse to life again. One thing is sure: before we can understand, though but dimly, the language of India's sacred books, we must utterly abandon the lying dragoman of German metaphysics. Deussen himself is still bound in these shackles, and, with all his contor-

¹ *The Philosophy of the Upanishads*. By PAUL DEUSSEN. Authorized English translation by Rev. A. S. Geden. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1906. This forms in the original the second volume of Professor Deussen's *Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie*. Other works by him dealing with India are: *Das System des Vedânta*, *Die Sâtras des Vedânta*, and *Sechzig Upanishad's des Veda*.

tions, cannot escape that first fatal step: "I *think*, therefore I am." The very name, *forest philosophers*, shows how far they were from the lecture-room. There is in the earlier, and more genuine, Upanishads no articulated body of metaphysics, but rather the almost childlike gropings of the practical mystic to express in language the meaning of his inner life. Much of the older theology, much of the grotesque symbolism, remains, with not a little that is the mere hocus-pocus of magical words. And then, suddenly, out of this verbiage, there strikes up a phrase, a passage, that comes from the seldom-speaking recesses of the heart and carries the unmistakable accent of an ancient and profound national experience.

To grasp the force of these books we must go back to the time of the Vedas and store our memory with those earliest hymns of the Aryan race. There we shall find expressed the confused mythology of a people to whom the spectacle of nature was a divine wonder. More specially their hymns were shot through with the glories and terrors of the sky, — the splendor of the dawn spreading out her white garments over the darkness, the night dressing herself in beauty and gazing upon the earth with innumerable eyes, the clouds rolling out of the cavern of the horizon and huddling away into some far-off retreat, the fearful tumult of the Oriental tempest with its thunderbolts crashing through the curtain of gloom, the wind riding its loud-creaking chariot, and over all the motionless, divine, immeasurable circle of the highest heaven, —

There in his garment all of gold,
With jewels decked, sits Varuna,
And round about him sit his spies.

To the devout Hindu all this was a celestial drama of the gods. The dawn is a bride decked in her glistening marriage robes; wild horsemen ride through the sky; in the shadow of the storm Indra and the demon forever renew their tremendous duel. In the midst of these powers man felt his own supreme littleness. I do not know what the universal

origin of sacrifice may be, whether from a desire to propitiate the gods, or to strike a bargain with them, or from some other primeval instinct; but in India in these days it should seem in its purest form to have been an effort of the human being to escape the fragility and isolation of his lot and to connect his life with the overwhelming activities of nature. Only so, indeed, can the symbolism of the ritual be understood. Every step in the sacrifice — the form of the altar, the kindling of the fire, the preparation of the victim, the hymns, the least attitude of the priest — was supposed to be the counterpart of the drama of nature and the gods. More particularly this is made evident by the double office of Agni (*ignis*, fire). It will have been observed that in all the phenomena of the sky the imagination of the Hindu was most impressed by the element of light and fire, whether in the alternations of night and day or in the flaming arrows of the tempest. Agni is the sun, the immortal energy of the gods, the giver of life and abundance, the terrible destroyer; he dwells aloft in the heavens, and is concealed in the vital sap of earthly plants. Here lay the hold of the priest. In the altar flame he not only reproduced the life of the gods, but by the force of analogy controlled the celestial phenomena. "Agni is light, light is Agni;" and again, "The sun is light, light is the sun," chanted the priest at the evening and morning service of the fire; and one of the sacrificial books says more especially, "When the priest in the morning before the rising of the sun makes his offering, he brings the sun to birth, and the sun, filling out his orb of light, rises in radiance. Of a truth he would not rise, should the priest fail to make this offering in the sacrificial fire."¹

¹ Thoreau, in the fields about Concord, said something very similar: "Day would not dawn if it were not for

THE INWARD MORNING.
Packed in my mind lie all the clothes
Which outward nature wears,
And in its fashion's hourly change
It all things else repairs."

We see in this strange symbolism of the sacrifice how gradually the worship and marvel of the world are subdued to the heart of man; it is a slow process of absorption, one might say, corresponding to the growth of introspection and self-knowledge. In this way only can we understand the hold of that prayer which for thousands of years has been in the mouth of every pious Hindu: "*Tat Savitur varenyam*,— May we by meditation win that desired glory of the Sun, of the divine one who shall inspire our prayers!" At first, no doubt, this was nothing more than the customary plea for worldly honor and success, but with time its meaning, or *intention*, changed, and it came to express the hunger of the soul to feel within itself the fullness of the miracle of being. Agni, the material fire, becomes identified with *brahma*, the swelling and aspiration of the heart in prayer; and by a natural transition we pass to *tapas*, the *heat* and glow of devotion by asceticism.

We have thus the three periods of Hindu religion, represented by the early worship of wonder and fear, the symbolic assumption of divine powers in the ritual, and the relinquishing of the symbol for the self-sufficient life of the spirit. Our concern is more specially with this later step.

As the theory and practice of sacrifice became more complex, the tyranny of the Brahmins, or priests who alone could perform the rites, extended itself more and more over all the activities of man; and there sprang up about the ritual a peculiar priestly literature, the *Brâhmanas*. The world has seen nothing else quite comparable to the awful intricacies of that religion. It permeated life to the minutest recesses; it developed into a monstrous, inconceivable oppression, and yet it had also its beneficent side. It contained the basis of a vast discipline; teaching men to regard their selfish desires and interests as trivial in comparison with those religious acts which pointed, however crudely and viciously, to

divine laws. Out of that priestly despotism the race might have come with blunted moral sense, spiritually debased and engrossed in superstition; and such an influence many people would regard as at work in India to-day, forgetting that political and racial subversions hardly permit us to reckon on a continuity of religious forces. Certainly, for a time, and on the more elastic spirits, this discipline induced a powerful reaction, which, as happens when the discipline is genuine, retained what was valuable in the older forms while induing them with new significance.

There had already sprung up under Brahminical rule the regular division of a man's life into three stages, as student, householder, anchorite. From his twelfth to his twenty-fourth year (or for a more indefinite period) the young Brahmin was to dwell in the house of a teacher, serving him in menial offices and storing up in memory the vast body of sacred literature. After this his second duty was to marry and create a family of his own, and thus to carry on the inheritance of religion for himself and for others. But with the consciousness in the Hindu mind of a deep-seated discord between the demands of daily life and the growth in spiritual power, these duties of the householder and representative priest inevitably grew irksome in the end and called for a time of reparation. Hence, when a man's sons were grown and ready to assume the traditional routine, when he beheld his sons' sons about him, he was free to shake off the burden and retire for repose and inner recreation to the sacred places of the wilderness. Later, under the impulse of a doubtful asceticism, a fourth stage separated itself from this period of retreat. When the consummation was foreseen the hermit was to take up his staff and wander straight forward, begging his way, until death brought him release. This fourth regimen never obtained general acceptance; and, indeed, it is not to be supposed that so rigid an appor-

tionment of life as was implied by the three stages became ever a universal practice. It was an ideal always, but an ideal, as both history and literature attest, that was realized by innumerable men and women.

The heart of the matter for us lies in the third period of forest life, which was in part a fulfillment of the priestly discipline, and very early in part also a means of escape from the intolerable religious routine. Nor must we suppose that for most of these eremites existence was excessively harsh or even lonely. A hut thrown up on the banks of some stream or lake, often on the picturesque slope of hill or mountain, gave all the shelter that was needed in that warm climate, and food was abundant and free. Often they dwelt in companies, under the guidance of some authoritative saint; and if we were to look for a comparison in the Western world we should go, not, perhaps, to the stern anchorites of the Thebais, but to the group of holy men who gathered about Port-Royal des Champs in the time of its purest and most untroubled enthusiasm. Only, there is a touch of Oriental richness in these Indian scenes not to be found in the neighborhood of Paris and Versailles. The drama and epic of India are filled with really charming pictures of the life of mingled society and solitude, such as is shown in this speech of an aged sanctified woman to the wife of Râma:—

But now the sun has sunk from sight,
And left the world to holy Night.
Hark! how the leafy thickets sound
With gathering birds that twitter round:
They sought their food by day, and all
Flock homeward when the shadows fall.
See, hither comes the hermit band,
Each with his pitcher in his hand:
Fresh from the bath, their locks are wet,
Their coats of bark are dripping yet.
Here saints their fires of worship tend,
And curling wreaths of smoke ascend:
Borne on the flames they mount above,
Dark as the brown wings of the dove.
The distant trees, though well-nigh bare,
Gloom thickened by the evening air,
And in the faint uncertain light

Shut the horizon from our sight.
The beasts that prowl in darkness rove
On every side about the grove,
And the tame deer, at ease reclined,
Their shelter near the altars find.
The night o'er all the sky is spread,
With lunar stars engarlanded,
And risen in his robes of light
The moon is beautifully bright.
Now to thy lord I bid thee go:
Thy pleasant tale has charmed me so:
One thing alone I needs must pray,
Before me first thyself array:
Here in thy heavenly raiment shine,
And glad, dear love, these eyes of mine.¹

It was in fact no unusual thing for a man to take his wife, or even his children, with him into the forest; and in general one gets the impression that life among these colonies was more wholesome than in our own monasteries of the Middle Ages. Learned women, whether as inquirers or as disputants, played a sufficient part in that great religious drama; and one of these is celebrated in what is, perhaps, the oldest of the Upanishads.

“Yâjñavalkya had two wives, Maitreyî and Kâtâyâni. Of these Maitreyî was interested in religious talk, but Kâtâyâni possessed only woman's knowledge. Now Yâjñavalkya was preparing to enter another stage of life, in the forest.

“‘Maitreyî,’ said he, ‘I am going away from this my house. Come then, let me make a settlement between Kâtâyâni and thee.’

“Then said Maitreyî, ‘My Lord, were this whole earth mine with all its wealth, tell me, should I, or should I not, be made immortal thereby?’—‘Not so,’ replied Yâjñavalkya; ‘like the life of the rich would thy life be. There is no hope of immortality through wealth.’

“And Maitreyî said, ‘What should I do with that which cannot make me im-

¹ The quotations from the *Râmâyana* are from the excellent version by R. T. H. Griffith, which might well be rendered more accessible to English readers. In quoting from the Upanishads I have made my own translation, using Max Müller's as a basis, but with the original text and Deussen's *Sechsig Upanishad's* before my eye.

mortal? What my Lord surely knoweth, that tell thou me.'

"And Yājñavalkya replied, 'Thou wast indeed dear to me, but now even dearer. Therefore, if it please thee, Lady, I will explain this matter, and do thou mark well what I say.'

"And he said, 'Verily, not for the love of husband is the husband dear; but for love of the Self the husband is dear. Verily, not for the love of wife is the wife dear; but for love of the Self the wife is dear. Verily, not for the love of sons are sons dear; but for love of the Self sons are dear. Verily, not for the love of wealth is wealth dear; but for love of the Self wealth is dear. . . . Verily, not for the love of gods are the gods dear; but for love of the Self the gods are dear.' . . .

The doctrine is not easy, and it is not surprising that Maitreyī cries out, "Sir, thou hast utterly bewildered me, and I know not what to make of this Self." Yājñavalkya, we are told, went away into the forest. He was the oracle of many restless souls who were then wandering about in search of the secret knowledge. Of Maitreyī no more is said, but one imagines her going into the woods with her husband and talking with him interminably on these high themes. And one gets here a glimpse of the kind of questions that had come to disturb the religious peace of India. Especially when released from the heavy routine of observances, in the forest where the worshiper was permitted to substitute a mental devotion for all, or at least for the more burdensome part, of the ceremonial, he began to consider more closely the meaning of the elaborate servitude he had undergone, to ask himself what correspondence could be found between the outer and the inner reality, and the value of what he had outgrown. In this fermentation of thought it is natural that the Kshatriyas, or ruling caste, who had always been outside the secret of the ceremonial, should appear on the whole to have been the leaders of the friendly revolt, whereas the priestly caste of Brahmins, whose

influence and very existence depended on the physical sacrifice, should have been the learners and followers. And the manner in which the new faith spread is sufficiently clear. Here and there to some lonely thinker the swathing bands of prescription fell away and exposed to his view the innermost core of his spiritual experience. He would give a name to this reality, a kind of catchword which passed from mouth to mouth, and inquirers, hearing the word and half understanding its meaning, would travel to the sage with their questions. It is evident that those who had attained enlightenment expounded their vision only under precautions. If the questioner showed that something in his own life corresponded to the progress of the sage, if it appeared that the exposition of the secret word would be a reality to him, — neither a vain syllogism of the reason nor a pretext for contempt of duty, — then in some metaphor or some quaint dialectic the teacher would lead him to trace back the steps of his own experience until he reached the innermost source of truth. Thus the doctrine was a *rahasyam*, a secret, an *upanishad* (for this is the real meaning of the word), which gradually spread itself among these forest-dwellers. After a while it was written down in books, not without large admixture of outworn mythologies and popular superstitions, and in this form was at last taken up by the more orthodox Brahmins into their ritualistic writings. As a secret doctrine these treatises were called Upanishads; as a portion of the literature designed for the forest life they were Aranyakas (*aranya* = forest); as forming the conclusion of the sacred canon they were the Vedānta, the Veda-End (*Veda* = specifically the early collections of sacrificial hymns, generically the whole religious canon; *anta* = end).

In all this it cannot be too often repeated that a definite moral and spiritual experience is the true basis and reality, that the rationalizing theories come afterwards, that in a certain sense rationalism is a contradiction of what it under-

takes to expound, and flourishes only when the reality has begun to fade away. In our own civilization we know that deism, or rationalism, was fundamentally a denial of the religion it sought to bolster up; and so in India the later syllogistic aphorisms of Bâdarâyana, through which Professor Deussen has approached the Upanishads, indicate the beginning of an inner petrification. Perhaps the surest way to avoid this fallacy of the reason would be to eschew the metaphysical path altogether. Instead of starting with a comparison of the transcendental unreality underlying the thought of Kant and Plato and the Vedânta, after the manner of our learned guide, one might look first for the truth of the Upanishads in the vivid consciousness of a dualism in human nature, and one might add — with some temerity, no doubt — that the degree of clearness with which this dualism has been perceived marks the depth of any religion or philosophy. Religion, one would say, was just the acceptance of this cleavage in our nature as a fact, despite the caviling of the intellect, together with a belief that the gulf may be bridged over by some effort of the will, by self-surrender to a power in one sense or another not ourselves. Philosophy is an attempt to explain away this dualism rationally, and literature, in its higher vocation at least, often asserts the same prerogative by virtue of the imagination. But in one way or another, by the fervor of acceptance, by the very vehemence of denial, by the earnestness of the endeavor to escape it, this dualism lies at the bottom of our inner life, and the spiritual history of the human race might be defined as the long writhing and posturing of the soul (I mean something more than the mere intellect, — the whole essential man, indeed) to conceal, or deny, or ridicule, or overcome, this cleft in its nature.

In pure religion this struggle arises most commonly from a conviction of sin. Man feels his own responsibility for the chasm in his nature, and this responsibil-

ity he symbolizes in a thousand ways, — in the fable of the fall, in the doctrine of universal depravity, in the terror of fetishism, in propitiatory rites, in the whole structure of mythology, we may say. The story of Gethsemane clothes it in its most beautiful and most tragic garb. It matters little whether we adopt the mythological explanation and say that Jesus actually bore through his divine humiliation the sins of the world, or whether, more rationalistically, we say that he was weighed down with sympathy for the universal curse of evil; those prayers beneath the olive trees in the silence and loneliness of night, that agony and bloody sweat, are witnesses to the consciousness in one great soul of the division in man and of the need to attain to atonement by sacrificing one half of our nature. That acceptance of pain was the *tapas*, or asceticism, of the Indian sages, the inner heat or fire, as the word signifies, which was to burn away the body of despair. It is not fashionable in these days to preach the gospel of suffering, we choose rather the anæsthesia of brotherly love; but still at the bottom of Christianity, rising to the surface with every serious stirring of the religious sense, is this consciousness of sin, and that resurgent cry of the Christ, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;" with its echo in the mouth of his greatest disciple, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

The inevitable tendency of religion has been to project this dualism of consciousness into the supersensible realm and to create a mythology, the near example for us being the divine drama of the Incarnation or, more picturesquely, the conception of heaven and hell. To those whose inner consciousness has been dulled by the routine of the world some such appeal to the imagination is no doubt indispensable, and it would be well if theology could pause here and not proceed to apologetic theorizing. Practically all the ruinous battles of the Church have been fought over the attempt, inevitably futile in the end, to define this mythology in terms of

the reason. Arianism tried to explain away the seeming — rather, the real — unreason of the dual nature of Christ; Augustine's attack on Pelagianism was for the sake of maintaining the sharp division between Grace and man's fallen will; Luther's justification by faith argued a complete breach between the natural and the redeemed man; the war of Jansenism and Jesuitism, the last stand of pure Christianity, was but a repetition of the dispute between Augustine and Pelagius. Unfortunately, the reason, when once awakened to its powers, finds itself in jeopardy from its own theological creation, and, like another Cronos, devours its offspring. Heaven and hell are swept away; the religious sense, which has become atrophied through dependence on this myth, seems to fail altogether, and we have the state which, with various eddies of revolt, has prevailed since the deistic movement of the eighteenth century, — a blustering denial of man's uneasiness and an organized effort to drown that feeling in social sympathy.

Of the endeavor of philosophy to reconcile this dualism little need be said, because in its purest metaphysical form it contains an element palpably self-destructive. Whereas religion veils the reality of human experience in an eternal allegory, metaphysics would explain this experience away. Religion would escape the dilemma of dualism by sacrificing one of its terms; metaphysics denies the existence of a second term. Hence the endless logomachy of the two schools of philosophy, Protean in their change of forms, but always radically opposed to each other as reason champions one or the other side. For whether the resultant theory is that of Parmenides or of Heraclitus, whether it be realism or nominalism, the pantheism of Spinoza or the deism of Locke, some bubble of neo-Hegelianism or babble of pragmatism, — the process is always the same: it is the reason denying one term of our dual nature and magnifying the other into an hypothesis of universal being. And the

answer is always and to either school the same: the facts of experience do not coincide with the demand of reason for unity.

When we turn from religion and philosophy to literature this dualism becomes in the nature of the case more obscure; yet to one who looks closely it will still be found to underlie just those passages of the poets which appeal most insistently to the deeper strata of our sensibilities. It may even be used — though with extreme caution — as a test to discriminate the higher from the lower realm of artistic intuition. Certainly, if one will examine the celestial machinery of two such epics as *Paradise Lost* and the *Æneid*, this difference will fairly strike the eyes. Read Milton's dialogue in heaven which follows the magnificent apostrophe to light: —

To whom the great Creator thus replied:
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
*All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed.*

Is it not sufficiently evident throughout these passages that the poet's rationalism has prevented him from distinguishing between the mystery of divinity and the mere planning and providing faculties of man? His deity is thus neither completely anthropomorphic nor mystically superhuman, and there is something repellent and illogical in the whole substratum of the poem. Turn then to the lines in the beginning of the *Æneid* from which Milton borrowed his scene: —

Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum
Vultu, quo cælum tempestatesque serenat,
Oscula libavit natæ, dehinc talia fatur:
Parce metu, Cytherea, manent inmotæ tuorum
Fata tibi: cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
Mœnia, sublimemque feres ad sidera cæli
Magnanimum Ænean; neque me sententia
vertit.
Hic tibi — fabor enim, quando hæc te cura remordet,
Longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo. . . .

[The father of men and gods, smiling upon his daughter with that countenance beneath

which sky and weather grow serene, kissed her lightly and thus spoke: Fear not, Cytherea; unmoved remain the fates of those thou lovest. . . . For, since I behold thy anxiety, I will speak at length and unroll before thee the secret things of the fates.]

At first it might appear that Virgil, as he is here even more frankly anthropomorphic than Milton, so moves on a lower plane. But look closer, and the inference is turned quite the other way about. Because Virgil recognizes the great cleft between the divine and the human,—or, if you will, the divine and the natural in the human,—he sees the futility of trying to personify God by segregating from man's nature one such faculty as the reason; he knows that the movers of the world, the *rerum causa*, can be interpreted to the imagination only through symbols completely human and finite, and his gods are but men with all their passions on a larger scale. Far beyond the gods and their meddling lie, dimly adumbrated, the *immota fata*, the secret things of destiny. And this deeper intuition affects not only the celestial machinery of the *Æneid*, but its whole texture and language. With all the exaltation of Milton's style it must be admitted that his work contains nothing corresponding to the Latin poet's sudden glimpses into the abyss in such lines as the *Veni summa dies*, or the repeated *Requies ea certa laborum*. With all the luminous beauty spread over Milton's Paradise, there is nothing which quite takes the place of Virgil's *Tacitæ per amica silentia lunæ*, wherein the stillness of that desired rest, the stillness of the unmoved fates, seems almost to be made visible in the nocturnal heavens.

Nor need we turn to these great creations of the imagination and reason to observe the law of dualism. We all of us have felt the painful paradox of mutability; all of us, looking at the world at large and at human activities, have wavered between the conception of endless ungoverned motion as the only reality and the thought of some invisible power

sitting motionless at the centre; and then, turning within ourselves, have perceived that this antinomy is caused by, or corresponds to, a like division there. So we are forever driven on by restlessness; yet which of us, now and then, amid this daily storming of desires that run out after ephemeral things, has not said in thought, as Michael Angelo said in fact, "*Beata l'alma, ove non corre tempo; happy the soul where time no longer courses*"? And, piercing still further into consciousness, we resolve that contrast into a warfare between an impetuous personal self-will and that *will to refrain* which is the submission to a deeper self.

Here is no room for pantheism; and no word is apt to give a falser impression of the early Indian philosophy than the term "monism" which is so glibly applied to it. For what in the end is pantheism, or monism? It is either a vague and lax state of reverie, or, if pronounced as a consistent theory of existence, a barren hybrid between religion and philosophy with no correspondence in emotional or rational truth. To say flatly that God is all, and that there is nothing but God, is simply a negation of all we know and feel; it is the *prôton pseudos* of metaphysical religion. Now, it cannot be said too often that the Upanishads are essentially the groping of many minds after the truth, and not a systematized philosophy. Consequently, as each aspect of the truth appears, it is magnified without reference to what has preceded or what may follow, and each text must be interpreted by the drift and consensus of the whole. From the nature of this search and from the goal in view, many passages might seem to express the crudest pantheism; but always, if we look more attentively, the way leads, not into that blind abyss, but quite elsewhere. Because the end to be attained is so high and great, it is said to contain within itself all lesser things: "He who has seen, heard, comprehended, and known the Self, by him is this whole

world known." And a stanza in the same Upanishad begins:—

This shall a man know in his mind,
That nothing here is manifold.

Pantheism and monism could not apparently be stated more explicitly; and yet in fact nothing is further from the writer's thought. The conclusion of the stanza points to the correct interpretation:—

From death to death he ever goes,
Who sees the world as manifold.

The intention is not to deny the independence of phenomenal existence, but to withdraw the mind from dwelling therein; to contrast in the strongest terms the worldly and the spiritual life, the lower and the higher path: "Out of the unreal lead me to the real; Out of darkness lead me to light; Out of death lead me to deathlessness."

But if the lesson of the Upanishads is incompatible with that false hybrid between religion and philosophy, it is still further removed from a mechanical balancing of soul and body, spirit and matter, such as was later taught by philosophy, the Sāṅkhya, or by Manichæism, which, in somewhat attenuated form, was infiltrated into Christianity through Saint Augustine. Rather this effort to pass from the unreal to the real takes the form of a progressive contemplation of the world and of man himself from an ever higher point of view. The rumor was spread abroad that certain of these eremites of the forest had discovered the secret of the world and of man, and the names of Brahma and Atman ran from mouth to mouth. What is the meaning of these mystic formulæ? Who has heard and can impart the truth? The answer comes almost always in a dialogue which carries the mind of the inquirer upward step by step, ending often, like the dialectic of Plato, in a parable.

"Gārgya, the son of Balākā, was a Brahmin, proud of his learning. Said he to Ajātaçatru, the King of Kāçī, 'Shall I tell you about Brahma?'—'For such

a lesson,' replied Ajātaçatru, 'I would pay a thousand cows.' . . .

"Gārgya said, 'The person in the sun, him I adore as Brahma.' Ajātaçatru said, 'Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the supreme, the head of all beings, the king.'—Verily, whoever adores him thus, becomes supreme, the head of all beings, the king.

"Gārgya said, 'The person in the moon, him I adore as Brahma.' Ajātaçatru said, 'Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the great one clad in white raiment, as King Soma' [the sacrificial juice, sacred to the moon].—Verily, whoever adores him thus, Soma is poured out and poured forth for him day by day, and his food does not fail.

"Gārgya said, 'The person in the lightning, him I adore as Brahma.' Ajātaçatru said, 'Speak not to me of him! I adore him already as the luminous.'—Verily, whoever adores him thus, becomes luminous, and his children after him become luminous."

So the argument progresses, haltingly indeed, through the conception of Brahma, as ether, space, the reflection in a mirror, life, even death; until in the end all the arrows of the boastful Gārgya are shot and he is reduced to silence. "Then said Ajātaçatru, 'Thus far only?'—'Thus far only,' he replied.—'This does not suffice to know it,' said Ajātaçatru.—'Nay, let me come to thee as learner,' said Gārgya.—And Ajātaçatru answered, 'It is unnatural that a Brahmin should come to a Kshatriyan to learn about Brahma; yet will I teach thee.' So saying, he took him by the hand and arose. And the two came to a man who was asleep."

The process when applied to the inner nature of man is much the same, and the result not different. Yājñavalkya we have seen preparing to go out into the woods, and discussing with his wife the incomparable value of self-knowledge above all worldly possessions. He is indeed one of the fabulous possessors of the secret, to

whom many traveled for enlightenment, and from whom some departed as wise as they came. One too inquisitive woman, who pressed him with question after question, until only the revelation of Brahma remained, he silenced abruptly: "Do not ask too much, or your head will burst!" Another inquirer, Janaka, King of the Videhas, he would have put off, had he not been bound by a former promise. And so Janaka questions him about the secret:—

"Yājñavalkya," he said, "what is the light of man?"—"The sun, O King," he replied; "for by the light of the sun he sits and moves about, does his work and returns."—"So it is, O Yājñavalkya."

"But when the sun has set, O Yājñavalkya, what is then the light of man?"—"The moon is then his light; for by the light of the moon he sits and moves about, does his work and returns."—"So it is, O Yājñavalkya."

"But, O Yājñavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, what is the light of man?"—"Fire is then his light; for by the light of fire he sits and goes about, does his work and returns."—"So it is, O Yājñavalkya."

"But, O Yājñavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, what is then the light of man?"—"Speech is then his light; for by the light of speech he sits and moves about, does his work and returns. Therefore, O King, when one cannot see one's own hand, yet when a voice is heard, one goes toward it."—"So it is, O Yājñavalkya."

"But, O Yājñavalkya, when the sun has set, and the moon has set, and the fire has gone out, and no speech is heard, what is then the light of man?"—"The Self [Atman] is then his light; for by the light of the Self he sits and moves about, does his work and returns."

"What is this Self?"

One feels almost as if an apology were necessary for offering such naïve conver-

sations as examples of a world-famed philosophy; and indeed, only after long reading of these sacred books, when the grotesque and infantile imagery has lost its strangeness to us, do we begin to feel the uplift in this endless seeking after the truth, the sense of expansion and freedom as the mind is carried again and again toward that goal of the infinite Brahma and the infinite Self. The excitement is never quite lost in this pursuit, the surprise never quite dulled when suddenly, in the end, comes the revelation that the infinite we grope after in the world without and within is one and the same, that Brahma and Atman are identical. "In the highest golden sheath there is the Brahma, without passions and without parts. That is pure, that is the light of lights, that is it which they know who know the Self. The sun does not shine there, nor the moon and the stars, nor these lightnings, nor yet this earthly fire." It would be hard to exaggerate the importance of this discovery, made so many years ago in the forests of India, that the eternal and infinite expectation of the soul is not to be sought in submission to an incomprehensible and inhuman force impelling the world, nor yet in obedience to a personal God, but is already within us awaiting revelation, is in fact our very Self of Self. The thought, as it comes down to us from those ancient sages, may sound strange to our ears, yet at bottom it is only what in a small way we each of us feel and know as the refuge from the vexations of daily life. Nay, it increases with the magnitude of our actions. It is the calm of the victorious general as he directs the storm of battle:—

'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of changing hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd.

It guides the patriot to self-surrender, and above all it is the rapture of the martyr who in death finds his higher life. The

gist of the matter is in the words of Christ, or of the Gnostic who spoke for him to Christianity: "I and my father are one." "And," as Sir Thomas Browne wrote in his grandiloquent manner, "if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exsolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingress into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them."

But, whereas in Christianity this present and entire identification of the human soul with God is sporadic and never quite free of theological coloring, in India it is constant and absolute. *Tat tvam asi*, that art thou, is the formula in which it is summed up and reiterated without end. — "That subtle spirit at the heart of all this world, that is the reality, that is the Self, *that art thou*." And the imagination of these early philosophers exhausts itself in the effort to figure this mystic Brahma, or Atman, in terms of the understanding. We have seen how Ajāta-śatru, to explain the nature of Brahma, at last leads his interlocutor to a man who was asleep; and in the same way Yājñavalkya, when pressed by Janaka to define the Self, can only point to the state of deep sleep in which the spirit of man transcends this world and all the forms of death. In another Upanishad Indra comes again and again to Prajāpati as a pupil to learn the nature of this Self which even to the gods is a mystery. At last the teacher says:—

"When a man is in deep sleep and at perfect rest, so that he dreams not, that is the Self, the deathless, the fearless, that is Brahma." — Then Indra went away satisfied in his heart. But before he had got back to the gods, this difficulty occurred to him: 'Alas, a man in that state has no knowledge of himself; he knows not that I am I, nor does he know anything that exists. He is gone

to utter annihilation. I see no profit therein.'

"So, with fuel in his hand [the regular fee to a teacher], he came once more as a pupil. And Prajāpati said to him, 'O Indra, you went away satisfied in your heart; why now do you come back?'— 'Sir,' he replied, 'in that state a man has no knowledge of himself; he knows not that I am I, nor does he know anything that exists. He is gone to utter annihilation. I see no profit therein.'

"So it is, Indra," said Prajāpati; 'now, I will explain the Self to you further, but only through this same state. Live with me other five years.'

What puzzled Indra may well give a Western reader pause, and, in sooth, Prajāpati does not help matters in his further elucidation. We know the stages by which the mind is brought to the brink of this truth, but at the last there remains the great inevitable leap from reason to unreason. Spinoza, the typical philosopher, sought to bridge that chasm by conceiving from any finite effect an infinite series of finite causes back to the infinite cause. But that is merely to throw dust in the eyes; prolong the series as you will, at the last comes the unavoidable break. And the Hindus recognized fully this impossibility of defining the infinite in finite terms. "He, the Self," cries Yājñavalkya at the close of one of his discussions with Janaka, "He, the Self, can only be expressed by *no, no!* He is incomprehensible, for he cannot be comprehended; undecaying, for he cannot decay; unattached, for he does not attach himself; he is unfettered, untroubled, unhurt." And then, passing from the insufficiency of metaphysical theory to the reality of religious experience, the teacher adds, "And thou, O Janaka, hast attained unto peace!" We are constantly in danger of being misled by the later use of the term *jñāna* (*gnōsis*, knowledge) to express this attainment of spiritual emancipation. "Knowledge" may be a propædæutic

thereto, but "knowledge" in any ordinary sense of the word the last stage certainly is not; for how, as the books themselves say, can the infinite Knower himself be known? The first step toward a proper understanding of the Hindu forest philosophy must be a tearing down of the whole scaffolding of modern intellectualism. Hume, though for an end of his own, struck at the heart of the matter when he wrote, "What peculiar privilege has this little agitation of the brain, which we call thought, that we must thus make it the model of the universe?"

And none the less must we be on guard against the *Gefühlphilosophie*, the feeling-philosophy, which forms the Romantic complement to German metaphysics. Nothing could be farther from the virile faith of the ancient Hindus than that vague emotionalism, freed from all reason and morality, of Schleiermacher's religion, which "as a holy music should accompany all the actions of a man." How that *heilige Musik* sang in Schleiermacher's own life may be gathered from his complaisance over the imbecile indecencies of his friend Friedrich Schlegel's *Lucinde*. What it meant to Goethe may be read in that scene where Faust makes his confession of pantheism to Gretchen: "Fill thy heart with this mystery, however great it be; and when thou art wholly blessed in the feeling, call it then what thou wilt, name it Fortune, Heart, Love, God! I have no name therefor! Feeling is all (*Gefühl ist Alles*)."¹ And that feeling? But turn the page and Faust is discovered employing it for the seduction of a simple, trusting girl.¹

¹ It may seem that unnecessary weight is laid on this contrast between the Upanishads and metaphysical Romanticism. But two things must be remembered. In the first place our own "higher" religion to-day, whether we call it Ritschlianism or what not, comes to us in direct descent from Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher, and the other Romanticists of Germany who dissolved the philosophy of J. J. Rousseau into a cloud of mystifying words. And in the second place our conception of an-

No, the faith of the Vedânta is neither intellectualism nor emotionalism; it springs neither from the *libido sciendi* nor from the *libido sentiendi*. The temptation that came to the forest hermits, strange as it may sound, was rather the lust of power. It was a fixed belief among them that through severe and long-continued asceticism a man by acquiring mas-

cient India, as an element of universal culture, comes to us from the same source. When we read in Novalis the oft-quoted sentence: "Nach Innen geht der geheimnißvolle Weg; in uns oder nirgends ist die Ewigkeit mit ihren Welten, die Vergangenheit und Zukunft;" when we read his mystical couplet:

"Einem gelang es, — er hob den Schleier der Göttin
von Sais,
Aber was sah er? — er sah — Wunder des Wunders;
sich selbst;" —

it might seem as if the wisdom of Yājñavalkya were to be caught from the lips of a modern poet. Alas, nothing is more deceptive than the human heart, nothing more elusive than these high words of mysticism! One needs but a little acquaintance with the lives and writings of the Schlegels, *et id genus omne*, to know how far apart India and modern Europe lie. The transcendental *Ich* of Fichte and the Fichtians turns out in practice to be not the *Atman* at all, but a mere mummery of what we know as egotism, an unwholesome exaggeration of the desiring and suffering personality.

"Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?"

In a word the whole aim of Romanticism was to magnify the sense of individuality to a state of morbid excess, wherein the finite and infinite should be dissolved together in formless reverie; "Erkennen und Begehren soll nicht zwei in mir sein, sondern Eins," said Schleiermacher, and this union was to be found in emotional self-contemplation. The Vedânta sought through the discipline of knowledge and self-restraint to put away these purely individual desires and emotions altogether, and so to distinguish between the two selves. The disentangling of the genuine Vedânta from its Romantic associations is thus as imperative as it is difficult. Deussen, a professed disciple of Schopenhauer, has not lightened the task. And it must be confessed that the publications of modern Hindus in the Vedânta Society and elsewhere only increase the confusion. We hear the old words, but they have acquired a new emotional coloring. India, also, in more recent years has passed through its period of Romanticism.

tery over himself might attain to supernatural ascendancy over the world and the gods; and the stories of these willful saints form the dark side to Indian legendary life. Even Râvana, the personification of evil in the Epic *Râmâyana*, had raised himself to his terrible pre-eminence by austerities. But, normally, the forest life was only the last stage of a discipline that was begun with the Brahmin's birth; and the practice of asceticism, if indulged in at all, was for the confirming within him of that *will to refrain* by which, and by which alone, a man may acquire dominion over himself, subduing the lower to the higher nature. Again and again it is said that only he who is tranquil, self-restrained, self-denying, patient, and collected, can enter into the possession of Brahma; and all this is the discipline of *tapas*, by which the obstructions on the path are burned away. We know that path, and the guides of knowledge and self-control that conduct us on the way, but who shall name to us the last step?

"The Self is not found out by study, nor by the understanding, nor by much learning. To whomsoever it listeth, the Self becomes manifest, and to him it becometh."

To whomsoever it listeth. If we wish to find any parallel in the Western world for this last mystery of faith, we must go back to Saint Augustine's theory of Free Grace or to the attempt of Jansenius to restore that hard doctrine. The discipline and preparation for the divine gift were pretty much the same for Brahmin and for Christian: to both salvation came in the end as an ineffable transition or transformation in which his natural human faculties took no part. Only there was this profound difference. In the Christian this change was effected by the arbitrary beneficence of a being who, as it were, rapt him out of himself. The Hindu, strictly speaking, knew no God, and needed no mythology; emancipation came to him when the illusion of his lower self fell away and left him to his true Self,

alone with that alone. Brahma and Atman were one.

Thus the dualism of the Vedânta was in the man himself; discipline and preparation there might be, but in the end it perceived an irreconcilable gulf fixed between the infinite Self and the finite personality. And as the mind dwelt on one of these terms, the other inevitably lost in comparison its reality; the world was divided into the real and the unreal, the true and the false, the blissful and the sorrowful, the known and the unknown. Hence arose that doctrine of *Mâyâ*, illusion, as applied to the whole realm of phenomenal existence, which has led many to read in the Upanishads a philosophy of monistic pantheism. The true interpretation involves the subtlest and least understood process of Oriental thought. There was not for the Hindu (as there has never been for human intelligence) any means by which the reason could pass from the finite to the infinite and explain one in terms of the other. Our attitude toward the rational relation of these two must always be one of confessed ignorance. Therefore, if one of these states of consciousness is a reality to us, is, so to speak, known (that is, experienced), the other must at that time be an unreality, must be unknown. As we face in one direction, we must turn our back on the other. Thus the very endeavor of the forest philosopher to realize the higher Self within him meant that his lower self and its home in the phenomenal world, became an unreality. He transferred our ignorance of the relation between the infinite and the finite to the finite itself. For him the world existed thus only through ignorance; ignorance was the cause of the world's existence; and as he attained knowledge by putting away ignorance the world ceased for him to exist. Such is the nature of the doctrine of *vidyâ* (knowledge) and *avidyâ* (non-knowledge) which formed the basis of Hindu philosophy. It differs from Western metaphysics in its frank acceptance of the dualism of human experience and

of man's inability to reconcile that dualism through the reason.

In after times the sense of this dualism weighed on the Hindu mind like the oppression of a frightful nightmare, and we not seldom find him sinking into a state of pessimism similar to that which Schopenhauer portrayed to Europe as the essence of the Upanishads. He could not throw off the weariness of ceaseless change and of unresting desires; he was haunted with a vision of the soul passing through innumerable existences, forever whirled about with the wheel of mutation, forever seeking and never finding peace; and from that weltering sea he reached out toward salvation with a kind of pathetic despair:—

O World! I faint in this thy multitude
Of little things and their relentless feud;
No meaning have I found through all my days
In their fantastic maze.

O World! still through the hours of blissful
night

The widowed moon her benison of light
Outpoureth, where the sacred river seems
From heaven to bear sweet dreams.

How soon, O World, beside the Gangâ shore,
Through the long silent night shall I implore
The mystic name? how soon in Gangâ's
wave

My sin-stained body lave?

But in the books of the older philosophers there is little of this morbid yearning, no touch of fierce pessimism. Indeed, the illusion and mutability of life are seldom mentioned, however they may lie as a background to the brighter picture. The substance of those books is the great and indomitable zest of a strong people groping for the light; and through the seeking and the questioning there breaks now and then the supreme joy of one who has found and knows what he has found. "Brahma is joy and knowledge," said the teacher whose name we have met most frequently in this excursion into the forests of India.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WALT WHITMAN

BY ELLEN M. CALDER

It was on Sunday the 28th day of December, 1862, that I first saw Walt Whitman in person. We were then living in Washington. As we sat at table, a knock at the door of our room — which served both as dining and sitting room — was answered by my husband, William Douglas O'Connor, with a hearty "Come in," and there stood the man whom Mr. O'Connor afterwards christened "The Good Gray Poet." He was immediately made known to me by name, but I could not have had a moment's doubt, for he looked as his pictures at that time represented him.

He had just returned from the "front," where he had gone to look up his brother George, who was wounded by a spent

ball in the battle of Fredericksburg. He had remained some days in camp, and found some of his Brooklyn "boys," and brought with him the names of others whom he wished to see, some of them his friends of the omnibus, horse-car, ferry-boat, and so on, in Brooklyn and New York, soldier boys who were then in hospitals in and around Washington. He thought he might like to remain in Washington perhaps ten days, or two weeks, and had a memorandum of some possible boarding-places that he wanted to see. Mr. O'Connor offered to go out on the search with him; but before they started my husband asked me, aside, if I would not like to have Walt for our guest at table during his stay in Washington,

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as there was a vacant hall bedroom on the floor where we were keeping house — in two rooms of the upper story of a house on L Street. I was delighted at the proposal, and hailed the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with the poet. Mr. O'Connor had already made his acquaintance in Boston in 1860, when Thayer and Eldridge were printing Whitman's third edition of *Leaves of Grass*, and O'Connor's *Harrington* at the same time. The landlord was consulted, the room could be rented, and on the return of Walt and William from the inspection of the places visited, they not having proved desirable, the room was engaged, our invitation accepted, and Walt became our most welcome guest for months.

Visiting one sick boy in hospital led to his finding another, there or elsewhere, and soon his occupation was the daily visiting of the soldier "boys," as they nearly all were to him, — not only the Brooklyn boys, but any and all who needed ministrations of any kind. These visits led him to Carver Hospital out on Seventh Street, to Columbia Hospital on Fourteenth Street, and to many others, as we had at that time and later twenty-one hospitals and convalescent camps in and around Washington, full of boys and men sick of fevers, and of all the diseases that are incurred by the hardships and exposures of war, aside from the wounded and those dying of disease and exhaustion caused by wounds. And this was the beginning of Whitman's service in behalf of the stricken, a service in which he found himself enlisted not for weeks, but for months and years. After making visits to many hospitals, and ministering to our soldiers in several of them, Walt largely confined his work to the Armory Square Hospital, — that being the nearest to the boat landing, and where many of the worst cases were necessarily detained, the soldiers being too badly wounded to be carried farther. Soon Dr. Bliss, the surgeon in charge, discovered that here was a man who could be trusted to go about the

wards and give an apple, an orange, or tobacco, or whatever, to the patients, as his intuition might prompt him, and not give the wrong thing. Walt told me one day that he found soldiers from the West who had never seen an orange till he carried them to the hospital. And he said the aroma of a lemon held in the hand was often most grateful to a fever patient.

On his way to the front in that search for his brother, Walt had reached Washington almost penniless, having had his pocket picked of all the money which had been gathered together by the family. He was, however, soon able to find Mr. C. W. Eldridge, his former publisher, now clerk to Major L. S. Hapgood of Massachusetts, Paymaster United States Volunteers. When Whitman had made his situation known, Mr. Eldridge and Mr. O'Connor were glad to relieve it at once. I had not met him then, being on a visit in Massachusetts. Serious as the situation was, Mr. Eldridge could not repress the facetious comment that any pickpocket who failed to avail himself of such an opportunity as Walt offered, with his loose baggy trousers, and no suspenders, would have been a disgrace to his profession. Through Major Hapgood Mr. Eldridge secured passes to the front for himself and Whitman. Walt had left his "carpet bag" with my husband, on his way down, wishing to be burdened with as little luggage as possible. Thus I was hoping and almost expecting to see him on his return from the seat of war. I was still, however, somewhat skeptical as to whether he would actually appear, as I had already learned of his elusive disposition, and of his dislike to be bound in any way. We had been promised by our friend Hector Tynedale of Philadelphia that we should meet him in that city, where he had often been looked for, on the strength of his vague assurances.

He was seldom betrayed into making appointments, as I had learned. When I expressed my doubts about his coming to us on his return from camp, — my

husband's answer was, "Yes, he surely will, for there is his carpet bag," which was plainly in evidence.

It was soon after this that Whitman's old friend, William Swinton, who was war correspondent for one of the great New York papers, met him on Pennsylvania Avenue, and asked him where he was to be found in the evening. Being told that he was staying at our house. Swinton said he would come up. Great was his surprise to find Walt actually there. Swinton exclaimed, "Well, Walt, I have known you dozens of years, and made hundreds of appointments with you, but this is the first time that I ever knew you to keep one. I *thought* I saw signs of decay!"

At this time Whitman's fine physique was impressive; measuring, as he said, only a half inch less than six feet in height, and weighing about two hundred pounds, with no ailment but those occasional intense headaches, caused by exposure to the fierce midday sun upon one of the hottest of summer days, after having had his hair cut at the shortest, and strolling along Broadway with head uncovered. He barely escaped sunstroke at the time, and now had to use the protection of an umbrella, as did most persons in our fierce summer weather in Washington.

He told us that the physician also held that the unusual combination which existed in his case, of a rapidly moving brain in a slow-moving, rather lethargic body, was unfavorable. The discrepancy was unfortunate. Even the ability to stop thinking at will, and to make his brain "negative," as he described a gift of his at that time of almost perfect health, did not insure him against these attacks of headache.

Whitman's evenings were usually spent with us at home, and with such friends as came to see us. I wish I had some record of the talks, discussions, arguments, that were nightly indulged in. No notes were taken, for all were engaged more or less in the *mêlée*, and no one could dream how valuable such notes

might have been as future reminders. Dr. Bucke, a later friend and biographer of Whitman, groaned in spirit when he learned that no record had been preserved of anything, for in those early days of intimate acquaintance no subject, whether under the heavens above or in the earth beneath, was ignored. Philosophy, history, religion, literature, — authors, ancient and modern, — language, music, and every possible question as to the conduct of the Civil War, — everything was discussed, and every side was heard.

Soon the friends living in Washington and those visiting the city knew where to find Whitman, and besides the regular, constant group, there were many others who were with us more or less.

The desk which Major Hapgood gave Walt for his daily use was in the Major's own room in the Corcoran Building, and there very often the soldiers who were able to climb up the four flights of stairs — for the office was on the fifth floor — used to call on him for such service as he was always glad to give, — writing letters for one, going to the train to see another properly started on his way home for his furlough, long or short as the case might be, and seeing to it that the funds for the trip were sufficient for all needs.

Soon after Whitman began his work in the hospitals, friends from Massachusetts and elsewhere, who learned of his good offices, sent him money to use according to his own discretion, and this was continued more or less to the end of the war. He earned a little money himself by corresponding for the New York papers.

In the matter of writing letters Walt found plenty of employment, for he soon discovered the fact that it is next to impossible for persons of limited education, unaccustomed to the use of the pen, to write readily, and many soldiers told him that they had not written home since leaving. He found boys, too, — and some of them literally *boys*, for they were under seventeen, — who had run away from home to enter the army, and whose

parents had no knowledge of the whereabouts of their sons. Very often Walt used to remark that he thought "the institution of the father a failure." Mothers were loving, affectionate, indulgent, and sympathetic, but he did not find it so with fathers, and in many cases that came under his own observation undue severity at home had driven the boys to enlist in the army, when not of age.

The consciousness that the Walt Whitman whom I knew so intimately in the sixties is not the man whom later comers are familiar with, has been a large factor in the reluctance which I have hitherto felt in giving these recollections to the world. The man who came to Washington in 1862 was in the vigor of health, and remained in that condition for years. He had a pleasant habit of singing in his room while making his morning toilet, and also of quoting his favorite authors, and bits of poems and verses, when with us in the evening. One verse that he liked to repeat I well remember. It was called "The Greatest Pain."

A mighty *pain* to love it is,
And yet a pain that love to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain!

Unlike some of his later admirers, who thought his elocution admirable, we did not flatter him much on his recitations, as he had a somewhat theatrical, artificial manner, and a habit of using his voice as if his throat were stiffened, instead of the clear flexible voice that he used in conversation. Among the plays of Shakespeare, *King Richard the Second* was a great favorite of Whitman's, and he had a copy of it unbound, in pamphlet form, which was well worn from constant reading and use. Scott's *Quentin Durward* was a book that he especially liked, and he gave a copy of it to Mr. O'Connor and told our little Jeannie that she must read it when she was older.

In the innumerable talks and discussions about books, many times Walt said that he wished competent persons would give brief but careful and accurate di-

gests of new books without interjecting any opinions, so that a busy man need not read all of the author, but could get the *gist* of the book, scientific, historical, philosophical, or whatever, — and that the reviewer in every case should be a man who was capable of doing the whole work well, some one who was "up" in that department.

In those early days before Whitman obtained a position in the Interior Department, he spent much time in wandering about Washington and its vicinity; visiting the public buildings and straying into all kinds of out-of-the-way places. The broad avenues and streets had a great charm for him; the Capitol, too, was a never-ending source of pleasure; and with him I explored the older part of Washington, the Navy Yard district, and over the Eastern Branch, into Anacostia. Sometimes we all went after dinner, when the days were longer, into the woods of Georgetown, and spent hours watching the rising moon, and the attractive landscape.

The splendid health and vigor of Walt at this time was refreshing to see. It impressed me in many little ways. As I have said, Mr. O'Connor and I were living in two rooms, and I was doing much of the housework, attending to the breakfast, and so forth. At that time Washington had no general system of water supply or drainage, and a pump at the corner of our street was reputed to be of very pure water and fed from a spring at Rock Creek. To this pump every morning Walt would go for a pitcher of fresh cold water for our table, and he was especially fond of taking a long draught of the same at the pump. I remember how his warm, strong hands impressed me then, as they grasped the pitcher and communicated their genial temperature to the handle of it.

It is a matter of constant and increasing regret that no record was made of the talks of those days when at breakfast we lingered long over Emerson, Wordsworth, Tennyson, or any poet or author who

was suggested at the moment. The talk about Emerson's "Snow Storm" was a memorable one, both Walt and Mr. O'Connor regarding it as one of his most beautiful and finished poems, full of suggestions of home and seclusion. When Whitman first came to us on his return from the seat of war, he was, he said, continually thinking: How would all this have looked to Emerson, — how would he be affected by such scenes, how would he act, feel, seem, under these conditions? Would he keep that calm and sweet exterior?

We lingered long over those pleasant breakfast-table chats, — much past the allotted time, I suspect; for the office rules were not then as strict as they are now. As we saw day after day the punctual Mr. Evans, him of the "meteor beard," go past to his office, it was suggested that O'Connor write a story called, "The Faithful Clerk, A Tale of the Treasury, — Dedicated to the Nine O'Clockers, by a Half-past Teneer." Our friend Mr. Evans was one of Walt's admirers, but not a constant visitor at our house. He was dubbed the "Meteor Beard," because of his very long and fiery red beard, which I think had never been either "shaven or shorn." He was English by birth, and was somewhat attracted by Walt and his writings.

The stimulating mental society of a man like Mr. O'Connor was no doubt requisite to the full arousing of Whitman's nature. Here was a man who loved and understood Walt so well that he dared to disagree with him on any and all questions, and whose opposition was couched in no uncertain words. Many a time the mild and pleasant morning breakfast-table chats were continued as heated discussions in the evening, after Walt's return from the hospitals.

As the circle of friends enlarged, and the gatherings were constant, we fell into the habit of immediately taking up certain pet subjects. The discussion upon all topics was always open and ready,

and the fun and good-natured banter always free. No subject under the sun was neglected. As new conditions arose there was no lack of material, and the debates were often fierce and furious. Then, too, certain stock subjects were always at hand. We were somewhat divided in our pet beliefs. Free Trade, I recall, was at one time a favorite, and one ingenious guest proposed ballooning as a method of evading the customs. Sometimes the talks and arguments were upon matters of deepest moment, — the war, the freedom of the slave, the Mormon question, the so-called "Free Love" doctrine. The Mormon question was treated with tolerance by one or more of the group, impressed by the great material benefit which had been accomplished, more than by the moral degradation consequent upon the practice of polygamy. The fiercest denunciations that were ever heard from Whitman were against that which was called "Free Love." He gave it no quarter, said that its chief exponent and disciple — Stephen Pearl Andrews — was of the type of Mephistopheles, a man of intellect without heart, and there were no terms too strong in which to express his opinion of its "damnable" teachings and practices.

To the later comers and newer friends of Whitman, who aver that he never raised his voice, and that argument was distasteful to him, I commend the following account given by Laurence Franklin, of the meetings of the famous "Four" Frenchmen, as a not much over-colored picture of some of our gatherings and discussions, which frequently lasted into the small hours of the morning, and during which Walt, with his strong lungs and loud voice, did his full share of the roaring, and by no means as gently as the sucking dove. "The four friends, Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt as the older members, and Zola and Daudet as the younger ones, remained inseparable from 1872 to 1880, the date of Flaubert's death. Three times a week they dined

together at some tavern or restaurant; and with the first mouthful began the discussion of literature. By midnight the debate had grown so hot that the other habitués of the inn often rushed upstairs in the belief that a murder was being committed."

Not fear of murder, perhaps, but intense curiosity as to *what* on earth was going on, led a policeman to stop and investigate the cause of the clamor one hot Sunday afternoon when we were gathered in the back dooryard, after we had moved into more ample quarters and were near the street. He went on his way smiling when he learned that the exciting topic was the currency question, which was then being discussed in Congress and before the country. Our landlady said that the neighbors were convinced that a furious quarrel was going on.

Notwithstanding Whitman's fondness for coining words, and using many in uncommon fashions, he was, in a way, a great stickler for the correct use of certain words, — one of which was "paraphernalia," which he insisted could be correctly used only in reference to a bride's belongings or trousseau. We had many amusing discussions about words, and the best dictionary for final settlement of any vexed question, whether it should be Webster or Worcester. He used generally to say, "We will see what Booby says," — his pet name for either dictionary; but he did not readily allow either one to *settle* any point.

Many times in the course of our numerous talks the marriage question was discussed. And invariably Whitman upheld the modern theory of marriage as being the true and ideal relation between the sexes. He stanchly and strongly adhered to that. In speaking of marriage the idea which he conveyed was that he did not think it would have been well for him to have formed that closest of ties. He was so fond of his freedom, he so reacted from any restraint, that it seemed that it would have been a mistake if he had ever married. He added, however,

"True if I had been caught young, I might have done certain things, or formed certain habits." He often said he "did not envy men their wives, but he did envy them their children." As we were passing along the street one day a little girl said in her smiling way, "I know you." He answered, "I wish I knew you."

The game of "Twenty Questions," as a relaxation after hospital work, was one that sometimes entertained Walt and the rest of us, and the wit and quickness that it brought out were very amusing. A half-dozen of us, playing the game frequently together, became able easily to discover the thing thought of, in much less than the twenty questions. Even so remote and unheard-of a subject as the white beard of Secretary Welles — then Secretary of the Navy — was once the subject of thought.

On one occasion the object was done up in a neat package, and deposited by Walt, as he came into the supper-room, upon the mantel, hinting that it was to be won by the twenty-question method. It took no more than half that number of questions and answers to guess the contents of the package, which proved to be a good-sized, large-type Bible, one member of the family having expressed a desire for such a copy, for frequent use, and having none at hand that answered the want. It was inscribed inside with the names of the giver and the friends to whom given, with the request that it pass on to "Little Jeannie," who, alas! passed out of this life before any one of the company then present.

It was not unusual for the group to watch the old year out and the new year in. On one occasion, when the snow was falling in large flakes, Walt appeared at the door, a veritable Santa Claus, with his thin, shaggy white beard and straggling hair falling below his coat collar; the coat and hat all covered with snow, — for he never used an umbrella, — his cheeks ruddy, and his whole appearance one that any child would have gazed at with wondering eyes. After entering,

and shaking and stamping off the soft snow from his garments, he began to unload his pockets, — those ample pockets on the outside of his coat, where he was so often in the habit of burying his hands as he sauntered down the streets. Out of those capacious receptacles he brought forth a small bottle of Scotch whiskey, a lemon, and some lump sugar, and he said we would welcome in the New Year. Some fresh cold water must be brought in, in a little kettle, — for a very important part of the proceeding was proper attention to the boiling, which must be *à la Delmonico*, — to be removed from the fire at the exact moment of boiling. Into each tumbler was poured the quantity of the liquid that would be required, a careful paring of the rind of the lemon, — not too much, but just enough, — a sufficient quantity of sugar, and last the hot water; and then came the gay and merry discussion of any and every thing under the sun and stars, while the punch so carefully concocted was slowly sipped till the midnight bells pealed out the hour of twelve, and the guests departed, wishing each other all sorts of piquant and jolly good wishes.

It was about this time that, one evening, as Walt was slowly sauntering down Seventh Street, from a visit to Carver Hospital, he was accosted by a policeman and ordered to remove that "false face," his name for a mask. Walt quietly assured him that the only face he wore was his very own, but added, "Do we not all wear 'false faces'?" The incident amused him, but we thought it a very happy Christmas compliment, his being mistaken for Old Santa Claus.

One chilly, cold, disagreeable morning, Walt was sauntering along to his breakfast, to a restaurant kept by a man named Evans, on F Street. Snow had fallen, and the rain followed, and then snow again, which was still falling, till the walks were covered with the mixture of soft snow and rain that makes a combination perfectly described by Whitman's word "*posh*." Slowly sauntering, with his

hands in his ample coat pockets, the wrists bent down, which gave his arms the suggestion of the fins of a fish, he was overtaken by his friend Mr. Eldridge, who took his meals at the same place. After walking a short distance Eldridge said, "Come Walt, let's hurry along to breakfast." "You can hurry along if you want to, but I want to enjoy the morning," was Walt's reply. I think no condition of weather but dust ever disturbed him. That he thoroughly disliked, and he laughingly said that he believed that, after he had taken his bath, and gone out for a stroll, with a fresh, clean shirt, the dust hunted him out, and pursued him. At that time Washington was not paved with asphalt, as it is to-day, and the heavy army wagons ploughed deeply into the mud, which soon became dust; and in those days it was literally true that the streets of Washington were always either mud or dust.

In some of the various experiments of getting his own breakfast, after we had moved, and Walt was no longer with us, he spoke of cooking beefsteak and chops. When asked who washed the dishes, he said he had none to wash. "How then did you manage?" was asked. He ate his steak or chop, he replied, from a "clean chip." Wooden plates had not then been invented. He had no cups and saucers to wash, as his tea was made in a "tin cup," and he put the tea in the tin cup, with cold water, over the gas, and went out for a short stroll while the tea was steeping! This delicious beverage, with "white sugar" and plenty of milk, was taken directly from the vessel in which it was steeped. And this from the same person who gave most minute directions in regard to boiling water for the punch! No fear of tannin disturbed his enjoyment of the decoction.

A friend and near neighbor, who had conceived a great disgust for Walt Whitman because of his writings, who thought him coarse, vulgar, and obscene, was nevertheless much impressed by his daily work among the soldiers. Seeing him

pass her door with his haversack slung across his shoulder, — with oranges, or perhaps apples, tobacco, paper, or whatever he happened to be carrying to his hospital boys, — she said to me one day, “Why did he write those dreadful, shocking things, which so offend the sense of decency which we are all supposed to have?”

To which I replied, “I don’t know, but I will ask him.” His answer was, “It always pains me to be misunderstood by good women, mothers especially,” — whom he regarded as the best of earth; — “but,” he added, “*I had to do it.*” Then, enlarging a little, he said that, when a boy, he was struck with the *pretense* of respect which he observed in a class of men such as he used to see congregated at the country grocery store, entertaining themselves with vile, obscene stories and jokes. Upon the approach of a woman, he noticed that there was a sudden change, and that a show of respect was assumed. This made so deep an impression that he felt it was for him, as he expressed it, “to tear off the mask, to lay bare the truth, — to proclaim that all in nature is good and pure.” And I have sometimes questioned if he did not use the very coarseness which shocks, to confront the vile in their hypocrisy. But again and again the old question has come up, why did he do it?

No man ever lived who loathed coarseness and vulgarity in speech more than he, and I am witness that on two occasions he reproved men, supposed to be gentlemen, for their license in that respect.

So deep and instinctive was Walt’s veneration for the mother that he did not relish any fun at her expense. We had an illustration of this one evening when O’Connor was reading aloud the “Students’ Song” in Longfellow’s *Hyperion*, and came to the stanza where the “Frau Mamma” is celebrated, as the “leathery Frau Mamma.” Walt objected to that, and said, “No, no, — that will not do; the mamma is not to be lightly

treated, even in the way of a joke.” All through the song, the refrain is “the leathery,” and even the Herr Rector is so sung; but it was only at the “mamma” that Walt winced in the least.

In answer to the question so often asked me, “Do you like Mr. Whitman as much as Mr. O’Connor does?” I could always say, “Yes, personally I am as fond of him, but I do not consider that I am a judge of his literary work, and am not competent to say what rank he will take as a writer. I cannot compare him with all the great, not having read all myself. My own first impression after reading the quarto edition of *Leaves of Grass*, recommended by Emerson to the friend who gave it to me, was that the writer must be a pure man, or he would never have dared to speak so plainly of forbidden subjects.” In discussing the manner in which this book was written, Whitman said that very much of it was written under great pressure, — pressure from within. He felt that he *must* do it.

When asked, as he sometimes was, why he did that hospital work, which brought him into contact with such painful and horrible revelations, he said again and again, that he loved it, that he should not do it if he did not like it. Humanity in all conditions and exhibitions was profoundly dear to him. A human being was an object of love, and it gratified him that these men and boys loved him, and depended on him, and the consciousness that his sympathy and affection saved a life sometimes, made him deeply happy.

Regarding his own personality Walt said that some persons were as strongly repelled by him as others were attracted to him. Once when I was walking with him down Fifteenth Street, as we turned into Pennsylvania Avenue, a woman passing drew herself far away, as if afraid of contamination by even a touch of his garment. No doubt I looked the astonishment which I felt; and seeing my look, Walt said, “Oh, yes, some persons feel that way towards me, and do not hide it.”

In those days of wandering and of taking in all sights and sounds, of which I have spoken, he once went over to Georgetown, where coal barges were being unloaded at the Canal, and he told us that he watched for hours a negro at work, who was naked to the waist, and the play of his muscles, as he loaded and unloaded the buckets of coal, was most fascinating; "No Greek statue could have been more superb," he said.

I have been asked how Walt felt about the war, and if he was affected by it. On one occasion he was persuaded by us to go to see two elderly ladies at whose home Rev. William Henry Channing was living. They had often asked us to bring Whitman, and he and Mr. Channing had a long and warm talk. Mr. Channing's church — Unitarian — was the first one in Washington to be used as a hospital. The burden of Walt's remarks was, — "I say stop this war, this horrible massacre of men." He became excited and walked the floor, as he talked. To all of this Mr. Channing's reply was, "You are sick; the daily contact with these poor maimed and suffering men has made you sick; don't you see that the war cannot be stopped now? Some issue must be made and met." But Walt could only reiterate that thought. This was in the early part of the conflict, as early perhaps as the spring of 1863.

I never again saw Walt in that mood of mind, — however horrible the condition of our men. He saw that the struggle had to go on till some conclusion was reached; and when the end came he felt that the thing was justified, if war ever can be justified.

Once when speaking of the pain of longing for loved ones absent, and perhaps forever separated, he said, "Yes, I have felt and suffered that too, but have outgrown it."

He spoke often of his life in New Orleans. I think that our old market sheds — this was before we had the brick market — and the appearance of things there reminded him of certain conditions in

New Orleans. Often we went to market before breakfast to get fruit for our own breakfast, and for him to take to the hospital. On one or two occasions we met Count Gurowski, the Russian refugee, who greatly approved, in his original way, of our errand, and magnified it much, I learned.

In his *Hospital Notes* Whitman has given an interesting account of the paying of the first regiment of colored troops on Mason's Island, near Washington, by Major Hapgood, assisted by his clerk, Mr. Eldridge. Major Hapgood kindly invited Whitman, O'Connor, and me, with our little Jeannie, to witness the historic event. The colored troops had always done themselves credit, and we were often amused by one of the cries of the newspaper boys, who used to shout, after any battle in which the colored men were engaged, "the colored troops fought nobly."

A thousand touching and almost heart-breaking incidents have never been, nor ever can be repeated, but one I well recall that came home very close to us. General Casey's Division had long been stationed out on Fourteenth Street, but the day came when they marched down that street to join the military forces in the field. As the men passed the house where we were then living, on the corner of Fourteenth and L streets, little Jeannie and a friend of hers, of about her age, both stood on chairs waving to the men their little flags. Instantly, on seeing them, the officers half halted and saluted the tiny flags, which spoke of intense loyalty to those men who were, many of them, on the way to their death.

Loyalty to our government was not the invariable rule in Washington at that time. I heard one woman say that she had both a "Secesh" flag and a Union flag in her house, and was ready to wave to whichever army was successful, her argument being that all of her property and that of her family was in Washington, and she "should go with the winning side."

The rush of persons to Washington from North and South was much greater than the accommodations of the city could house comfortably, — for until there was some hope of the North winning in the end, capitalists were very cautious as to expending any money there. This being the case, the clan O'Connor made several moves; not indeed for pleasure, as at least one member of the family had the inborn New England deep-rooted love of a stationary abiding-place; but at the time of which this is written one was fortunate to be able to find any sort of a decent refuge. At last, however, a kind friend in one of his early morning walks stumbled on a small house in process of building, and immediately made report of it. At once the builder was seen; the little house was engaged, and occupied when finished; and there the family remained until Mr. O'Connor's death, something over twenty years.

It was June 30, 1865, that James Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, dismissed Whitman for the offense of having written *Leaves of Grass*, an obscene book, as he styled it. At once Walt came to us to make known the fact. At first O'Connor could not realize the enormity of the proceeding, and Walt said he was surprised at the almost speechless manner in which the news was received; but the longer it was dwelt upon, the more Mr. O'Connor realized the full extent and meaning of it, and nine weeks from that time his vindication of the Good Gray Poet was ready for the printer.

In the mean time, Mr. O'Connor had interested many persons in the transaction. J. Hubley Ashton, whose death has occurred while these pages were being written, was then Assistant Attorney-General. He was an old and warm friend of both Whitman and O'Connor, and now came to Whitman's relief by offering him a position in the Attorney-General's office, which Whitman retained until his failing health obliged him to resign. For some time before the final resignation, he

had employed a young man to do his work, and they shared the pay.

Some of the many subjects of debate among us have been mentioned, but when the Fifteenth Amendment came before the Senate, and was up for discussion in 1871, it proved a topic that provoked the most vehement battle, and at that point we separated, — Walt taking the ground that the negroes were wholly unfit for the ballot, and Mr. O'Connor and others believing that the measure was the only one to adopt.

As soon however as the Osgood edition of *Leaves of Grass* was challenged by the Attorney-General of Massachusetts, as being unfit for household reading unless expurgated, all past differences of opinion were forgotten, and Mr. O'Connor, though no longer a well man, came to the rescue with the same energy and devotion that he had given to the cause of his Good Gray Poet in 1865, and the old-time love, now chastened by years and sorrow, and deepened and strengthened too, was reëstablished and continued unabated to the end, — in the death of O'Connor in 1889.

Those of us who knew the Good Gray Poet in his best days of health, who saw him day and night, before and after his watches with his sick and maimed soldier boys, feel that a great privilege was ours. To live with one who was, and could be, as has been said of another, an "incorrigible optimist" in the midst of slaughter and all the horrors of war, a man who felt that after all, the world was pretty good, and men and women not so bad as they were pictured, was uplifting and helpful in those awful days, and all other days, and the last word that must be said of Walt Whitman, was that he was first and last and forever an Optimist. His was an intense and abiding faith in the triumph of right and justice; he felt no doubt as to results, he had absolute confidence that the men and women of "these States," and of all the world, would finally solve the problem of the unification of all races and peoples.

THE SEA-GLIN

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

MANY years ago, when we were school-boys together in a small suburb of Boston, I looked up to James Atherton as an intrepid navigator sure to be classed with Cook and the best of them. It was well known among us admiring youngsters that Atherton had, in an amazing centre-board punt of his own construction, already compassed the stupendous six-mile stretch of open sea lying between Boston Harbor and Nahant Head. Furthermore, he boldly declared his intention, at no distant day, of letting her go down shore as far as Marblehead, come what might.

To be sure, James Atherton was less than three years older than myself; yet at our tender age, something of the same principle which renders the inch on a man's nose of such consequence, naturally compelled among us younger lads the homage due a personage of so much more experience.

Then too, even at that early date, Atherton had already achieved great local renown through the supposed possession of wondrous mystic powers which the then universally popular contrivance known as *planchette* enabled him to display with most telling effect. I myself, though often undoubtedly awed by Atherton's frequent weird séances held in various darkened kitchens of the neighborhood, could do nothing whatever with *planchette*, and emboldened by broad daylight, at times even ventured to question the supernatural character of its performances.

But with the whole matter of boat-sailing, no one could possibly be more infatuated than I; and to this overruling passion for the water was no doubt due a certain condescending interest which James Atherton soon began to show in my affairs.

While ice still fringed the flooded clay-pit of a brickyard in the outskirts of our town, I had clandestinely launched a boat in the shape of a wooden sink recently discarded from a neighbor's house. Fired with the ardent desire of ultimately rivaling James Atherton in his most thrilling single-handed voyage to Nahant, I spent a water-soaked, yet blissful, half-holiday paddling about in this new acquisition. On the next day, however, a high wind ruffled the turbid water into miniature billows, and when, figuratively speaking, in mid-ocean, my overloaded craft filled and miserably foundered under my feet, it became literally, and in double sense, a case of *sink* or swim. During the serious illness following this experience, Atherton frequently visited me, and from this period may be said to date the close friendship henceforth giving rise to boating trips on all possible occasions.

Some time after my recovery, there moved into our town, from a small seaport of Maine, the family of Captain Eliphalet Gibbs. Captain Gibbs was said to be in command of a large bark engaged in foreign trade, a fact which, in the estimation of Atherton and myself, was alone no slight recommendation; but when, in addition, we became acquainted with his two exceedingly pretty and winsome daughters, the newcomers were indeed in high favor.

Many most delightful evenings were passed with Inez and Izetta Gibbs in their attractive parlor, — a room even now as vividly before my eyes as though I had left it only yesterday. It was the typical "front-room" of a prosperous Yankee shipmaster, — an unmistakable maritime apartment, once common enough in towns along our seaboard, but nowadays very seldom to be found.

Yet interesting as the strangely carved furniture and the numberless curios from all parts of the world undoubtedly were, to my friend and myself by far the most fascinating object in its contents was an elaborately framed oil painting of the captain's favorite vessel, which, carefully protected by mosquito netting, hung directly over the fantastic array on the marble mantelpiece. In oddly formed text this dashing and most cheerfully tinted work was prominently inscribed, —

"Barque *Two Sisters*, of Damariscotte, Eliphalet P. Gibbs, Master, Entering Havre, August 27, 1855."

Captain Gibbs was once at some pains to explain that the substitution of a final "e" for an "a" in the word Damariscotta was an unfortunate error of the eminent foreign artist, which provokingly enough remained unnoticed until too late for rectification. In our minds however, this trifling mistake only sufficed to give an additional over-sea charm to a masterpiece at which we gazed admiringly by the hour together. And despite the faulty orthography, the captain plainly took great pride in assuring us that each and every rope and spar was in its proper place, the standing-rigging faultlessly "set up" taut as fiddle-strings, and the running gear all perfectly in evidence, even to signal halyards the size of a cod-line. In fact, Captain Gibbs positively declared that no professional rigger could by any possibility have done a better job at painting.

During the too brief residence of the Gibbs family in the town, Atherton and I frequented the house with a devotion which I have since wondered if good Mrs. Gibbs herself wholly appreciated. Both the girls were musical to a marked degree and both possessed strong, sweet voices. Izetta, with whom Atherton early became especially enamored, also soon developed astonishing gifts in the manipulation of *planchette*, and rarely an evening passed without adding to the already long list of inexplicable wonders in this direction. After such mysterious exercises, it was

customary to enjoy an hour of singing, with accompaniment upon the cabinet organ.

Among the girls' songs was a favorite of romantic Izetta's, called "The Pilot's Bride," which Atherton in particular also admired greatly, and soon invariably requested her to sing. The sisters possessed neither written notes nor words of this really fine old sentimental ditty, which we understood had been taught them in early childhood by some relative; but so enraptured did James Atherton at length become over the plaintive melody so often sung for his especial benefit by Izetta Gibbs, that she was induced to write the music for him upon a large sheet of be-ribboned paper.

From information subsequently furnished me by his younger sister, it would seem that through persistent and ill-timed tooting of "The Pilot's Bride" upon the flageolet, James Atherton soon became for a period actually an object of derision in his family.

But in something over two years after Captain Gibbs moved into the place, he was lost with his vessel in a West Indian hurricane; and greatly to the regret of many friends, the family felt obliged to give up their large house, and to locate some distance inland, where the daughters hoped to be successful in poultry breeding.

Atherton and I were inconsolable over their departure. A fervid correspondence at once ensued, and continued with much regularity on the part of my friend and Izetta Gibbs at least, until her untimely death a few years later. For various reasons, letters between Inez and me gradually grew less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Not long after this I learned in a roundabout way that she was married, and with her mother had moved to parts unknown.

It seemed indeed a cruel fate which, half a dozen years subsequently, left so thorough-bred a web-foot as James Atherton hopelessly stranded in a large city of the far West. More favored by for-

tune in this respect at least, I had found occupation on our northeastern seaboard, where, happy in the ownership of a small sloop yacht, I was frequently able to gratify a craving for salt water which the course of years by no means lessened. During the decade following, Atherton and I regularly exchanged letters, while, having no family of his own, it became a habit with him to flee east nearly every summer from the scorching plains which he declared the Almighty never intended for human habitation, and cruise with me for a month upon the Northern coast, with all the zest of our earlier years.

My wife, who, by the way, was none other than Atherton's sister, held fast to a pet theory that her brother's bachelorhood was wholly attributable to his early deep affection for Izzetta Gibbs; but while then not so well assured of this fact myself, I had long been aware that he was in those days much harder hit than I or any of his friends realized at the time. From talks during his most enjoyable visits, though to a greater extent through letters, I was also aware that Atherton had systematically continued a line of investigation no doubt originally suggested by the now obsolete *planchette*. I knew that he had become greatly interested in psychological studies of one sort and another, and though perhaps not belonging strictly to the rank and file of so-called spiritualists, fully believed himself endowed with what those of this tenet would probably term "unusual mediumistic powers." In long letters, on several occasions, he urged upon me the importance of various undoubted communications he had received from departed friends, as affording most solacing proof positive of life to come.

However, this whole matter of communications was one in which I felt little interest. Certainly my own innate belief in the absolute surety of a future existence was not in the least to be strengthened by physical manifestations of any sort, — in fact, it seemed to me but a form of materialism which asked for such proof.

Always incredulous as to the possibility of these much-talked-of messages, I considered time during my old friend's visits much too precious for their useless discussion.

But to proceed towards the main object of this narrative. Some dozen years since, there came a period of business troubles which through several seasons prevented Atherton from making the usual pilgrimage to his native region of fogs and salt sea breezes. After three years of bitter disappointment to us both, however, he at length wrote in the spring, expressing hope of starting east; yet the summer passed, and business ties still held him fast. September and October came and went, with the season continuing uncommonly mild, and encouraged by Atherton's frequent letters, I still kept the *Gulnare* at her moorings in our sheltered harbor, though knowing well that we now escaped fierce gales and winter weather through grace alone.

At this time Atherton seemed well-nigh desperate. He was starving, actually and literally starving, he said, for the smell of the sea, for the heavenly sound of its swash along the *Gulnare's* glistening bilges in a fresh breeze, and for the whistle of wind in the rigging. By the salt blood of all our Viking forbears, he adjured me almost daily not to haul the yacht up for the winter, but to hold off, and still hold off a bit longer!

At length, on the 20th of November, a telegram came, saying that he was really on the point of starting; and almost immediately upon his arrival, final preparations were begun for our long deferred cruise to the eastward.

Though still comparatively mild, there was no mistaking the season on the particularly breezy morning of our start. Rain had fallen during the night, but the wind had worked into the northwest, and the weather was fast turning cold. Before launching the yacht's tender to go on board, we were obliged to rid her of ice, into which was frozen a thick matting of dead leaves, — always a portent-

ous mixture, which, in my case, to look upon is enough to induce the thickest flannels. By comparison, a genuine mid-winter snowbank befits the "tropical scenes" embellishing the geographies of our grammar-school days.

Heavy masses of semi-stratified leaden clouds only now and then allowed slants of feeble sunshine to light the gray waters into long stretches of unwonted yellow-green, amidst which the racing white-caps gleamed under the cold northwester in a manner most suggestive of close reefs.

But it is not my intention to inflict in detail a log of our unseasonable cruise, eventful though it proved. Enough to say that, having gone east as far as Machiasport without serious discomfort, thanks to a good fire and plenty of clothing, we had begun to work our little craft homeward again, when, in preparing kindling with a hatchet, I was clumsy enough to cut my left hand quite deeply. The doctor who dressed the wound forbade use of the hand for many days to come, and in this predicament we felt obliged to ship an extra man. After several unsuccessful attempts in other directions, the choice fell upon Captain Daniel Murdock, of Moosabec Reach, a well-seasoned mariner who assured us that he had been master of a coaster "ever since he was the bigness of a draw-bucket."

"Cap'n Dan'l" was a nervous, rather vacuous-faced little man, with watery blue eyes, scanty hair, and straggling chin whiskers which utterly failed to disguise the fact that he had no chin worth mentioning, while an immense flaring-crowned blue yachting cap, apparently several sizes too large, gave him a painfully top-heavy appearance. Before the first week was out, it became evident that, in Cap'n Dan'l's cheerful view, each cloudy day was to be classed as "stormy," while all pleasant days were simply "weather-breeders" of most ominous import. Doubtless this peculiar habit of mind accounted for the fact that in his case an intense desire to enter every

good harbor reached was only equaled by an inborn, deep-rooted aversion to leaving it.

As it happened, there was little need to call upon the captain for assistance in handling the craft. He helped get under way, of course, but I chose to manage the cooking, and Atherton could seldom be induced to relinquish the pleasure of steering for any length of time. As a rule, reefs were kept permanently tied in, so that, for the most part, our hired crew was able to divide his time between dismal weather predications and lugubrious recitals illustrating the madness of running by harbors at this season of the year.

Fair and cold — though often somewhat too boisterous — weather attended us to the westward as far as the Fox Island Thoroughfare. Here anchor was dropped one evening, shortly after a genuine Turnerian sunset, which in its frenzied arrangement of strangely gorgeous colors, Cap'n Dan'l eagerly seized upon at once as presaging an immediate gale of wind "fit to yank all hell out by the roots."

But the next morning seemed to offer a fairly good chance for proceeding across the Western Bay, at least, though Captain Murdock continued his disquieting forecasts with intense earnestness. Entirely apart from the late threatening sunset, he called attention to the startling fact that this was the fateful third morning of heavy white frost on deck; that last night the water was remarkably phosphorescent, or, to use his common expression, it "*fired* for an easterly;" from outside came an ominous boom of the rote; the moon, too, was waning; but most alarming of all was the frightful continuation of fine weather lately experienced, — in the unhappy captain's estimation simply an appalling succession of "weather-breeders" soon to be most dearly reckoned for. In short, though on general principles opposed to leaving harbor at all, on this particular hazy autumnal morning the good man considered such a move as flying in the face of

Providence, and begged so to go on record.

We started with a gentle northerly breeze which, light as it was, still carried the chill of the snow already lying deep in the spruce woods but a few miles back from the coast; and dimmed by gradually thickening haze overhead, at noon-day the half-hearted rays of the sun had scarcely begun to affect the thick coating of frost underfoot.

Far up Penobscot Bay, abreast the faint outline of the towering Camden Hills, three or four lumber-loaded schooners, wing-and-wing, were slowly drifting down with the ebb tide. In explanation of such apparent temerity, Cap'n Dan'l stated that these vessels were doubtless the last ones of the season to load in the Penobscot River, and that, fearful of being frozen in for the winter, their masters were forced to take advantage of favoring wind and tide in order to reach the commodious harbor of Rockland. At this time of year, and with a gale of wind unmistakably brewing, not a man of them, the cap'n solemnly declared, would pass through the Mussel-Ridges; much less shape a course out clear of Monhegan that day.

"Them fellers," he said significantly, "has learnt a thing or two afore now!"

All day the weather continued to thicken steadily; but though an increasing ground swell white-fringed the shore with tumbling surf, the wind held moderate from the northward, — so moderate indeed, that reaching our favorite anchorage of Townsend was early seen to be improbable. However, there were several intermediate opportunities for finding shelter in a small craft such as ours; and though now convinced that a comfortable haven would no doubt soon be desirable, we still fanned along prettily. Atherton's allotted vacation time was nearly expired, and if we were to lie storm-bound for perhaps several days, so much the more reason for improving the present favorable slant of wind.

Leaving the Mussel-Ridge Channel,

Seal Harbor was voted too lonesome; Tennant's Harbor lay wholly open to the northeast, and even Cap'n Dan'l had no hankering for it under present conditions. Herring Gut seemed most likely to bring us up; but when off its entrance, the wind showed signs of taking a fresh hold, and to the utter consternation of Captain Murdock, we decided to keep on through Fisherman's Gap, and make at least a bid for Townsend, even if obliged to compromise with some little nook on dim Pemaquid.

To those unacquainted with this region, it may be said that Fisherman's Gap is an extremely narrow and short passage through a chain of rocky, gull-haunted islands and ledges stretching seaward several miles from the mainland. By use of this contracted channel those familiar with its dangers may materially shorten the route east or west, though strangers and large craft commonly avoid it. Entering the Gap, on one side lies Mistake Island, a low mass of gray rocks supporting only the slightest growth of stunted spruces; opposite is the odd-looking islet known as "Night-Cap," an absolutely bare ledge of deeply fissured granite rising to a height of perhaps twenty-five feet above high-water mark.

North and south range numerous other desolate islands, among which the endless rote of the churning sea is broken only by the gulls' weird cries, or the dismal bleating of a few unfortunate sheep. Many detached shoals and sunken ledges extend in all directions, and of these only such are buoyed as obstruct the immediate entrance to the Gap.

Commonly cruising outside of these dangerous barriers to navigation, it had been several years since Atherton and I last passed through this opening, and on approaching, we were somewhat surprised to notice a tiny dwelling-house upon the extreme apex of the barren rock called "Night-Cap." Captain Daniel Murdock, in profound disgust at having passed the snug harbor of Herring Gut, had, some time previous, turned into his

berth below; and although both of us were anxious to learn if possible who had chosen so extraordinary a dwelling-place, it seemed on the whole best to postpone questioning the poor man until he might be in a happier frame of mind.

For some hours now, the sky had been completely overcast, and from its watery blank of sullen gray, wholly devoid of both form and motion, snow or rain seemed imminent. Atherton at this time was idling with the tiller in a fickle breeze which again threatened to fail us, while I, as steward, off and on dodged below to the cook-room, where a choice fish-smother was in preparation.

Suddenly Atherton called me. "Here's an effect of light and shade for you!" he said. "Talk about sea-glins; you'll never get a better example than this now!"

As soon as possible, I hastened on deck. Away out over the blurry horizon line at sea, occurred a strange lifting of the sombre curtain extending overhead. Next the water glowed a nebulous streak of intensely luminous white, against which, as we slowly drifted past, every detail in the dark and rugged contour of the "Night-Cap" and its lonely little house rose in the immediate foreground with a vividness almost uncanny in its wonderful strength and distinctness.

We stood a few moments, intently watching this most striking effect, when a certain familiar odor admonished me that my smother was burning, and I hurried below once more.

"Great Cæsar! Come up here quick!" cried Atherton again, after the lapse of a few moments. "Come up quick, if you want to hear 'The Pilot's Bride' played on a fiddle!"

Again I hurried through the cabin, but before getting my head out of the companion-way, he exclaimed in a disappointed tone, "You're too late, you're too late; it's all over! He's gone in!"

Atherton seemed noticeably excited by this incident. I had scarcely gone below, he said, when an old fellow, bent and

lame, appeared outside the little house on the rock with a violin, and, his every movement showing clear-cut in dark relief against the white glare of the sea-glin, straightway played through the quaint old melody always so dear to us both.

Atherton explained that he should have called me sooner, but that though instantly spell-bound by the glamour of an air at once recognized as intimately associated with the sweetest days of youth, yet strangely enough it was some moments before its name flashed upon him. I was at first disposed to joke him about the matter; but he vehemently insisted that there could be no mistake as to the identity of the tune. The light wind was favorable, and the distance at that point less than a stone's throw, since, narrow as is the Gap at best, when nearly abreast the house a sunken ledge forces passing craft to keep the bold shore of "Night-Cap" close aboard. My friend reiterated that not only was every note perfectly distinguishable, but that owing to our proximity, and the astonishing manner in which all objects were then relieved against the dazzling glow in the east, a lameness and certain other characteristics of the performer were doubly accentuated.

It was agreed that under almost any other circumstances, we would certainly land and have a talk with the man who thus unwittingly called up such fond memories of our early years, Atherton even vowing that he would give fifty dollars down for the chance of hearing the air once more, and learning, if possible, something of its history. Unfortunately, the beautifully written music given him by Izetta Gibbs so many years before had been destroyed in a fire, and despite many attempts to hear it, since the memorable night when we took final leave of the sisters, the haunting strain had never gladdened our ears.

But the day was short, and though but little past three o'clock, there were already signs of approaching darkness.

Since leaving Herring Gut, the uncertain wind had worked into the northeast, and even as we spoke, scattering flakes of snow fluttered slantingly by. There certainly was no time for visiting, if we had any hope of making harbor farther west, and we knew of no safe one in that direction nearer than Pemaquid Point. Attempting to beat back to Herring Gut against the strong flood tide seemed the alternative, and one very little to our liking.

At this juncture, Captain Dan'l Murdock's anxious visage appeared from below. Quickly he raised a warning finger towards the still baleful gleaming astern.

"I s'pose likely you seen that there sea-glin to the east'ard, ain't ye?" he inquired, with forced calmness.

"Git a sea-glin
Ketch a wet skin!"

and 'most gin'ally a breeze o' wind hove in! That's what they always told *me*, from the time I was the bigness of a draw-bucket. Maybe you ain't took notice she's all shuttin' in thick-a-snow to loo'ard, there." Here the captain's righteous indignation burst all restraint. "Might I jest inquire of ye where in hell you fellers cal'late to fetch up to-night, anyways?" he shrieked.

To tell the exact truth, neither of us was at the moment prepared to answer this question. Cap'n Dan'l saw his advantage, and was quick to press it home.

"I been tellin' of ye right along that this 'ere running clean past harbors so free, is ter'ble foolish works," he said. "'T ain't never been called no great trick of mine, not since I was the bigness of a draw-bucket. You never seen no such tormented sea-glin as that there, without there was somethin' to pay consid'ble quick afterwards. Now if you know when you're anyways well off, you'll jest up hellum, and shove this little packet of yours right in here to loo'ard of the islant, afore ever she shuts in so thick-a-snow you can't see ary hole through a ladder!"

"Yes," said I incredulously, "that would be a nice comfortable berth to ride
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out a gale of wind in. We might as well jump to it out on the back side of Monhegan!"

"I guess likely you'll have to take and put up with what you can git for a harbor, after comin' this fur, and some lucky to git her, too!" retorted the captain. "I can take and run this bo't chock up into an eel-rut betwixt them islants yonder, where if she doos drag ashore, we'll stand some show to git out of her alive, anyways. The last year ever I went in the old M'ria Foss it shut in thick-a-fog on me one time out here abreast of Metinic, and I kep' off and followed a fisherman clean up into this 'ere little guzzle-hole; that's all the way how I happen to know the least mite about it. It's kind of narrow-contracted, like, so's I never see no sight to git out with my vessel for goin' on four weeks' time, and it lays a grain open to the east'ard; but the bottom is nothin' only blue clay, and I guess likely we can make out to hold her to anchor someways."

But I still demurred. The chart certainly indicated no very inviting shelter among these exposed, forsaken-looking rocks, and as the wind now seemed settled with some force dead astern, I advocated taking the chances of running, rather than risk being caught indefinitely in a desolate spot where it was impossible to procure stores of any kind.

Atherton, on the contrary, was extremely desirous of stopping at all events, and hunting up the musical dweller on Night-Cap. For the sake of an interview with him, he declared himself ready to endure all manner of privations, and even to extend his vacation a week, if necessary. Finding him really so greatly in earnest upon this matter, I of course gave in, though again referring to the question of supplies.

Cap'n Dan'l, however, eagerly overrode all objections on that score.

"Fur's ever that goes," he said, "you hain't need borry no trouble at all. You'll find there's an old reynuck keeps store in there back of them far-trees, or done so

the time I got ketched in the M'ria Foss, anyways. I ain't nowadays liable to forgit *that*, neither, for he taxed me twelve cents a plug for tobacco jes' same's I can buy me any God's quantity of anywheres on the main, for ten!"

As to the comparative safety of harbors, it seemed preposterous to argue with so eminent an authority as Captain Murdock. He took the helm at once, and in a short time the Gulnare was at anchor in a curious little slue between several rocky islets lying a small distance south of the Night-Cap. On the largest of these stood a low, weather-beaten building rudely labeled "Store." Behind this rose the usual forlorn growth of stunted spruces, bent and broken, and bleached by fierce salt winds from the sea almost to the grayness of the ledges to which their bare roots clung.

Two or three ancient lapstreak boats of the variety here known as "peapods," coal-tarred and patched to the last degree, were hauled up on the rough shore amidst a clutter of dilapidated lobster-traps. Close alongside our anchorage lay a worn-out dory full of water, attached to a huge lobster-car, from which the long brown kelp writhed and twisted in the strong tide with snaky sinuosity.

Aside from the solitary little dwelling just visible over the ledges on Night-Cap, no sign of possible customers was to be detected. At supper, however, Cap'n Dan'l relieved our minds as to what supported a store in this desolate locality by stating that, during the mackerel season, "draggers," "netters," and sometimes even large "seiners," anchored off here through the frequent dense fog-mulls on this part of the coast. Moreover, from computations based upon close observation during his four weeks' forced sojourn here in the schooner Maria Foss, the captain deemed it only natural that between lobstering, and supplying fishermen with ten-cent plugs of tobacco at twelve cents each, the insatiate storekeeper should have become so "independent rich" by this time as to own several of the islands.

But concerning the fiddling resident of Night-Cap, Captain Murdock could furnish no information whatever. The little house had suddenly appeared there some years before, and that was all he knew of it.

Our anchorage lay open to the eastward much more than was desirable, and directly after our meal, an additional large anchor was carried out ahead, and planted where it would do the most good in the expected northeaster. Having made things snug in this and various other ways, Atherton and I determined on rowing the short distance across to Night-Cap, hoping for at least a few words that evening with the unknown musician in whom we both felt such sudden and peculiar interest.

Landing on a short strip of rough beach between steeply sloping ledges close to the house, we quickly scrambled up and knocked at the door.

There was no response, nor did repeated brisk raps elicit any reply. In slight puffs of cutting wind dry wisps of the rock-weed "banking" about the house rustled faintly from time to time; the outer islands sent in a continuous rumble of the pounding sea, and among the ragged, kelp-grown ledges of Night-Cap itself, the purling undertow surged rhythmically to and fro. We tried the door, but found it locked. The hut, for it was scarcely more, contained but one room, furnished with three small curtainless windows, though one of these was partially screened by a newspaper, which in spite of the growing darkness was at length identified as an old copy of the *Damariscotta Weekly Beetle and Wedge*. Through dint of close peering at the other windows we finally were satisfied that the house contained no occupant, and certainly there were no outbuildings in which the owner might be concealed from view. Just outside the door stood a shallow earthen dish, from the ice in which protruded the hard-frozen tail of a fish evidently intended for dog or cat. A rusty axe was fast embedded in a

chopping-block made from the section of a large vessel's mast, and scattered about underfoot near by lay a scant supply of firewood composed entirely of drift-stuff.

At the top of the steep beach, with other useless litter, was to be seen the flattened remains of a large dory; but of serviceable boat there was no sign, and we soon concluded that the dweller in this most forlorn of all little homes had left his bare islet for some purpose since we passed through the Gut on the farther side, over an hour before. As Atherton ironically suggested, possibly he might have rowed across to the store for his evening paper, and incidentally to gather the latest gossip of this pleasant little hamlet by the sea.

We were on the point of leaving, when suddenly from seaward came the muffled, fast augmenting roar of violent wind. In a moment a blinding whirl of stinging snow smote us in the face, and the northeaster struck with such fury that for an instant we both staggered helplessly before it. Guyed to the rock by wire rigging from some wreck, the building tremblingly withstood the shock, yet numbers of shingles torn from its roof and sides rattled sharply down over the jagged ledges into the sea. Hastily we reëmbarked, and sped back to our craft, driven by a howling blast which had already brought Cap'n Dan'l on deck with the fog-horn, in great anxiety for our safety.

He reported that the storekeeper had been out alongside with assurances that his entire stock of confectionery, tobacco, oil, and matches lay at our disposal. Moreover, the man left a cheerful message of minute instructions as to the safest spot for beaching our craft in case she struck adrift during the gale no doubt heralded by the late pronounced sea-glin.

We especially inquired whether the visitor had referred to the present whereabouts of his solitary neighbor, but the captain replied definitely in the negative. He then related with much satisfaction how completely he had balked his caller's curiosity concerning the appearance of a

yacht at this season, while allowing him to depart with some misgivings as to our purpose. Plainly, the matter of those twelve-cent plugs still rankled in the soul of Cap'n Dan'l Murdock.

Now when an individual, week in and week out, keeps up the standing, un-wavering prediction of a storm, in the natural course of things sooner or later the time is bound to come when his croakings will be verified to some extent. The day of Cap'n Dan'l's triumphant vindication as a weather prophet had undoubtedly arrived. There ensued by all odds the most furious gale ever encountered in all our long boating experience. It struck, too, with such unparalleled suddenness, and in so blinding a squall of wind and snow, that, had we kept on, a bad hour of reefing must certainly have been met, and doubtless a desperately hard night of it afterward, if nothing worse. One luckless craft thus caught, and compelled to run hit or miss for the feeble light at Townsend, met with sad disaster through total inability to carry sail or to distinguish any landmarks whatever in so hopeless a combination of overpowering wind, darkness, and driving snow.

As it was, the old *Gulnare* escaped going ashore only through the excellence of the holding-ground, the unusual size of anchors and roads, and the unremitting attention given her throughout a memorable night of great anxiety and exposure. For nearly two days it was impossible to communicate with the island; but on the second afternoon Atherton and I ventured to attempt the comparatively short distance between us and the store.

The storekeeper, or Principal Inhabitant, as we had dubbed him, proved a ragged, hulking giant in "keg-boots," and lobsterman's "barvel," with a stolid red face covered by many days' grizzly stubble. On our landing, he abandoned the work of shoveling snow from the boats on shore, and after some few remarks upon the severity of the gale, led the way

towards the 'house, while no less than nine of his progeny viewed our passing, open-mouthed.

Thickly plastered with sticky snow, the wretched nakedness of this one dwelling and its surroundings was somewhat less striking than upon the day of our arrival; yet it unavoidably occurred to us that however "independent rich" the Principal Inhabitant might have waxed in this God-forsaken spot, there was small part of his wealth invested either in the homestead itself, or in the unique "store" which occupied one small room. Into this apartment the proprietor at once conducted us, through the kitchen, where a dejected-looking woman with babe in arms turned a listless eye upon us from the hot cook-stove.

Entering the store, we seated ourselves upon a board between two boxes, opposite the board upon two barrels which constituted the counter, and after acquiring several of the famous twelve-cent plugs as an offering to Cap'n Dan'l, began questioning the man concerning his nearest neighbor.

But upon this subject, or indeed upon any other, he was for some time indisposed to talk, apparently harboring, as Cap'n Dan'l had surmised, a suspicion that we were wily fish-wardens on the hunt for "short" lobsters. Further conversation, however, and a few more judicious purchases, followed up by the liberal use of a certain lubricating fluid from a wicker-covered flask, at length served to limber the tongue of the Principal Inhabitant to a marked degree.

"Old Uncle Sylvane over acrossst here on Night-Cap," he finally began, "accordin' to folks's tell, was always jes' so odd and cur'us acting, like. Seems 's though up in home there on the main where he come from, he'd went to work and got hisself so ter'ble down on them summer rusticator folks, that one time he up and swore he'd go some place where he'd never once set eye on another one of the breed so long's ever he drawed breath!"

"Why, what under the sun did the man have against the summer visitors?" Atherton asked in surprise. "I thought they were what you people down this way counted on, nowadays."

"Oh, wall, I guess likely some doos so, but old Sylvane he was always kind of cranky like, you see, — always and forever cal'lated to be on the off side, some-ways. One thing, he claimed them rusticators had went to work and h'isted up taxes till nobody else could n't live along of 'em in the same town, — and maybe he wa'n't so fur out of the way there, neither. Anyways, four year ago this last spring, he come in here one day with his old carry-way bo't, — one he picked up over to Townsend there, the time the pogy-factories busted up, you rec'lect, — he come in here and ast me did ever I run afoul of ary rusticator out here yit?"

"By Jim Hill, no!" 's I, "and ain't noways liable to neither, I guess. What for God's sakes do you cal'late is goin' to fetch them kind chock out here?"

"Wall, he did n't know as he could say about *that*; all is, he allowed there wa'n't no livin' man could say for sure jes' where them rusticators would n't strike to, yit. He says there wa'n't ary place left on the main at this day o' the world where some of 'em had n't lit, and sp'ilt everything for poor folks, chock to the handle, and if I never had none of 'em out here so fur, this was jest the very place he'd love to take and settle right down for the rest-part of his stoppin' 'round. He wanted I should take and give him a quit-claim on Night-Cap right away off, but I wa'n't noways anxious to sell her, so finally he come under writin's to pay me three dollar a year for the use of her.

"Inside of a week's time after that, we had a couple days' fresh nor'wester, blowin' like a man right direct offn the main, you know, and along about four o'clock in the afternoon the secont day, I see this 'ere bo't headin' in dead afore it, with every mite of wind she could stiver under, and still, she never appeared to git ahead no great sight, neither, that is, no

same's you'd nachally think she'd ought to went. Pretty quick I twigged this 'ere great big cur'us lookin' thing a-follerin' in her wake, much as two hunnerd yard astern.

"'By Jim Hill,' thinks I, 'what's broke loose now?' I took and run chock out on them high laidges to the nor'rard, where I could see good and plain, and come to find out, if 't wa'n't old Uncle Sylvane in his old carry-way bo't, big as life, with his house in tow of him."

"In a scow, or on a raft, of course you mean," I said.

"Not a mite of it," the man replied. "She was one of them little old smoke-houses he'd got holt of in there to Gibbs's Cove, and seems's though he'd went to work and dumped her ker-plunk overboard at high-water slack early that morning', — took this 'ere fresh nor'-wester right plumb in the stern, with the full strength of the ebb to boot, and come out here nice as a pin. We turned to and hauled her in onto the beach there to Night-Cap fur's ever she'd float at high-water that night, and she laid there made fast to them laidges for goin' on a month's time. Sylvane he stopped aboard his bo't right here, till one time there was a big seiner dropped in to lay out a fog-mull, and then Sylvane he jest takes and goes right out aboard and raises a crowd to come ashore along of him and twitch that house of hisn clean up atop of them rocks in no time, and plant her jest where she sets to-day."

"Well, well, that's one way to move, sure enough," said Atherton. "You say though, that he came from Gibbs' Cove. Just where is that?"

"Why, Gibbs's Cove lays right in here on the main, anigh abreast of us. B'longs to the town of Dam'riscotty, by good rights; anyways that's where all them Covers goes to heave votes town-meetin' day. She makes up in back of Pemaquid a consid'ble piece, the Cove doos. Sylvane he was one of them Cove Gibbses hisself, you know. By Jim Hill! but you come to git chock up in there that fur,

and you'll find 'most everything that goes on two legs is one of them Gibbses. Lord, there's Gibbs's Corner, and Gibbs's Crick, and Gibbs's Mounting, and I don't dasst to say what ain't Gibbs. They're thicker'n spatters, and I guess likely always has been that way since the time Columbus landed to Plymouth."

"Well, but about this old man Gibbs out here," Atherton continued, with fast-increasing interest. "I'm anxious to learn all I can of him just now. He must have some little property, or people to help him. An old man such as he never could earn a living out here, could he?"

"Wall no, I dunno as he could, winter-times; not take it all crippled-up so bad. You ain't cal'latin' to git holt of the building, be you though?" the man asked with sudden suspicion.

"No, no! nothing of the sort!" Atherton protested. "I merely want to find out about the old chap. I'm not sure but that I knew some of his people years ago, you see."

"Oho, that's it?" said the storekeeper. "Wall, there's folks enough of hisn scattered round in there to the Cove. I used to hear say that Sylvane had a little something put by, and I would n't wonder if he had n't. He never raised no family, and I'm knowing to it for a fact that he went fust mate of the old bark Two Sisters, along of his brother, Cap'n 'Life Gibbs, fourteen year to a stretch. After they was all cast away, the time Cap'n 'Life was drowned, Sylvane he come back home here for a spell, and bimeby bought him a little freighter that he run to Portland for years and years. I guess likely he must had a dollar or two in his stockin', fast enough. Anyways, he seldom ever lifted a hand out here, without it was to cut him up a stick of wood, but the heft of the time he'd 'most always jest set there and fiddle to hisself all soul alone, by the hour to a lick. Jim Hill! but he was a master old feller to take and make a fiddle talk right out, now I tell ye what. For that matter though, every one of them Gibbses always was chock-a-

block full of music, but seems's if Sylvane in pertik'ler had the fiddle right down fine. He'd pick him up consid'ble loose change every once in a little while a-fiddlin' to them big 'times' they have in the Temp'rance Hall there to the Cove, and quite a few folks has even come clean out here coaxin' of him to go in home and fiddle for 'em same's he used to.

"But you see he'd growed to feel kind of streaked, like, this last year or two. I seen myself that last winter took it out of him scand'lous, and come to take it this fall, seems's though he'd aged up ter'ble quick, all to once, like. I know along about the fust of the month somewheres, he says to me one day he guessed likely he'd have to go back in there to the Cove again, and put up along of some folks. He says to me that time like this, 's he, 'I'm gittin' so's I ain't the fust speck of good,' 's he; 'I'm all crippled-up and disenabled jes' same's a plaguey old main-sheet block with the sheave all broke down inside of her. I think 's some likely,' 's he, 'that prob'ly I *could* make out to live till springtime again, someways or 'nother, but there, you!' 's he, 'here 't is the fall o' the year, and comin' on cold weather pretty quick now, — I ain't got the currage, — I guess I full better go back in home there and git all through while she holds good and mod'rate, like.'

"Seems's though the poor old soul wa'n't so very fur out in his cal'lations, neither. I had a few lobsters to run in there to the Cove not but a short spell afterwards, and so I give him and his cat passage in aboard of me, with the old carry-way bo't and the heft of his dunnage in tow. Now take it that day you folks come in here to anchor, I seen plain as could be we was in for an extry heavy breeze o' wind. I had me a gang of bran'-new traps sot off here a piece to the s'uth-'ard, and thinks I, in room of leaving them traps be, to chaw to bits soon 's ever the sea commences to run anyways deep, I best git a move onto me, and fetch 'em in. Them oak boughten traps stand me nigh a dollar apiece, ye see, with my time hove in. Wall sir, coming back along, about noontime, Enos Gibbs run acrosst my bow, right handy-to, in his spreets-l jigger. Enos he'd come out of the Cove early in the morning to try the polluck off here, and was givin' it to her in home again, — 't was all hermed up thick for snow down to loo'ard then, you rec'lect.

"'Joe Tom!' he hollers (that's me), 'did you hear tell yit about Uncle Sylvane?' 's he.

"'No,' 's I. 'What's up?'

"'Wall,' 's he, 'he's got through there to father's, and we give him his funeral a week ago this very day!'"

WOOD-WIND

BY CLARENCE URMY

HITHER, Wood-wind, lend thy lips
Where this mountain brooklet slips
Under alder, buck-eye, bay,
Oaken bough and willow spray;
Lend thy lips, and let the tone
Be like fairy bugles blown,
Fairy bugles blown afar
In the Land of Evening Star.

Hither, Wood-wind, touch thy tongue
To the flutes with garlands hung;
There are notes that only thou
Canst awake from branch and bough,
Notes that Pan with piping sweet
Charms Terpsichore's light feet,
Or the softer notes that dwell
Deep in Orpheus' golden shell.

Hither, Wood-wind, horns are here,
Elfin horns to woodmen dear,
Hanging at the ivory door
Of each spreading sycamore;
Breathe upon these alder boughs
And thy gentle strains shall rouse
Dreams that in hushed valleys dwell,
Crowned with wreaths of asphodel.

Hither, Wood-wind, thou dost know
Haunt of pebbly piccolo,
And the cave of clarionet
In the reeds with ripples wet;
There are diapason stops
In the sky-tipped redwood tops,
Blow thereon and we shall hear
Music of a primal year!

Welcome, Wood-wind, at our call;
Or was it the waterfall
Or a falling leaf's low cry
That didst bid thee wander by?
Breathe and blow and drive away
All the care and fret of day,
While the pine trees' soft bassoon
Murmurs magic to the moon.

OUR MEN OF THE MIDI

BY E. N. VALLANDIGHAM

Our Southern whites present the only instance in the history of the world of a people mainly English by blood and tradition, who have dwelt continuously for six or eight generations below the 39th parallel. They are essentially a people of what the French call the Midi, and these interrelated facts of race and residence have been too little considered in the examination of their history and the prognostication of their future. Not elsewhere the world over have Englishmen dwelt continuously in large numbers under semi-tropical conditions for so much as three generations. The whites in Australia present the nearest parallel in this regard to our own Southern whites, but the white population of Australia has been considerable for only two generations, and large for hardly more than fifty years; and much of the increase up to very recent times came from immigration. It is fair to say then that only a small part of the whites in Australia are a people dwelling for more than two generations under semi-tropical conditions. They are an English people of the Midi in the making.

The total population of the British North American mainland in 1688, it is estimated, was 200,000. By 1700, it is believed to have grown to 1,850,000, in which latter estimate are probably included about 100,000 whites in the Canadas. Much of this growth came from natural increase, especially in the South, where a considerable part of the gain from immigration must be set down to the importation of African slaves. The first census, that of 1790, showed a population of nearly 4,000,000, almost equally divided between the North and South. Of rather more than 750,000 colored persons enumerated in that census by far

the larger part were in the Southern States. As late as 1860 there were only a little more than 226,000 negroes in the North out of more than 4,440,000 in the whole country. Toward the end of the eighteenth century slavery had probably begun to check white immigration to the South; and again, immigration was not large for the whole country during the first forty years under the Federal Constitution.

The number of white immigrants to reach the South after the opening of the nineteenth century must have been comparatively small save in the region immediately bordering upon Mason and Dixon's Line. From about the middle of the eighteenth century, indeed, the increase in the white population of the older Southern States must have been largely the natural increase in the native population of English descent. There was much intercolonial immigration, but the newer South drew upon Virginia and the Carolinas rather than upon the North. Some thousands of French Huguenots settled in the South between 1670 and the end of the seventeenth century; but these immigrants included many French of the Midi, so that the newcomers tended to intensify characteristics already developing in the native population under climatic influences. About the middle of the eighteenth century there was a movement of Scotch and Scotch-Irish immigration to the South, and nothing in the social history of that region is more instructive than the effect of new conditions, climatic and otherwise, upon these sturdy and impenetrable Protestants. After the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 there was an immigration of Irish and Highland Scotch to America, and part of these immigrants reached the South.

It may be said then that for almost two centuries, or six generations, the Southern whites have been essentially a semi-tropical people by residence, birth, and ancestry; and that not a few of those who have come to the South since the close of the seventeenth century are descended on one side or the other from earlier immigrants; so that many of the Southern whites are of a race for nearly three centuries exposed to semi-tropical conditions. These people are in large part what we loosely call Anglo-Saxons; for whatever Celtic blood may have come to them from France, from Ireland, and from the Highlands of Scotland, has been in large measure mixed with purely English strains. There is, of course, a large unmixed French element in Louisiana, and a Spanish element not intimately mixed with English in Florida and Texas, besides a German element in Louisiana, in Maryland, in Kentucky, and perhaps elsewhere; while there has been within two decades some Italian immigration to parts of the South. When all these foreign strains have been taken into account, however, the fact remains that between Mason and Dixon's Line and the Gulf of Mexico there is a larger population of approximately pure English stock than anywhere else on earth outside of Great Britain.

We must bear in mind also, when we think of the Southern white as an Englishman of the Midi, that he and his ancestors have not been merely winter residents here for, say, two-and-a-half centuries, but have steadily made the region their home at all seasons. Englishmen have dwelt under tropical and semi-tropical conditions in India and elsewhere for a century and a half, but merely as a garrison, military and civil; for adaptable as the Englishman is, he has steadily refused to make India his permanent home. The Southerner's loyalty to the soil in all seasons seems to have been even more marked in earlier generations than to-day. Even now, however, from the Potomac to the Gulf,

we find the Southern white for the most part either living in his accustomed winter home all summer long, or seeking only such relief as the seashore or the mountains of his own latitude afford. Finally, for more than a century and a quarter the people thus subjected to climatic conditions new to the race have been self-dependent, in no measure politically subordinated to the mother country, and singularly free in the matter of local self-government, so that they have developed without serious pressure from their brethren in Europe and America living under different climatic conditions. At the same time, they have preserved the common traditions of the race, and read its common literature.

What should we expect of an Englishman, in his own person and through six or eight ancestral generations subjected to conditions such as the race never before knew? We think we know the English character pretty well. It varies, of course, and within a pretty wide range. There are madly impulsive Englishmen; but the race is phlegmatic rather than the reverse, cool, self-contained, sturdy in maintenance of opinion, steady but not fiery in courage, moderate in love, prone to marry late rather than early, not excitable, distinguished by the occurrence of rarely imaginative individuals, but on the whole prosaic and negligent of the fine arts, and commonly sincere in the ordinary relations of life, however hypocritical in some of its conventions.

The Southern European, on the other hand, is apt to be excitable, fiery in his courage, ardent in love, imaginative, fond of pleasure and sensitive to the fine arts, somewhat effusive in his social relations, almost indecently frank in some matters that English conventional hypocrisy passes by in silence. When we think of these two and of our own Southerner, we easily realize that he is essentially an Englishman of the Midi. His semi-tropical climate has burned into him some of the qualities that we associate with the Southern European, but

he has retained also many of his own racial characteristics. He is both fire and snow. He is ardent in love; but he at least equals the Englishman at home in jealous regard for the purity of his women and surpasses him — or any other man — in his romantic devotion to the other sex. His courage has the fire of the Southern European, and the steadiness of the Englishman. He is soft of speech, and amiability itself at ordinary times, but roused to instant anger at the slightest suspicion of an assault upon his honor. Perhaps his most charming characteristic is his delightfully unsuspecting outlook upon the world, his consequent readiness to accept a new acquaintance for what he seems to be, and his open-handed hospitality. In this latter relation he shows the fascinating politeness of the European of the Midi, along with the essential sincerity of the Englishman in every-day social relations. You cannot altogether trust the social effusiveness of the Southern European; you rarely meet with such effusiveness in the Englishman; but if our Southerner invites you to his house after the second casual meeting, be sure that the invitation is given in good faith.

Physically, also, the Southerner is an Englishman of the Midi. He retains the relatively tall stature of his race; but he is apt to be dark and slender, rather than fair and large. He has cared less for systematic athletics than the Englishman at home, but having been mainly a dweller in the country, he has lived much in the open air, and has been handy with weapons, fond of horse and dog. There may have been a suspicion up to the middle of the last century that the Southerners were suffering some physical deterioration because of the climate to which they and their ancestors had been so long exposed; but the civil war seems abundantly to have demonstrated not only their courage and dash, but as well their endurance of all kinds.

These considerations of the physical and temperamental effects of the Southern

climate upon the English race naturally raise the question whether the Southern white has retained the fine qualities of his English ancestors and superimposed upon them the fire and charm of the Southern European; whether he has suffered no serious loss of intellectual and spiritual effectiveness through the climatic conditions to which he has been subjected. It is hardly to be denied that the Southern youth suffered morally from his contact with an enslaved race, and continues to suffer morally from contact with the same race in a state of freedom. Doubtless each race has gained some good of the other; but they have also done much mutual ill. The South and the Southerner will long bear the marks of the evil institution that they so long cherished.

Every Northerner who is familiar with the South will at once recall squalid Southern villages and slovenly Southern farms as possibly proving the evil effects of an enervating climate upon the civic and domestic ideals of the whites. Schouler, the historian, intimates that the White House and its grounds had fallen into something like shabbiness under a long succession of Southern Presidents, remarking that upon the accession of John Quincy Adams the President's official residence took on the air of a neat New England homestead. The Southerner, indeed, often submits with apparent unconcern to slovenly surroundings such as would not be tolerated by an equally well placed Englishman, and the contrast between rural conditions in much of the South and in the greater part of New England is notoriously to the advantage of the latter. It would be hard to say how much of Southern slovenliness is due to climatic influence upon the ideals of the whites, and how much to traditions going back to the inefficiency of slave labor. Something also is to be set down to the poverty that immediately followed the war, when the pillaged South was almost perforce content to give all its energies to merely

living; when families saw handsome old homesteads fall into ruins, and were meanwhile too poor either to repair them or to rebuild upon a smaller scale. Southern indifference to meticulous neatness, however, antedates the war. The story of the Virginian whose excuse for not mending his fences was that he found it cheaper to station little negroes at the gaps, is perhaps apocryphal, but it has some value as an economic indicator.

Intellectually and spiritually, however, the Southerner seems to have suffered not so much by reason of climatic conditions as by reason of his partial isolation, brought upon him in large measure by slavery. The institution to which the Southerner tenaciously clung after it had ceased to be economically profitable — if, indeed, such it ever was — separated him from the great stream of national life; and the race problem left in the train of slavery has sufficed in some measure to perpetuate his isolation. The web of slavery had grown to be nearly as big as the civic body upon which it was bred, and amputation not only proved almost fatal, but also brought its own enduring evils. The Union is now perhaps politically intact; but it has never been quite intellectually, spiritually, and socially such. The South remains in some measure provincial, and the Southerner, even when intellectually alert, finds it hard not to share the conditions with which he is surrounded. Because the South has escaped some of the worst aspects of Northern commercialism, the Southerner is apt to rejoice in his own provincialism. At the same time the South has shown the super-sensitiveness to outside criticism characteristic of an isolated people, and has often responded to such criticism with a heat of provincial patriotic rage such as the Southern European could not excel. Thus things Southern have rarely appeared to the Southerner in their true proportions and relations. In matters of taste, also, the South has remained provincial or archaic. Even now much

of the South is in the midst of that "architectural reign of terror" which made hideous the mid-quarters of the last century, but which happily the North seems at length about to emerge from. Again, the South has much of the time abstained from the highest endeavor in the fine arts, in mechanical invention, and in most other fields save those of politics and war.

During the first forty years under the Constitution, for the greater part of which period slavery was only growing its thews, the Union was perhaps nearer intact, not only in form but in spirit, than at any time during the next sixty years. The isolation of the South was less marked during those first forty years than later, and it was precisely then that she contributed her largest share in men and measures to our political progress. Unfortunately for all of us, that region came passionately to the defense of slavery about the time when the protective tariff system began to extend and threatened to be permanent. The South then made the tactical and politico-economic mistake of assuming that protection was good perhaps for one section, but certainly bad for another; whereas it was merely good for a privileged few in any section, and always bad for most of us everywhere. Thus the opposition of the South to the protective system became another source of isolation, another means of excluding her from participation in the stream of national development and from full sympathy with national ideals. In spite of occasional academic arguments for free trade as a universal good, the South by her own neglect was made to appear as selfishly arrayed against a system advocated as a national blessing.

At the same time the necessity that the South felt of fighting for slavery and against protection perpetuated her race of brilliant public men, and made her in politics at least the equal of the North. But after 1832 only one permanently resident Southerner was elected to the

presidency. In the only other field of endeavor to which the South has unreservedly given herself, the military field, she has proved also of equal validity with the North, and in both these fields her distinction has often been won by individuals who were typically Englishmen of the Midi.

A few concrete illustrations will serve to enforce the contention of the immediately foregoing paragraph. Let us glance rapidly at some of the men who have conferred distinction upon the South in politics or in war. Washington, to be sure, was mainly an Englishman rather than a man of the Midi. What is true of him is almost equally true of several of his Southern contemporaries. Jefferson had marked traits of the Midi, and so had John Randolph of Roanoke. Calhoun seems almost a dual personality; he was intense and passionate in spirit, but coldly logical in his mental processes, and as conscientious as the sternest Puritan. His paternal family, indeed, came late to the South, though he inherited upon one side old Southern blood. But there is a large group of less conspicuous South Carolinians who signally illustrate the effect of semi-tropical conditions upon the people of that state. Hayne, Rhett, Brooks, Pickens, and others will occur to many, and the temperament of the Midi in an exaggerated form seems to belong to at least one conspicuous South Carolinian of to-day. Henry Clay was typically a man of the Midi, pleasure-loving, eloquent, sympathetic, charming in his personal relations, fiery yet steady in courage, sensitive upon points of honor,—a shining and romantic figure, in the presence of which Puritan virtue as exemplified by John Quincy Adams at his early morning prayers seems a little cold and pale.

Coming farther down, we find in Lincoln marked traits of race, with others that may have been climatic, for he and his had long been men of the Midi. Stonewall Jackson, too, was, so to speak, mingled Covenanter and Provençal,

with the Covenanter element in far larger proportion. Lee is perhaps the most conspicuous example that the South has furnished of an almost perfect blend of the Englishman and the man of the Midi. He had the dash and fire of the South with the steady coolness of the Englishman, the social warmth of the Midi with the domestic sincerity of his race. His English military biographer seems occasionally almost aghast at Lee's apparent rashness even when it was vindicated by success. Beauregard, in character, as in aspect, seems an unmistakable Franco-American of the Midi, and three or four other conspicuous Confederate commanders exhibited traits which may well be set down to climatic influence. It is hard to believe that the amazing exploits of Mosby and other partisan leaders of the border were not in some degree due to the fact that they and their bands were essentially guerrillas of the Midi.

Among the Southern public men of the mid-century period and earlier, the Breckenridges illustrate that union of logic and passion which marks some other Scotchmen of the Midi. Foote of Mississippi brought to the defense of the Union through many bitter years the same fire that some of his fellows of the Midi showed in their advocacy of secession. As to Jefferson Davis, he was a Southerner of English blood whose racial characteristics seem to have been peculiarly resistant to climatic influences. When he shall cease to be the scapegoat of half a nation, and New England shall regard the Confederate President dispassionately, she may well find in him something very like a Puritan of the South.¹

It seems probable then that our Englishman of the Midi has gained more than he has lost by his six or eight generations in a sub-tropical climate. The Yankee's energy, persistence, temperance,

¹ The present occupant of the White House seems to have inherited a share of temperament from his ancestors of our Midi.

thrift, and ingenuity have helped to make the people of New England perhaps the richest community in the world; yet they occupy as inhospitable a soil probably as that of any like area with an equal population. Furthermore, New England's material contribution to our national wealth is but a small part of her total benefaction to mankind. When all this has been acknowledged, however, and as well the steel-like faithfulness of the New England character, one must confess to missing in the Yankee a certain warmth and color which make the Southerner appear as almost of a different race. Falstaff, it will be recalled, could not warm to that "sober-blooded boy," Prince John of Lancaster, and reflecting upon John's abstinence from wine, he was led to his famous soliloquy in praise of sack. "So that skill in the weapon," he reflects, "is nothing without sack;" and the very valor of Prince Hal himself he ascribes to the same agency, saying, "For the cold blood he did naturally inherit from his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he has become very hot and valiant."

What sack did for Prince Hal, the semi-tropical suns below the 39th parallel seem in some measure to have done for the Englishman of the South, so that he has added to the qualities of his race some at least of those that give force and charm to the European of the Midi. Doubtless he has the defects of his acquired qualities; but he is really a new thing in the history of the human race, and, as such, an interesting product, with a possible future that gives matter for speculation.

What is likely to be the future of this man? It seems, so far as one may judge from the past, that he needs only to break the bonds of isolation, and rid himself of his provincialism, in order to enter into every field of endeavor in friendly competition with his brother of the North

for the promotion of national progress. Plainly the old cause of isolation continues in a slightly new form. The South worked through at least two generations of our national life with one hand tied by reason of slavery. Slave labor was uneconomic, in part because the slave labored without hope; and hopeless free labor is likely to be little more effective.

Is the South determined to reduce its laboring population to hopelessness, or will our Man of the Midi solve the race problem rightly and so burst the bonds of his own isolation and emerge into the open? In spite of recent apparently discouraging events there are signs that he will answer successfully this Sphinx's riddle of the Occident. Pessimism as to the negro is, indeed, the loudest note now heard from the South, and the colored race has not in years had fewer sanguine friends at the North; but it frequently happens that an evil condition is upon the mend just at the moment when we have our eyes so riveted upon its ill aspects that we fail to note the signs of coming improvement. It is not impossible that such is now the case with the problem of the South; and nothing is so likely to soften Southern public opinion as the knowledge that the North recognizes our national problem as peculiarly a Southern problem, and watches the course of events below Mason and Dixon's Line in a spirit of broad human sympathy, and not in a spirit of mere arrogant criticism. After all, the Southern white, however he may underestimate the remote possibilities of the negro race, knows better than his Northern critic its immediate condition and capacity; and there is still a deep-seated Southern affection for the negro that will respond to intelligent Northern sentiment.

Patience, patience and charity, then, is surely the counsel that should be addressed to North as well as South, and alike to both races. A gradual diffusion of the colored race, an increase of the whites by immigration and by excess of births until that race shall be everywhere

in a substantial majority, and the accompanying material and moral improvement of the negroes (a thing easier of accomplishment when they shall be no longer densely massed in special areas), will give the problem a very different look from that threatening and disheartening one which it now seems to wear.

With this immediately threatening pressure of the race problem relieved, and men's minds freed for turning to other things, who shall say what our men of the Midi in coming generations may not accomplish in fields of endeavor that they now neglect or cultivate but feebly? It will be worth much to the Southern white to be drawn into the full stream of national life, to feel himself and his section one with the rest of the Union, not alone politically, but intellectually and spiritually.

With improved economic conditions at home and a less threatening race problem the South will perhaps be no longer subject to that ruinous drain of her energetic and ambitious youth to the cities of the North; and, on the other hand, the South will receive an increasing immigration of young men from the North and West eager to share in her rich but ill-developed natural opportunities.

Finally, if the boast that the Anglo-Saxon race is peculiarly gifted in the realms of politics and the higher imagination be justified, our Man of the Midi has a great future; for not only is he almost pure Anglo-Saxon, but his race has been warmed by the generous sack of his own semi-tropical sunshine; he is a blend of reason and passion new to the world of endeavor and service.

THE APPLE TREE

BY CANDACE WHEELER

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.
A world of blossoms for the bee

.
We plant with the apple tree.

I HAVE wholly lost my heart to an apple tree, — and it has come about in winter, when the great tribe and kindred of apple trees are stretching their branches under frosty skies, with roots buried in frozen ground and dead, dead, dead to all the impulses of life. They are as unconscious of the honey of summer as if no experience of it had ever vivified their past. There they stand, with feet under the chilled stillness of crystals of snow, their blue shadows thrown upon its glittering whiteness, — a network of beauty lying along the sloping hillside, under the

etching of brown branches which form the aisles of orchard vistas.

I remember such pictures as a part of the winter experiences of childhood, and I knew then, as I know now, that apple trees in winter were good to look at, — that such pictures might rank themselves with the blossom glories of May, or the wonder-bounties of September. So — I reflect to myself — there are three periods in every year of the apple tree's life when it is breathlessly beautiful, — once when it stands alone, or in a flock, sheltering its wondrous shadow, blue as a summer sky, on breadths of glittering snow; and once in Maytime, when it stands in a cloud of tinted-winged, perfume-breathing, heart-warming beauty; and once again in the autumn, when it offers to the earth, and the sun, and its lovers, and to the covetous man-soul of

every age and description, its final guerdon of the year in full-globed fruit.

These visions of the season enlarge themselves and fill my shut-in inclosure of space, my little city-room,—called up by a dish of apples standing upon the sideboard, each one a perfect sphere holding the years' experience and the final result of them. As I take one in my hand, I am more intimately conscious of the fruity perfume which has faintly pervaded the room, and I fall to wondering how it has escaped the close-grained skin, or whether it is the skin itself which is odorous. I wonder at its color, at the elastic ivory of its material, at the perfect protection it gives to the packed atoms of fruit; its efficacy of protection beyond that of any other fruit, beyond the thick velvety skin of the peach, or the thin transparent cover which binds the juicy particles of the cherry. I remember how it still protects its sphere of apple atoms when it has fallen from the tree and lies for weeks upon the greedy ground, or barreled for months in the cellar, or transported across the sea; through all these changes, the polished tinted skin quietly holds its charge almost beyond reason or expectation, and prolongs our autumn-fruit-riches into the depths of winter. It is an envelope finer and firmer than that which holds the human sweetness of a baby, a polished and painted surface thinner than silk and close enough to defy the crowding destructive elements which threaten.

Where did the apple find, or how did it manufacture, the envelope in which it packs its accumulation of flavored sweets? Where did it collect the mingled hues with which it is dyed,—for in it are the yellow of sunbeams, the green of forest and earth, the crimson of daybreak and evening, a color kneaded through its substance,—“dyed in the grain,” “sun-fast and waterfast,” and holding it unspoiled through the days of its being.

If I ignore the barrier of skin, and slash across the central mystery of seed, I come upon a core of star-shaped plates of color-

less enamel, ten of them folded together in pairs of five, each pair holding in its casket a brown jewel of a pointed seed. We cut ruthlessly across this guarded privacy and scatter its treasures, not even realizing that they hold the mystery of life within them. It is true, the instinct of growth lies in the woody fibre, but thought, aspiration, the reaching out of the germ of life toward outward and final development, lies within the seed.

If you cut a twig of the tree and plant it in the ground, the instinct of growth and race survives and pushes it straightway into the world in the shape of a baby tree, a slim youngling, standing in sight of its mother tree, inwardly a perfect reproduction of traits, qualities and gifts; a true child, without variation of flavor, or shape, or quality of either of the myriads of separate particles which make up its composition. It has no thought, no initiative. It grows according to the inevitable law of its kind. But if you take one of the little brown jewels of the apple's centre of life and bury it in the ground, *it thinks* while the process of germination goes on and all the wonderful and miraculous play of life-atoms expands; the primal experimental thought of creation is at work within it, and it is an individual, it is not a race-thought, which animates it.

Perhaps the germ aspires wisely toward perfection, or progresses ignorantly toward deterioration,—but generally when the experimental, creative thought has grown and perfected its fruit, it surprises us with some added value of flavor, some modification of a crudeness, even some finer symmetry of curve and shape, or enlargement of size or added measure of juice or deepening of blush or painting of color. Verily, the little jewel of a seed has been busy with its experiments and plans, as it lay swelling in earth's moisture, resolving what it would be. Perhaps it remembered some stirring of love or admiration toward individuals of its garden or orchard neighbors, some thrills of joy in the beauty of shape or

skin, or waft of fragrance from a neighbor apple tree worthy of admiration.

It is conceivable, in view of results, that all these efforts and memories are consciously or unconsciously held in the ivory germ closed in its polished seed cover, and treasured in the flower-shaped casket of its core. Growers of fruits know what the apple tree is capable of in fibre and fruit and seed, even when they have no time to speculate upon the how, and why, and wherefore; we can fancy that as a rule they wander in a maze of bewilderment among familiar miracles.

But sometimes, one more egotistic of man-power than the rest undertakes to guide and direct the hidden mysteries of vegetable action, and his energy accomplishes unheard-of things.

It was a sacrilegious thought, to eliminate the core of the apple, the very seat of its germinal life; but misdirected man-intelligence has attempted and in a few unhonored instances succeeded. One poor bewildered fruit I have seen, having—in an effort to follow both the guiding of nature and powerful human suggestion—removed its seed from its rightful centre only to have it reassert its right of existence on the very surface and outside of the fruit. It was provocative of tears, to see this poor misguided specimen trying to perfect its seed in open daylight instead of the fruitful darkness and holy privacy of its centre.

But sometimes man and nature work together in beautiful harmony of effort, and give us fruits of paradise, Eve-blessed and Adam-tended. The long search of the apple-seed for perfection, from the sour and contracted crab of the thicket to the varied and magnificent growths of the well-tended orchard, makes an enviable record; even when the wild apple dropped its unnoticed fruit to the ground, the seed within it must have had glimmerings of progressive excellence until it finally started on its varied journey toward species and perfection.

We think with wondering admiration of the Spitzenberg, beginning its upward

journey in the orcharded plains of the Esopus, and under the high blue summits of the Catskills, and being inspired by the rarity of mountain air, until it absorbed its rare, winelike quality into its very flesh, and flavored it with spice-like odors of mountain flowers and painted it with the glow of crimson sunsets,—earning and wearing the name of *Spitz Bergen* with pride as well as content.

And when the "King Apple" first perfected its fruit, think you its name was more than a bare acknowledgment of well-earned, seedling effort? or was the christening of the Seek-no-further more than a just testimony to qualities weighed and chosen and considered in the very heart of the seed, and acquired by persistent thought during patient growth? Whenever I look at the more and more constant and greater perfection of these kings of fruit, I am impressed with the forward march of progress in the aspiration of the apple.

Dear apple trees! So ethereally beautiful in the days of your blossoming, and so satisfyingly bounteous in your days of fruitage, your song of life is a pæan which fills and enriches mortal life. It is but one of the ways in which nature teaches all her manifestations to minister to the something above herself,—to the higher,—to that which may grow to imagined perfection.

Emerson calls the apple our "national fruit," and it has good title to the name, both as a wildling and as a tamed and chosen companion of man. From north to south and from east to west it spreads its roots and rears its trunk. The pioneer, when he selects his newly-chosen home, plants seeds from the old home-orchard around the newly-reared walls of his cabin; the great landowner beautifies his acres and enhances their value with rare and choice selections of trees; and each tree has a family receipt for flavor which it implicitly follows,—each species keeping inviolate the virtue of mixture. We can imagine a gossipy Seek-no-further trying to extract from a youth-

ful Spitzenberg the secret of its spicy acid, but it would remain forever untold. Each one gathers its own store of flavors and mixes them with unvarying skill and always with the same result.

Peaches and pears and oranges and limes have the peach or pear or orange or lime flavor, but who shall tell the flavor of an apple whose family is unknown to us? It may be honey-sweet or lemon-sour, or it may taste of pines or strawberries and smell of all the flowers that blow. It is that one of "the social fruits in which nature has deposited every possible flavor; whole zones of climates she has concentrated into apples."

It begins its life as a fruit some April day, a mere dot of rose color wrapped in furry green on the surface of a rough gray bough; and as it gradually unfolds itself into flower shape, it and its myriad of kindred widen and broaden into clouds of tender and transcendent beauty.

Under an apple tree in full bloom, the infinite gradation of pearl and gray and rose, transparent as the blue of heaven, there is a beauty as heavenly and tender as if one stood within the shadow of angelic wings.

Invisible perfume steals in unnoticeable spirals from every half-closed bud and perfect flower. Even the floating shell-curved flower-leaves dropped from the small green fingers of infant font-cups fall downward in a little encompassing cloud of fragrance.

The fragrance is fanned and stirred into eddies of sweetness by filmy wings up-bearing the insect intelligences which are impelled from hives and wild-bee homes to find it in the very heart and source of apple-bough perfume.

The birth hour of the fruit is a cup of joy; but when this is past and the mosaic of the wonder-blossoms falls in bits of veined beauty to the ground, we leave the tree to nurse the babies of its race through summer days, and to feed the infant fruit with the clarified juices of earth gathered by exploring rootlets.

While it clings with tenacious hold to

the bough, the wind and sun are bringing it essences from widespread fields where flowers are awake in the sun, and from the green shadows of forests where tree blossoms drowse in the stillness, and the apple waxes and globes itself through days and nights of nature's tendence until its days of fulfillment, when the "full-juiced apple, waxing overmellow, falls in a silent autumn night." Falls, or we gather and appropriate it, half unconscious that it holds sunlight and starlight and all the moods of summer in its little sphere of strange and thrilling substances.

In the great new orchards of Colorado and Washington our familiar friend and old-time neighbor takes on a different character. The apple trees are as symmetrical as statues, and not relying upon hereditary respectability, and ignoring the Lady Clara Vere de Vere claims of long descent, they exhibit a willingness to adopt new ideas and methods, which is essentially Western. They accept the obligation of their surroundings and become experimental and progressive. Standing in the new young orchards, in long perspective of diminishing lines and in speckless uniforms of bark and leaf, they remind one of a grand parade of pupils from countless military schools. The knobby, rheumatic trunks and lichen-covered branches we know so well on Eastern farms are missing. These are educated youths preparing for professional careers. Their perfected fruit will be gathered with scientific precision according to tested rule, barreled into paper seclusion, and sent to every country in the world which can indulge in American luxuries.

There is a curious difference between these great swelling globes of juicy fruit-flesh and their unsophisticated rural kindred from the hill-farms of the East: they are wrapped in the same polished and tinted skins, but their substance is more open and juicy; it lacks the crisp conservatism of the half-wild, wholly uneducated, abundantly trusted apple of our

old home farms. Their very names are new, but they are God's and Nature's good gift as truly as are their long-descended relations, and play their part in the enrichment of mankind as honestly. In the spring they flood the sunny prairie-land with a measureless foam of blossom, and in autumn they yield to pickers and packers an incalculable harvest of topaz and ruby globes, as precious and profitable as the gold of their neighboring mountains.

It is a lesson in the sensitiveness of the species to surroundings, to compare the apple tree grown in the deep loam of a Western prairie with that of its Eastern kindred. In the bleak mountain orchards of the Catskills I have seen ancient apple trees whose boles were turned in climbing

folds as regular as the carven legs of an antique mahogany table; row after row of fluted trunks telling forever of the winter winds and biting frosts which twisted them so sorely in the pliable days of their youth. The sap veins which vitalize them follow the curved and circling lines, unhesitatingly doing their spring and summer food-carrying over a long and crooked road as cheerfully and effectively as if it were straight and young. But wherever we may find them, — crowded in thick-set hedges within sight of the salty seas, or springing between the rocks of mountain clearings, or standing in well-ordered orchards of Eastern or Western plains, — they are everywhere and always a preëminent gift and blessing.

ALCHEMY

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

Out of the songs of frailest birds,
 Out of the winds that veer,
 My soul has winnowed deathless words
 Of faith and hope and cheer!

Out of the passing stars of night,
 And waning suns of day,
 My soul has woven robes of light
 That shall not fade away!

Out of the lowering clouds above,
 And out of storm and stress,
 My soul has gathered dews of love,
 And golden happiness!

Out of its travail like the sea,
 Out of the breath of dust,
 My soul has shaped Infinity,
 And made itself august!

MR. RHODES'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY BERNADOTTE PERRIN

"FAILURE makes us the vassals of an arrogant people," runs the appeal to the people by the last Confederate Congress, March 21, 1865. "Failure will compel us to drink the cup of humiliation even to the bitter dregs of having the history of our struggle written by New England historians." Mr. Rhodes is not a New Englander, indeed, but he is the next thing to it, — a product of the Western Reserve, — and he has written "something very near to what time will prove to be the accepted story of the nation's great struggle for self-preservation." This includes, of course, the struggle of the Southern States for independence, which has here been treated, by the acknowledgment of a Southern critic, as fairly and judiciously as any American can now treat it. This acknowledgment was made on the appearance of the fifth volume, which concludes the story of the Civil War. If the same Southern critic should pronounce judgment on the whole work, now that its history of the Reconstruction period is complete in the sixth and seventh volumes, he would surely be forced to modify, if not to recall, his assertion that "a sympathetic treatment of both sides is naturally impossible at present."

For though in his first two volumes, describing the agitations of the slavery question which led up to war, Mr. Rhodes is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Webster as to be a strong nationalist, in the last two volumes, describing "the pitiless years of reconstruction," he is no less thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Lincoln, so that his sympathies are unreservedly and warmly with the oppressed South; and in the three intermediate volumes, describing the Civil War, he is a model of rigorous impartiality. No South-

erner could depict with a tenderer touch the heroic sacrifices and the appalling sufferings in the Lost Cause, none do finer justice to its brave soldiers and great leaders. "These with other circumstances show that men both at the North and the South were frequently better than their words. More than once each side was seemingly on the brink of retaliatory executions which would have been followed by stern reprisals. From such shedding of blood and its bitter memories we were spared by the caution and humanity of Abraham Lincoln, General Lee, and Jefferson Davis." A history of the struggle of the South written in the spirit of Lincoln, by one who holds that the evolution of the character of Lincoln was one of the main compensations for the fearful losses of the war on both sides, can never add to the bitterness of any "cup of humiliation."

I

Mr. Rhodes has devoted nineteen of the best years of his life to this monumental work. From the beginning to the end he has "envisaged" — to use a rather too frequent word of his own — his subject in its entirety, and in its impressive dramatic unity. His sense of proportion is artistic, as well as his perspective. In one particular only has his initial purpose been modified. The original *terminus ad quem* which he set for his work was the return of the Democratic party to power by the election of Cleveland to the presidency in 1884. For this, on most convincing grounds, he has substituted the final restoration of Home Rule at the South after the election of Hayes in 1877. "The withdrawal of the United States troops from South Carolina and Louisi-

ana, following upon the tacit consent of the North to the overthrow of the other Southern carpet-bag-negro governments by the educated and property-holding people of the several states, was proof that the Reconstruction of the South, based on universal negro suffrage, was a failure and that, on the whole, the North was content that the South should work out the negro problem in her own way, subject to the three constitutional amendments, which embodied the results of the Civil War; and subject, also, to the public opinion of the enlightened world."

This distinct terminal point accepted, the great drama has for prologue the events leading up to the compromise measures of 1850; for complication of the action, the upsetting of this compromise and the triumph of a sectional party, 1850-1860; for catastrophe, the Civil War, 1861-1865; and for exodus and close, the period of Reconstruction, 1865-1877. Mr. Rhodes devotes two volumes to prologue and complication; three volumes to the catastrophe, which Mommsen called "the mightiest struggle and most glorious victory as yet recorded in human annals;" and two volumes to the exodus and close. "My subject has been varied and important, my materials superabundant; and, while conscious of my limitations, I have endeavored throughout this history of the great conflict to maintain such standards of research and judgment as should elicit the utmost of truth."

Specialists in this field of history are practically unanimous in their testimony that Mr. Rhodes has maintained the very highest "standards of research and judgment." His collation of published material, official and other, is abundant and almost exhaustive, while his special privileges in the way of access to invaluable unpublished material, and friendly intercourse with able and competent witnesses, have been rare. Of patient, tireless industry there is evidence at all points, and winning frankness where superabundance of material has proved overwhelming. "The material" — for dis-

cussion of the treatment on both sides of prisoners of war — "is enormous, and a year were none too much for an exact and comprehensive study of it. The desire to complete the task I laid out for myself in the first page of this work, the endeavor to compass what Carlyle terms 'the indispensablest beauty in knowing how to get done,' have prevented me from giving more than a part of that time to the subject, and I shall therefore state with diffidence the conclusions at which I have arrived."

Aside from the almost unexampled impartiality of judgment which the work displays throughout, its most striking characteristics to the lay reader will be found in its subordination of the literary to the judicial element, — its freedom, that is, from rhetoric; in its marvelous pen-portraits of the prominent actors in the drama; and in its apparently unconscious, and therefore all the more artistic contrasts of light and shade. Mr. Rhodes manages well the long pause at a dramatic point, — a supreme moment, as, for instance, when, after the account of Lincoln's election, we are held in suspended expectation of the loosing of the dogs of war by the long twelfth chapter on the state of society in America during the decade of 1850-1860. Behind the gloom and disappointment at the North in consequence of McClellan's failures, the form of the great conqueror, Grant, is made to loom like a portent. Amid the vague uncertainties which mark Lee's earlier career, the reader is made to await eagerly the unfolding of that genius which should make men of North and South alike "look upon him as the English of our day regard Washington." And when "the great captain of the rebellion" had been compelled to do what he would rather have died a thousand deaths than do, and the North was rejoicing with an exuberant joy, as it had never rejoiced before, — "nor did it during the remainder of the century on any occasion show such an exuberance of gladness," — the art is consummate with which the

"horror and deep mourning" which was to follow Lincoln's death is made to cast its shadow before. So, too, it is just after we have been led to realize the great magnanimity of Lincoln, and his peculiar fitness to secure the compromises which must accompany any readjustment of the relations between North and South, that we are brought to Johnson. "Under Lincoln Reconstruction would have been a model of statecraft which would have added to his great fame. Of all men in public life it is difficult to conceive of one so ill-fitted for this delicate work as was Andrew Johnson." Of course such artistic contrasts are made possible only by that "knowledge of the end," which Mr. Rhodes well knows to be "one of the most dangerous pitfalls which beset the writers of history;" but knowledge which results merely in the most effective grouping of events, and not in partisan judgment upon them, needs no elimination.

From beginning to end of the work, from Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, to Hayes, Lamar, and Tilden, the great actors in the drama are made to live and breathe before us by the writer's wonderful power of portraiture. Almost everywhere in these portraits there is what the painter calls "modeling," and that of a high order. For us too the world seems "lonesome" without Daniel Webster, though we know his failings well. In all of us, when Lee finally decided to serve Virginia rather than the national government, "censure's voice upon the action of such a noble soul is hushed." All of us feel as it were the loss of a right arm when Stonewall Jackson and Reynolds die. Exceeding keen is the analysis of such complex and impulsive characters as General Sherman or Alexander H. Stephens. Remorseless though charitable is the exposure of weakness in McClellan or Frémont. The varying weaknesses and greatneses of Seward and Chase are clearly differentiated, — there is no blurring in the strokes. But most clearly of course, because most minutely portrayed, the features of the great leaders stand out

before us, Lincoln and Davis, Grant and Lee. Lincoln bore the sorrows of the whole nation, and his soul expanded under the strain and agony; Davis bore the sorrows of a revolution, and his soul, unlike that of Lee, contracted under the strain of defeat and failure. After the minor issue of the war, that of slavery, has been decided, and the nobler major issue, that of independence and disunion, remains to be decided, none can fail to admire that indomitable hopefulness which made him, in spite of constant debility, "next to Lee the strongest individual influence in time of distress." And yet, compared with Lincoln, he is but a bitter partisan. "I spoke always of two countries," he said, after the Hampton Roads Conference. "Mr. Lincoln spoke of a common country. I can have no common country with the Yankees. My life is bound up with the Confederacy. . . . With the Confederacy I will live or die. Thank God I represent a people too proud to eat the leek or bow the neck to mortal man." And yet Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, with rare civic virtue, surrendered when the cause was lost. And Grant received Lee's surrender with a magnanimity which we are called upon by the historian to remember, and do gladly remember, amid the scandals of his presidential administrations. But we cannot linger among these admirable portraits, — a national gallery. Through them, more than through any other feature of the work, "we breathe the atmosphere of the period itself, and share the doubts, the fears, and the deep solicitude of the actors in it."

"Without a touch of rhetoric," writes an English reviewer of Mr. Rhodes's work. This is in the main true. That snare of the historian, ancient and modern, the temptation to lay less stress on what is told than on how it is told, Mr. Rhodes has avoided to a really wonderful degree. It is true that no period of our history has such dramatic unity or such dramatic intensity as the period he has chosen to portray. He has only to let

events speak for themselves in the simplest way, and he is sure of the attention and interest of his reader. But it is nevertheless a great virtue in a historian to do this, — to hide himself and his style behind his material rather than to impress them on it, and Mr. Rhodes has apparently chosen for his model Gardiner's history of the English Civil War. The best thing to be said about Mr. Rhodes's literary style is that one seldom notices it at all. It is like the garments of a really well dressed man or woman, which attract no attention. In the main it is simple, straightforward, and unaffected, though not without a rugged vigor all its own. At very rare intervals the writer seems to say to himself, "Go to! I will be ornate a bit," and the result is something stilted or involved. To one who knows the probable beverage of a Southern Senator when stumping Kansas in 1854, it seems far-fetched to speak of a speech of his as "made under the influence of the invisible spirit of wine." But such minor blemishes are all the more noticeable for their rarity. Akin to them are the more frequent quotations for literary adornment which have the air of being lugged in by force, as when Tacitus and Thucydides are cited apropos of Sherman's "War is Hell," or the eleventh *Æneid* to rebuke the Democrats who, in 1863, believed that peace was possible without recognition of the Confederacy. On the other hand, such quotations are often admirably managed, as that from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, when the tolling of the bells announced the death of Lincoln: "Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run

As it were doomsday."

And no one questions for an instant the appropriation into the text, entire, of Walt Whitman's "O Captain! my Captain!"

Like Lincoln, Mr. Rhodes often uses with apparent unconsciousness and without quotation marks whole phrases of King James's Bible or of Shakespeare. On the death of a slave, "it was the loss of

money that was bewailed, and not of the light which no Promethean heat can relume." When Theodore Parker preached his sermon on the death of Webster, "the preacher appeared to wish the good which Webster did interred with his bones and the evil to live after him." When Seward saw the rising flood of enthusiasm for Frémont in 1856, "the reflection must have come to him that he, instead of one who only began to labor in the vineyard at the eleventh hour, might have been the embodiment of this magnificent enthusiasm." Even so unconsciously did Lincoln write to Sherman of the great success at Savannah, "It brings those who sat in darkness to see a great light;" and who can forget the efficacy of his "A house divided against itself cannot stand"?

This suggests also Mr. Rhodes's rare gift for citation from authorities of every sort, — reports, speeches, letters, debates, — so that the gist of matters is often given to the reader in the form of a smooth mosaic of original sources. Nor does his own style lack charm and lucidity. Often it rises to impressiveness, and issues in finalities of statement, many of which will live on in the citations of his successors. "Nor, if we suppose the Puritan to have settled Virginia and the Cavalier Massachusetts, is it inconceivable that, while the question would have remained the same, the Puritan should have fought for slavery and the Cavalier for liberty," — a sentence which illustrates much besides the writer's style. "Manifestly superior as had been the advantages of Davis in family, breeding, training, and experience, he fell far below Lincoln as a compeller of men," — a judgment from which few will dissent, and which few could state more effectively. His study of the commercial intercourse between the South and the North during the war, so debasing to the participants on both sides, brings him to the conclusion that it was of greater advantage to the Confederacy than to the Union. "For the South it was a necessary evil; for the North it was an evil and not a necessary one." In

contrast to such qualities of dignity, clarity, and epigrammatic force, it is only very seldom that the reader is obliged to note the purely rhetorical quality, as when it is said that Buchanan's policy "was guided by the thought of after me the deluge, and must be classed among the wrecks with which the vacillation of irresolute men has strewn the coasts of time."

Now that the Macmillans have taken over the publication of these volumes, there is little left to be desired in the matter of typography except a unification of spelling. If not "simplified," it should at least be consistent. The "u in honour" is conspicuous by its absence in the first three volumes, and by its presence in the last four, so that we have "coloured man" in the narrative of Mr. Rhodes, and "colored man" in the citation from Governor Orr which immediately follows.

II

"After all," says Professor Gilder-sleeve,¹ our academic Southerner in our Peloponnesian War, "the slavery question belongs ultimately to the sphere of economics. The humanitarian spirit, set free by the French Revolution, was at work in the Southern States as in the Northern States, but it was hampered by economic considerations." The economic considerations of the South led to the fatal repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the aggressive Kansas-Nebraska act. The humanitarian spirit of the North led to the formation of the Republican party and the protestant election of Lincoln. The North, following Lincoln, rejected the Crittenden Compromise, and thus fulfilled Sumner's prophecy on the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act: "It annuls all past compromises with slavery, and makes all future compromises impossible." The South, following Calhoun rather than Clay, rejected the Seward Compromise and attempted to break the Union; the North, following Webster

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1897.

and Lincoln, attempted to save the Union, and war was on.

Mr. Rhodes does the fullest justice to the economic changes at the South which led there to the obscuration of its humanitarian objections to human slavery. He is not in sympathy with the earlier and more extreme Abolitionists. His characterization of the institution of slavery at the South is as just and impartial as can be given by one who believes in the moral wrong of slavery. But in this moral wrong, with Lincoln, he firmly and unequivocally believes. As to compromises with slavery, he stands with Webster and Clay, though he recognizes, with our necessary "knowledge of the end," that all compromise must in the end have been futile. For the "gloomy fanaticism" of John Brown he has little tolerance, or for his thought that "there was no way of destroying slavery except by killing slave-holders;" but he does not withhold his glowing tribute to the calm and heroic death of "the old terrifier," who was sustained at the last by an unfaltering faith that he was to be a vicarious sacrifice for the sins and to the good of many.

Most gratifying to fair-minded men is Mr. Rhodes's ample recognition of the grievances of the South in the tariff measures forced upon it by the North. An old-line Abolitionist has been heard to inveigh against the iniquity of the present tariff system with much of the moral indignation which once flamed against the institution of slavery. Nor is Mr. Rhodes in the least blind to the crimes and misdemeanors of anti-slavery agitators. With Spring, the historian of Kansas, he confesses it difficult to determine "which faction surpassed the other in misdeeds." The sectional character of the Republican party is freely admitted, and the coarse political chicanery of the Chicago convention of 1860 is not glossed over. When he tells how the Lincoln managers hired a Chicago man to lead their tumult, "whose shout could be heard above the howling

of the most violent tempest on Lake Michigan," the friends of the Father of History long to remind him of that night scene on the Danube when the spent army of Darius comes back from its aimless wanderings in Scythia to find its bridge apparently gone. "Now there was in the army of Darius a certain man, an Egyptian, who had a louder voice than any man in the world. This person was bid by Darius to stand at the water's edge, and call Histæus the Milesian. The fellow did as he was bid, and Histæus, hearing him at the very first summons, brought the fleet to assist in conveying the army across, and once more made good the bridge." But, with all its faults and excesses, the Republican party nevertheless stood for high moral principle. "Never in our history, and probably never in the history of the world, had a more pure, more disinterested, and more intelligent body of men banded together for a noble political object than those who now (1856) enrolled themselves under the Republican banner." Nor is the ethical gulf which separated North from South bridged over in the least. The South, in 1859, was agitating the repeal of laws prohibiting the African slave trade; the North was eager for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. And the conclusion of the whole matter of the great drama's prologue and complication is couched in these most significant and weighty words: "The meaning of the election [of Lincoln] was that the great and powerful North declared slavery an evil, and insisted that it should not be extended; that while the institution would be sacredly respected where it existed, the conduct of the national government must revert to the policy of the fathers and confine slavery within bounds. . . . The persistent and emphatic statement by the opposition that the Republicans were the radical party had fixed that idea in the public mind; but in truth they represented the noblest conservatism. They simply advocated a return to the policy of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison."

III

"The war between the States,' which a good many Southerners prefer, is both bookish and inexact. 'Civil war' is an utter misnomer," says Professor Gildersleeve. "'War of the rebellion,' which begs the very question at issue, has become the official designation of the struggle, but has found no acceptance with the vanquished." The last statement must be matter for charitable regret on the part of most Northern men, aware as they are that, "while hardly a man at the North assented to the constitutional right of secession, all acknowledged the right of revolution," and rebellion and revolution are synonymous terms. Our war of 1861-65 was called a rebellion merely to avoid confusion with our war of 1775-83, which we had become accustomed to call a revolution. However, for better or worse, Mr. Rhodes, with most English writers, calls our war of 1861-65 the Civil War, nor can we think it an "utter misnomer." For, in his neat parallels between the Peloponnesian war of 431-404 B. C. and our war of 1861-65 A. D., Professor Gildersleeve omits one important point of difference. "The Peloponnesian war," he says, "like our war, was a war between two leagues, a Northern Union and a Southern Confederacy. The Northern Union, represented by Athens, was a naval power. The Southern Confederacy, under the leadership of Sparta, was a land power. The Athenians represented the progressive element, the Spartans the conservative. The Athenians believed in a strong centralized government. The Lacedæmonians professed greater regard for autonomy." But the all-important point of difference is that the Southern Confederacy of Sparta had never been constitutional part and parcel of the Northern Union represented by Athens, a union cemented by mutual sacrifice and blood. When some of the parties to such a constitutional union try to break the union by force of arms, and other parties to it

try to maintain the union by force of arms, the war is surely a civil war. But enough about names for the war; the colossal fact mocks at any and every name.

The military student will perhaps be disappointed in the military side of Mr. Rhodes's history of the Civil War, not for many shortcomings in the details that are given, but for the lack of detail. But the general reader will be thankful that campaigns and battles are described only in their larger outlines, and that the political and social sides of the great struggle are given the greater prominence. This is true even for the first three years of the war, from which time on Mr. Rhodes professes and prefers to treat military affairs "only in a general way." On both sides, before Grant and Lee learned their art of war and forged their way to undisputed leadership, presidents and cabinets directed the game, and the warfare was political rather than scientific. "It was not till after both Gettysburg and Vicksburg," wrote General Sherman, "that the war professionally began." Naturally the opening battle is given a larger share of description than the more important ones which follow it, but be the detail fuller or more meagre, the great outlines of the struggle are never obscured. We are grateful, in view of this saving fact, for any striking though strictly unessential detail with which we are indulged, like Lew Wallace's description of General C. F. Smith's charge at Fort Donelson; and are reconciled to the slighting of favorite episodes, like the struggle for Round Top at Gettysburg, or the battle "above the clouds" at Chattanooga. In lieu of such omissions we gain the more difficult and instructive tracings of the fluctuations of popular opinion about the war in England, in the Northern, and in the Southern States. Especially luminous where most is bright, is the elaborate Chapter XXII, on English sentiment towards our Civil War in 1862 and 1863, with its encomiums on that prince of diplomats, Charles Francis Adams. From Bull Run to Appomattox

Court House the great story is so told that surviving participants in the struggle and their descendants on both sides can read it with mutual pride and sorrow. There are great shadows and high lights on both sides of the picture. The commercial malignity of Butler and Jacob Thompson contrast with the calm magnanimity of Lincoln and Lee. There are draft and conscription riots on both sides, on both sides a gradual passage from prevailing simplicity and frugality of life to ostentatious luxury and corruption. The fever of speculation rages on both sides among such as will speculate in the issues of life and death. Bounty jumpers and boughten substitutes on both sides lower the tone of army life and work. But on both sides there is deep religious zeal. "Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God," runs the greatest of presidential inaugurals, "and each invokes His aid against the other." Of how many men on how many fields can it be truly said, "No man died on that field with more glory than he; yet many died, and there was much glory!" North and South alike could say with Pericles, "Our youth have been taken off, as if Spring were taken out of the year." "In many of our dwellings," cried Mrs. Stowe, "the very light of our lives has gone out." "It wrings the heart at a distance of more than thirty years," says Professor Gildersleeve, "to think of those who have fallen, and love still maintains passionately that they were the best. At any rate they were among the best, and both sides are feeling the loss to this day, not only in the men themselves, but in the sons that should have been born to them."

Mr. Rhodes passes from the world's anguish at the death of Lincoln, and from the details of the end of the war, to two patiently laborious chapters on Society at the North and South, which supplement most desirably his Chapter XII, on American Society in the decade of 1850-1860, and bring to view clearly the changes which accompanied and followed the greatest of revolutions. Those readers

who have followed him thus far will experience a sense of relief and implicit confidence as he brings his "even mind" to bear on the vexed question of the treatment by both sides of prisoners of war. Here has too often been a renewed parting of the ways for old foes who were on the point of becoming friends again. But, all things considered, passion and hate and desire for vengeance all cast aside, there is no escape from the verdict of our righteous judge: "If we add to one side of the account the refusal to exchange the prisoners and the greater resources, and to the other the distress of the Confederacy, the balance struck will not be far from even." "There was no intention on either side to maltreat the prisoners."

IV

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in
with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

If ever the hope be realized that Northerner and Southerner alike may come to regard this monumental history as on the whole, within human limitations, the most impartial attainable, the result will be due more than all else to the last two volumes and their story of the Reconstruction of the Union. Now it is the South which saves the nation. The congressional plan of Reconstruction on the basis of universal negro suffrage, the result of Johnson's failure to win the support of Congress in his adoption of the plan of Lincoln, was a crime. "No law so unjust [as the Stevens Reconstruction Acts], so direful in its results, had passed the American Congress since the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854." "Douglas' repeal of the Missouri Compromise . . . precipitated the Civil War; Stevens' Reconstruction Acts . . . were an attack on civilization." "It was indeed strange that, within two years of that

benevolent, mercy-compelling second inaugural of Lincoln's, legislation so harsh should have been enacted." "Arrogance passes from the South in 1860 to the North in 1865."

There were faults and provocations on both sides, of course. But Lincoln had kindly pointed out the safe middle way in his letter to the newly elected governor of Louisiana. "You are about to have a convention, which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration, whether some of the colored people may not be let in, — as, for instance, the very intelligent, and those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom." And as early as 1863, science in the person of Agassiz had warned against extreme courses. "Let us beware," he said, "of granting too much to the negro race in the beginning, lest it become necessary hereafter to deprive them of some of the privileges which they may use to their own and our detriment." But the humanitarian sentiments of the North were artfully played upon by powerful politicians to further their partisan ends, and the Republican party of the North took into its own incompetent hands the solution of a problem which should have been left to the best men of the South. The best men of the South and North were at one. "Now that the Southern people were rid of the incubus of slavery, their moral standards were the same as those of the North; and they felt that they were amenable to the public opinion of the enlightened world." "The proper remedy for the disturbances which existed was to place the burden of responsibility upon the Southern people who," as Governor Andrew urged, "had fought, toiled, endured and persevered with a courage, a unanimity and a persistency not outdone by any people in any revolution. Why not," he pleaded, "try the natural leaders of opinion in the South? They are the most hopeful sub-

jects to deal with in the very nature of the case." But it was Sumner and not Andrew who carried Northern opinion with him, and the scheme of reconstruction finally adopted "pandered to the ignorant negroes, the knavish white natives, and the vulturous adventurers who flocked from the North; and these neutralized the work of honest Republicans who were officers of State." "Sumner lent his great influence to a policy of injustice to a prostrate foe, to a policy at variance with the political philosophy of Burke and the teaching of modern science, contrary to the spirit of Lincoln's second inaugural and to his every pronouncement on reconstruction." And so, instead of tolerance and patience and compromise, there was crime on both sides. "Without justifying any of the crimes committed to overthrow reconstruction, it is eminently proper that the historian who writes for future generations should point out the crime concealed in the so-called congressional plan itself." The Republicans had thrown away the opportunity to build up at the South a party of old-line Whigs and Union men, and built up instead a corrupt party, which thrust upon the world the spectacle of a society turned bottom side up, the pictures of which affect one like nightmares.

But slowly the better sense of the North awoke to its folly and withdrew support from its radical politicians. Slowly then did the better elements at the South bring order out of chaos, acting on Benjamin H. Hill's maxim that "a black man who cannot be bought is better than a white man who can." The effect of the long agony of Reconstruction was to unite all respectable men at the South in one party, but not the Republican party, as the Lincoln-Johnson plan would in all likelihood have done. And the negro lost what had been too suddenly bestowed upon him. "He had a brief period of mastery and indulgence during which his mental and moral education was deplorable and his worst passions were catered to. Finally

. . . he has been set back to the point where he should have started" — and would have started if Lincoln had lived — "directly after emancipation. He is trying to learn the lesson of life with the work made doubly hard by the Saturnalia he has passed through." Very significant, then, and wholly in the spirit of Lincoln, was Professor Hannis Taylor's plea, in his oration at Johns Hopkins University on Washington's last birthday, that suffrage be given the negroes "as they become qualified by education or property or both."

The nation owes the South a debt that can never be paid, for its measureless forbearance and restraint under the outrages of the long Reconstruction period. The North postponed amnesty for the sake of negro suffrage; the South endured negro suffrage and postponed a second rebellion for the sake of amnesty. And after amnesty had come, a Lamar could pronounce his chivalrous eulogy over Sumner, and say in closing, "Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory, 'My countrymen, *know* one another and you will *love* one another.'" The South was greater in defeat than the North in victory.

The long strife is over, and even its echoes grow faint. A reunited country — reunited in spirit as well as in form — adjusts herself to meet new questions and bear new burdens. Great social and political problems press upon us for solution. To describe these problems and discuss their solution in a History of the United States since 1877, Mr. Rhodes assures us that he is trying to prepare himself. May he bring to the new task, along with new powers and acquisitions, also the old powers of sane and impartial judgment which make the history already written in truth a national treasure.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE ANSWERS OF TIME

IF your weekly paper brings you a column of riddles and rebuses, there is no law against laying it aside till the next issue brings you the answers, and then swallowing your problems and their solution together. Solutions always make a stiff dose easier to swallow. In a world where most of the problems can be answered only through the slow working out of events, this hebdomadal relief may prove uncommonly grateful.

Something akin to it is found in looking at the raw materials of history in a period that has passed. The intervening years have supplied the answers to questions which were puzzles indeed to contemporary observers, or, not infrequently, were answered in terms quite opposite to those which the slow hand of history has written down as the truth.

Several illustrations of this phenomenon are found in a recently published collection of letters¹ from members of that band of northern enthusiasts — social and educational missionaries — who set themselves the task of caring for the negroes left to their own devices by the fleeing of their masters from the Sea Islands of South Carolina soon after the outbreak of the Civil War. The "Port Royal Experiment" is no new theme of reminiscence and record; but henceforth the student of it, and of all the early attempts to guide and instruct the freedmen, must reckon with this admirably arranged presentation of the immediate impressions of an intelligent company of pioneers in the work. The reviewers will point out its merits. Here it is enough to notice a

¹ *Letters from Port Royal*. Written at the time of the Civil War. Edited by ELIZABETH WARE PEARSON. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co. 1906.

point or two in which events and expectations did not tally.

Take, for example, the estimate which these early friends of the negro placed upon his fighting capacity. From different pages, all bearing the date of 1862, the following bits are taken: "The thing they dread is being made to fight. . . . I don't believe you could make soldiers of these men at all — they are afraid, and they know it. . . . In short, I don't regard the blacks as of any account in a military light, for they are not a military race, and have not sufficient intelligence to act in concert in any way where firmness of purpose is required. . . . I tell them there is little chance of such a thing [a return to slavery], but a strong probability that there will be a long, bloody war, and that they ought to prepare to do their share of the fighting. I can't get one man to come up and drill yet. They say they would like to have guns to shoot with, but are afraid of being sent off into the 'big fight,' though willing to fight any one who comes onto this island to molest them."

Over against these expectations must be set the events of Fort Wagner, in the following year and only a little farther up the coast, and of all the fields from which "the colored troops fought nobly" was so frequent a message as to become a byword.

Through the "far glasses" of the present day another racial observation bears even a stranger aspect. In one of the earliest letters, the writer remarks of the negroes: "Dirty and ragged they all were, but certainly no more so than poor Irish, and it seemed to me not so dirty." Several months later another writer says: "I will only remark at present that I find the nigs rather more agreeable, on the whole, than I expected; that they are much to be preferred to the Irish." And these are

by no means the only observations of the kind.

If there were now an American community of negroes just emerging from slavery, what visitor would think of comparing them with our Irish fellow-citizens? Such a possibility has been left far behind. Since its day the possibility of a similar comparison between backward negroes and Italian laborers has come and nearly gone. Perhaps our Slavic immigration has provided the material for present comparisons. Certainly there is food for thought in the change that has come since the Irish, as an element in the population, could lend themselves to the illustration of discouraging negro conditions. If the Southern plantation negro has not made quite a corresponding advance since 1862 — well, there is yet another occasion for sober reflection.

From the negroes themselves comes a pathetic illustration both of what the name of Lincoln meant to them and of their inability to separate him as a person from the thing for which he stood. "The death of Lincoln," said one of the letter-writers in 1865, "was an awful blow to the negroes here. One would say, 'Uncle Sam is dead, is n't he?' Another, 'The Government is dead, is n't it? You have got to go North and Secesh come back, have n't you? We going to be slaves again?' They could not comprehend the matter at all — how Lincoln could die and the Government still live. It made them very quiet for a few days."

There were wiser men than these poor Sea Island blacks who found it hard to say with Garfield, "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." The Port Royal "missionaries" themselves must, with all their enthusiasm, have had their grave misgivings — if not for the stability of the Union, then for the permanence of any good results from all their generous service. Only a strangely penetrating eye of faith could have enabled them to foresee such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson has lately writ-

ten of the events which the Jamestown festival is celebrating, "A scant fragment of pitiful ruin and a few cracked gravestones are all that remain of Jamestown, where English dominion in America was first set up. But we do not need the material form of that old life to preserve the memory of the gallant thing that was done in Virginia by the men who founded the Old Dominion." Every experiment that seems to fail may have its visible pathos in material remains and a still more poignant inner pathos in the personal annals of the men and women who have given their lives to it. But Jamestown and Port Royal — each in its own degree — are emblems of the ultimate triumph of the pioneer spirit. They are, moreover, true teachers of the lesson of waiting for the forces which make history to do their appointed work.

Lay your puzzle-column by for at least a week.

MUSIC VERSUS DIGESTION

GLADSTONE chewed his food thirty-two times (I think it was thirty-two) and the remarkable Mr. Fletcher chews his many times more. But it is n't on record that either man has required a musical accompaniment to the act of mastication. On the contrary, I am personally convinced that music at meals is a crime against nature no less than against art; and the glass of hot milk I now have to force down my throat before retiring, and the pills I forget to remember to take during the day, and the stern injunction against fried foods and sweet desserts, are a direct result of that barbaric adjunct to our modern life, the café orchestra. Pick up any newspaper and read the advertisements under the classified head of "Places to eat," — and following the name of the hotel or café in every case you find the words, "Music," or "Genuine Hungarian orchestra," or "Pizzicato's Gypsy band." "Places not to eat" should be their classification. Yet what are you to do? The trail of the fiddler is

over them all, and it is either a case of good food with bad music at a hotel, or bad food and no music at a quick lunch or boarding-house; and in either case the end is indigestion. Modern life may cater to the appetite, but it ignores the stomach.

It will be observed, I fear, that I speak as a bachelor, or at best as one of those waifs of domesticity, those poor blighted blossoms of conjugal dreams, a married man or woman who lives in a hotel. Well, I am a bachelor, though I hasten to add that it is not my fault; so please, Gentle Reader, lend me your ears a little longer and do not depart from my page at this point, with the words of Mr. Hennessy to the lonely Dooley on your lips: "I'll lave ye to pay the rale bachelor's tax." I *have* to eat in restaurants and cafés, or starve. My married friends cannot be always inviting me to their groaning boards. I cannot expect to dine every evening in somebody else's four by six flat, with a steam radiator roasting my back and a charming view of the air-shaft out of the dining-room window. Hence it is that by the stress of fate nightly I swallow oysters at a two-step, munch a roast to the doleful strains of an andante, and eat a caramel custard or chocolate ice cream to the dulcet delights of "Dearie." Sometimes this programme is varied. I have often spooned up my soup to waltz time, and carved a steak while "Waiting at the Church" appropriately symbolized my vexation at the delay of the waiter in bringing the table sauce. But perhaps the most thrilling experience is to eat a mutton chop to the Toreador song from *Carmen*. That even rivals eating squash pie and cheese to Liszt's "Second Hungarian Rhapsody." There are two gastro-harmonic combinations I have not yet met with, however, but which I live in hopes of meeting, as a climax to my musical career. One is to eat roast goose to the vorspiel of *Parsifal*, the other to find honey and the dance of Salome from the Strauss opera in happy conjunction. Somehow I could take a grim sort of sat-

isfaction in the irony of these combinations. But I am still waiting.

Instead, my usual gastronomic accompaniment, I must confess, is the latest "song hit" from the Broadway musical comedies, or a coon song, or a mechanically rhythmic and cheaply melodious dance. If the tempo is rapid I, in common with everybody else in the café, eat too fast, chewing and gulping in time to the band. If the tempo is slow a lugubrious sensation occurs that makes swallowing difficult, and the act of digestion almost painful. This is not mere idle fancy. It is a fundamental law of psychology that all stimuli to the organism are followed by motor reactions. Now, rhythm and harmony — even such rhythm and harmony as hotel orchestras supply — are particularly "exciting" auditory stimuli, to speak by the text book, and are followed not only by their own direct motor reactions but by the motor reactions from the emotions which they induce: muscular tension in the feet and legs, heightened pulse, short breathing, feelings of gloom and sadness, with a consequent "let down" of the system, may all result. And in each and every case the attention of the organism is diverted from the real work at hand, which is to look after the food that is being put into the stomach. It is the digestion that suffers every time. This would be equally true if the band played Mozart instead of "The Belle of Mayfair." In fact, you can sometimes ignore "The Belle of Mayfair," but you would have to listen to Mozart.

And on other than physiological grounds music at meals is quite as objectionable. It is loud, insistent, coming at stated intervals. No sooner, in a blessed lull, have you got the conversation turned into pleasant lanes and jogging nicely along, than — biff, scrape, clash, twang, and you are inundated by the Congo on its way to the sea or whelmed in the beautiful blue Danube. Some fool at the table invariably hums the words of the tune, which are invariably inane, and all further talk on the topic at hand is at an end.

In fact, any talk at all is at an end till the band comes to a stop through exhaustion. It is most vexing as you are leaning across the table over a neglected dessert to meet a fair face that is leaning toward yours, as words of import are perhaps about to pass those ruby lips, to have suddenly flung at you in shape of a tune, "Why do they call me a Gibson girl, a Gibson girl, a Gibson girl?" Your soul is black with curses as you sit back, those silly words dancing to the sillier tune in your head in spite of all your will power, the golden moment passed, the situation all to be worked up to again, if, indeed, it can ever be worked up to again. The best that can be said for music at meals is that it may sometimes be a last resort of those shallow-brained hotel butterflies who have nothing in themselves to talk about. All the rest is bad — is a prostitution of a noble art, a hindrance to conversation and true conviviality, an enemy of the stomach, and an ally of dyspepsia.

It is very pleasant to read in old romance how the master of the thane's hall rose in his place at the banquet and cried with a flourish, "What, ho! Let the minstrels strike!" But the forced habitué of the modern hotel restaurant reads a sad evolutionary beginning into the tale, and prays that the modern minstrels may strike, indeed, by vote of the Musical Union.

TRAVEL

THE curious few who linger over dictionaries have been amused at finding travel one with travail, so far as the sting of the word been drawn by time. While the one road of men into the world has remained labor, the many roads over the world have been paved with ease. In arm-chairs and beds, by land or sea, we were there and we are here. There is no pain of passage. The old traveler settled his estate and asked for prayers in church; the new traveler takes his affairs abroad and traffics as he goes. When there is no interruption, when upon a thought I am

elsewhere, remaining myself the same, what is left of travel?

And while we have made travel ease, we have made it a superfluity. Will not the telephone serve my business? Then let me step into my closet to talk a thousand miles. As for the old "grand tour," most men can see Venice as well by lime-light as by moonlight. Cathedrals lie on parlor tables; and Praxiteles is brought to a boarding-house. Shall the ring of tourists gaping about a guide in the Louvre see more in her of Melos than the student with his penny print? For the elect few there may be with a picture its proper music of race, its language, its literature. One of the widest travelers of my acquaintance had seen France better, ay, and heard it, in his own house, than ever he could when at last he walked the soil. We that so well may travel may often as well stay at home.

For distance is but relative. The next county was as distant to our forefathers as now our antipodes. And there is more in this. At the age of four I thought the next village as far away as now I find Alaska. Was that earlier journey any the less travel? Surely I saw as many marvels; I was opened as much to the unknown. Nor has travel ever been measured by distance. "I have travelled," said Thoreau, "a good deal in Concord." He also was a traveler who wrote that *Journey about my Room*. We shall have travel so long as we have travelers.

And so long shall we have travelers' tales. The whole world is ventilated by the Associated Press. The daily report from Abyssinia is enhanced by Sunday's photographs. But wherever Mandeville goes, or Marco Polo, whether to Persia or the pole, on elephant or automobile or on his two feet, there will be travelers' tales, because there is a traveler. It is an Ancient Mariner that we cannot choose but hear. It is Daniel Defoe that will hold us, whether from London to Land's End or from London to the well-charted isle of Juan Fernandez. It is that charming person who called himself Mande-

ville. There is a traveler's tale wherever there is a man with the wit to travel.

Travel has never meant, nor can it mean now, anything less than escape from the commonplace. Routine of shop or of sleeping-car, that alone is travel which ventures beyond this into parts unknown. And as breach of custom will always demand an effort of individuality, so travel must still have travail. Without courage to try the unknown, without weariness of the unpaved road, I could never have had the traveler's joy of discovering what this new world hid for me. Listen. It is only ten miles from Quebec; but I discovered it. It is in a country store kept by a *habitant*; but of country stores you may after all know as little as of *habitants*. I who discovered it tell you that, crossing the road from the pink parsonage at twilight, I mounted four steps into a dark room. When I asked for supper and bed — But this is not a traveler's tale; it is an essay on travel. And its moral is that travel must still be had on the old terms.

POETRY OF THE ATLAS

I DISCOVERED a new kind of poetry one evening not very long ago, and, in doing so, gave myself a curious mental "turn" which I shall not soon forget. I had been to a concert in the afternoon, a concert so beautiful that I had been lifted to the top-most peaks of being. It is not so ordinary a thing to climb or be carried so high that the full wonder of stout Cortez should fail me. I was determined not to come down, but to finish the day up there. I ate a frugal supper, with care; then, hardly looking to right or left, I drew *King Lear* from the bookcase and sat down by the lamp.

Shakespeare kept me on my peak, but (a confession) he did not satisfy me. My soul had had enough of reception, it wanted action now, something wherewith to exercise its new-found joy and vision. I found myself reading slower and slower, with frequent pauses of vacancy, and at last I closed the book altogether and

glanced at the clock. One may be never so mortally tired, but one cannot court sleep with any success at half-past eight in the evening. What in the world was I going to do? Restlessness grew upon me. I should be over the edge of the precipice in another moment.

I know there is some one (who is it?) who says you must never let any great impulse pass without bodying it in some noble deed, such as speaking kindly to your aunt. But I have no aunt. Moralists should consider these hampering possibilities. There was absolutely not one duty at my hand. And heaven defend us from the barren pride and self-complacency of a manufactured duty! I suppose we have all of us mental odd jobs — that rank with the darning of stockings in the material world — lying around waiting for our convenient performance. I had had the locating of the scenes of the Russian and Japanese War on hand since February, 1904. It was now August, 1905, and the Peace Conference was in progress. It really seemed time to be about this geographical task. Very well, I would do it this evening. Mysterious psychological moment of the doing of odd jobs!

I got out the Atlas and propped it wide on the two arms of my chair. I did not know exactly to which page to turn, for my knowledge of geography resembles that of Charles Lamb as set forth in *The Old and the New Schoolmaster*, or again that of a good friend of mine who burst forth, musing, at the dinner table the other day, "Where is Indiana?" So I selected the map of the world and plunged into it headforemost. I began quietly enough in the islands of Japan. Over the Chinese Empire I roamed, vaguely inquiring; but, finding small sustenance of interest there, (I had promptly forgotten the Japanese War in larger investigations), I wandered down into the countries bordering the Arabian Sea. So that was where Persia came in. How very interesting! I had thought it was more remote — Persia — beyond all reach. And Tur-

key a part of Europe; could it be? It appeared so at least, joining on there to Austria, with Italy a stone's throw away. Austria, Italy — daylight countries, tangible, part of the everyday present. But Turkey — withdrawn in mists of surmise, unknowable, distant far, far, far. I could not associate them. The closeness of Africa startled me too. The desert, the Garden of Allah, so near? One could go there from Italy without first setting sail for the moon?

This wonder and mild bewilderment of my investigating mind formed, however, but the first stage of my great experience. They served to introduce me, immerse me; then gradually came the trance. I realized nothing at the time, — of course, or the thing could not have happened, — but I know now, looking back, that I was quite lost to all sense of my actual surroundings, that the map, as a map, dissolved before me, and I was turned loose in the universe, carried off, swept away to strange unknown lands with the speed of an Ariel.

I made instinctively for the north. I love wildness and loneliness and desolation, I love the weird half-lights of Arctic nights, I love cold and storm and wind-tumult. I was there in an instant, at Spitzbergen, out in the midst of the gray heaving sea. I had stopped at Iceland on the way, mindful of Pierre Loti, but Spitzbergen lured me; I could not stay, the wind drove hard behind. It was so glorious up there. I cannot set it forth. The wide gray reach of the tossing water, the scud of the ragged clouds, the cold gleam of the eternal snow. Then the clouds broke and a pale sunlight came flying, sweeping across the waste, touching the ice into strange blue lights, dancing, keen, prismatic. But they closed again, those rushing clouds, and all was gray and stern again, a sea of desolation.

I waited, looking, wondering, until the loneliness weighed too heavy on me for longer endurance, then moved away to the west, across Greenland, across Baffin's Bay, to North America. It was wild-

erness still that I desired, but a wildness of earth now rather than of sea. I took my way to the chain of mountains running up through the continent, "the great backbone," in poetical parlance (but I don't care for anatomy). I have never seen such mountains as those. Great gorges and chasms, high toppling crags, snow summits, dizzy heights. They were quite inaccessible, but I went leaping in and out among them. I exulted on peaks which commanded the world, I stood awe-struck and silent in dark fierce depths of forest solitude. I met wild beasts and they did not care (nor did I, which is more to the point)! I sprang up the beds of rushing torrents, cliff after cliff; this is the way to do the thing, ye cautious Valkyrie of Broadway. I sang too; oh, I sang! It was the fullest, most perfect experience of wild freedom which I have ever known in my life. The earth, what a wonderful mother! How can people stay in one place all their lives, nor journey to see these great regions? I at least was wiser, I had come, I —

The library clock struck ten.

I leaned back after my first startled glance around the familiar room, and shut my eyes. Where was I? Who was I? Where had I been? I opened my eyes and looked at the map. Only a book full of circles and lines, only paper and ink.

I got up as soon as I was able, and went out of doors, abroad on the earth, under the starry skies. The universe seemed strangely alive, potent, vibrating through all its spaces. Here, as much as anywhere after all, I shared the life of the whole. I was a free earth-child. I turned my face toward the north and heard the distant washing of those gray seas. I looked toward the west, and there they were, those mighty piling hills. Not distant, unthinkable any more, but a very present integral part of the meadow beneath my feet. For that one hour I dominated the earth so completely that I lost heed of her various tones, and heard only the blended harmony, the unique song that she sends through space to the stars.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD LADY

It is hard to persuade modern enthusiasts that innovations are not necessarily improvements, and that many inventions of to-day supplant things of yesterday which were inherently better worth preserving. Among other lost arts must be reluctantly mentioned that of growing old. It has been succeeded by something far less lovely, the trick of remaining young. The Old Lady seems to have passed, — or is it possible that she has only temporarily withdrawn for a nice little old-fashioned nap in her easy-chair, while her modern substitute is chasing a golf ball over the links, counting up her gains at the bridge-table, or putting a girdle round the earth in an automobile? May it be that when the present-day young woman of seventy-five dies from over-athleticism, or from exposing herself to a draft in a low-necked gown, the dear little old lady of a past era will awake, pick up the dropped stitches of her knitting, rub her spectacles, and resume her interrupted sway? Certainly it is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To-day the most flattering tribute we hear paid to a woman in the seventies is the exclamation, "How young she looks!" And it is pitifully true that she looks much younger than she has any right to look. Her figure is always erect, often slender, and generally clad according to the latest dictum from the French court of fashion. Her coiffure is much the same as that of her twenty-year-old granddaughter, and she appears cushioned with Pompadour puffs or billowy with Marcel waves, according to her frivolous fancy. A jaunty hat perches coquettishly on her curls, and the young lady of three-score years and ten is ready to compete with two younger generations in their activities social, philanthropic, educational, and worldly.

Of course this false dawn of youth accompanies the inevitable swing of the pendulum forward from the custom of a past day, when old age was assumed in

early maturity. Our grandmothers took to caps, false teeth, and knitting before they were forty, and more than half of their allotted years were spent preparing for death instead of enjoying life. Common sense forbid that we should return to so unnatural a cutting short of youth!

A spirit can never be too young for its body, and fresh sympathies are not incompatible with ripeness of years. But in the older generation to-day the quiet serenity of life's afternoon is conspicuously lacking, the inevitable result occurs, and we find young people growing up devoid of a sense of respect and of humility.

We blame our girls and boys for their self-confidence, their rudeness, their sense of equality with all, but it seems only fair to look for the cause, of which their complacency is merely the effect. The truth is, there is nothing in human intercourse to-day to call forth the old-fashioned virtue of reverence, formerly bred in the bones of the young. Till the genuine old lady, now obsolete, returns to dethrone the present pretender, till we can see her passing peaceful days in the large leisure of quiet home-staying, — always ready to lend a sympathetic ear or to share the wisdom of an experienced heart, — we shall look in vain for respect and modesty in the young.

The other day a girl of eighteen spoke enthusiastically of her grandmother as "a bully fellow," and the painful point of the incident is that the elderly relative was pleased with the compliment. We do not wish the pendulum to swing back with the full strength of its present impetus, but may not some cunning artificer, skilled in the adjustment of weights and balances, arise and regulate the clock of time and teach the old that in defying age they are corrupting youth?

The old lady must be born again; she cannot be made from existing material, for in this age of doubt and uncertainties one fact shows clear: the New Woman can never grow into the Old Lady.